Edited by Jack Kolb

The Letters of Arthur Henry Hallam

$45.00

THE LETTERS OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

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Hallam is best remembered as the subject of what is, certainly, the most personal, and one of the most moving, elegies in English literature, Alfred Lord Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—a poem that commemorates and celebrates the estimable qualities of a gifted young man who died prematurely in 1833, at age twenty-two, while traveling with his father in Europe, and whose personality and character, ironically enough, were to be persistently and increasingly obscured and distorted in the century following his death by the peculiar circumstances in which his literary "remains" were first published, and by the injudicious expurgations made by Hallam Tennyson in the account of the Hallam-Tennyson relationship in the memoir he wrote of his father.

In this scholarly edition of all known surviving letters and fragments by and to Hallam, we are able to see for the first time, and to see whole and plain, the golden boy who occupied so important a place both in the affection and admiration of his friends and at the center of the famous coterie of "Cambridge Apostles"—a group that, to be sure, was in part a mutual admiration society, but one that also epitomized the literary, intellectual, and political interests and aspirations of the generation that, about 1830, was beginning to come into its own.

Hallam, the son of the eminent historian Henry Hallam, was born in 1811, and was the author of a volume of creditable poetry and of numerous essays and reviews. His letters chronicle his schooling at Eton and Cambridge, a romantic season spent in Italy, a spiritual crisis, the course of his friendship with Tennyson, his engagement to Emily Tennyson, his apprenticeship in a law office, and a burgeoning career as a journalist. They provide, in addition, revealing and important information, otherwise unobtainable, on the early lives and opinions of Hallam's friends, many of whom rose to positions of considerable prominence and influence

(Continued on back flap)

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EDITED BY JACK KOLB

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anyone with the slightest interest in Arthur Henry Hallam is indebted to the pioneering work of T. H. Vail Motter; his edition of Hallam's *Writings* is the starting point of all modern study of the subject of *In Memoriam*. My debt is greater: I was fortunate enough to work with Vail during the last two years of his life on the initial stages of this edition. His death deprived me of my best critic. I owe an equal debt to those who ensured the continuity of my work following Vail's death, and particularly to Dudley Johnson, Robert Taylor, Edgar Shannon, and Sir Charles Tennyson, who combined warm personal encouragement with their sage advice. More recently, Richard Purdy, Christopher Ricks, Peter Allen, W. D. Paden, Robert Martin, Jerome Buckley, Dwight Culler, David DeLaura, and Jerry McGann have provided invaluable assistance and impetus to my labors. The last five (together with Professor Shannon) were gracious enough to read through my manuscript in its early form; their always useful criticisms and suggestions have contributed greatly to whatever merit the edition now has.

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This volume is dedicated to Cecil Lang—my friend, advisor, disputant, and mentor—and to my parents. Each could be thanked in every category I have already mentioned. But it was their confidence and trust, in both the value of the edition and the ability of the editor, that made possible the completion of my work.

AHH	Arthur Henry Hallam
Alford	*Life, Journals and Letters of Henry Alford*, ed. by his widow (1873)
AT	Alfred Tennyson
Autob.	*The Prime Ministers' Papers: W. E. Gladstone. I: Autobiographica*, ed. John Brooke and Mary Sorensen (1971)
Background	Sir Charles Tennyson and Hope Dyson, *The Tennysons: Background to Genius* (1974)
B.L.	British Library, London
Bodleian	Bodleian Library, Oxford
Brotherton	Brotherton Collection, University of Leeds
Cambridge Apostles	Frances M. Brookfield, *The Cambridge "Apostles"* (1906)
Checkland	S. G. Checkland, *The Gladstones: A Family Biography* (1971)
Christ Church	Christ Church College and Library, Oxford
Const. Hist.	Henry Hallam, *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II*, 2 vols. (1827)
CT	Sir Charles Tennyson, *Alfred Tennyson* (1949)
D	*The Gladstone Diaries*: vols. 1, 2, ed. M. R.

	D. Foot (1968); vols. 3, 4, ed. M. R. D. Foot and H. C. G. Matthew (1974)
Donne	*William Bodham Donne and his Friends*, ed. Catherine Johnson (1905)
DNB	*The Dictionary of National Biography*, 21 vols. (1885–1909)
Duke	Duke University Library, Durham, North Carolina
Dumbarton Oaks	Garden Library, Dumbarton Oaks, Washington, D. C.
Eton Boy	*An Eton Boy: Being the Letters of James Milnes Gaskell from Eton and Oxford 1820–1830*, ed. Charles Milnes Gaskell (1939)
Etoniana	[William Lucas Collins], *Etoniana: Ancient and Modern* (1865)
Eversley	Alfred Lord Tennyson, *Works*, ed. Hallam Lord Tennyson, 9 vols. (1907–8)
Fasti Etonenses	Arthur Christopher Benson, *Fasti Etonenses: A Biographical History of Eton* (1899)
Fitzwilliam	Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge
Friends	*Tennyson and His Friends*, ed. Hallam Lord Tennyson (1911)
Girlhood	Frances Ann Kemble, *Records of a Girlhood*, 2d ed. (1879)
Harvard	Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Houghton papers	The manuscripts and papers of Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, Trinity
Huntington	Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California
Indiana	University of Indiana Library, Bloomington
Iowa	University of Iowa Library, Iowa City
IM	Alfred Tennyson, *In Memoriam* (1850)
LAO	Lincolnshire Archives Office, Lincoln

Maurice	*The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, Chiefly Told in his Own Letters*, ed. Frederick Maurice, 2 vols. (1884)
Materials	Hallam Lord Tennyson, *Materials for a Life of A. T.* (n.d.)
Memoir	Hallam Lord Tennyson, *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son*, 2 vols. (1897)
Memories	H[ardwick] D[rummond] Rawnsley, *Memories of the Tennysons* (1900)
Merivale	*Autobiography of Dean Merivale*, ed. Judith Anne Merivale (1899)
MS Materials	Manuscript volumes used for *Materials*, TRC
OED	*The Oxford English Dictionary*, 13 vols. (1933)
Paden	William D. Paden, "Tennyson and the Reviewers (1829–1835)," in *Studies in English* (1940)
Pierpont Morgan	Pierpont Morgan Library, New York City
Poems	Arthur Henry Hallam, *Poems* (1830)
Pope-Hennessy	James Pope-Hennessy, *Monckton Milnes*, 2 vols. (1950–52)
Princeton	Princeton University Library, Princeton, New Jersey
Rader	Ralph W. Rader, *Tennyson's "Maud": The Biographical Genesis* (1963)
Remains	*Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam*, ed. Henry Hallam (1834)
Reminiscences	Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, *Reminiscences and Opinions 1813–1885* (1887)
RES	*Records of an Eton Schoolboy*, ed. Charles Milnes Gaskell (1883)
Ricks	*Poems of Tennyson*, ed. Christopher Ricks (1969)
Rylands	John Rylands University Library of Manchester
St. Deiniol's	St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden

Shannon	Edgar F. Shannon, Jr., *Tennyson and the Reviewers* (1952)
Tennyson	Christopher Ricks, *Tennyson* (1972)
Texas	Miriam Lutcher Stark Library, University of Texas, Austin
TRC	Tennyson Research Centre, Lincoln
Trench	*Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop. Letters and Memorials*, ed. M. Trench, 2 vols. (1888)
Trinity	Trinity College and Library, Cambridge
UCLA	University of California Library, Los Angeles
"Unpublished Poems"	Sir Charles Tennyson and F. T. Baker, "Some Unpublished Poems by Arthur Hallam," *Victorian Poetry* 1965 (supplement)
Wellesley	Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Massachusetts
Wellesley Index	Walter E. Houghton (ed.), *The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals, 1824-1900*, 2 vols. (1966, 1972)
Wemyss Reid	T. Wemyss Reid, *The Life, Letters and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes*, 2 vols. (1890)
Writings	*The Writings of Arthur Hallam*, ed. T. H. Vail Motter (1943)
Yale	Beinecke Library, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut
1830	Alfred Tennyson, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830)
1832	Alfred Tennyson, *Poems* (1832)

My overriding concerns in preparing and presenting AHH's letters have been completeness, accuracy, and readability. To these ends I have observed the following principles and procedures:

1. In all cases I have tried faithfully to reproduce the date and place of composition, the salutation, the body (including postscripts), the valediction, and the address of the letter given in autograph originals, transcribed copies, or printed texts. Thus all ellipses in the text of the letters, except for those within square brackets, exist in my sources.

2. AHH's handwriting is highly legible, unlike that of many of his contemporaries (Farr, Doyle, Henry Hallam, and the entire Tennyson family are particularly flagrant examples), and it is sufficiently stylized so that even partially obliterated words can generally be deciphered. In addition, his syntax is impeccable (except after an occasional late-night dance), making it relatively easy to guess at missing words. All editorial conjectures are enclosed in square brackets, with questionable readings or emendations so indicated. Ellipses within brackets indicate lacunae in the text: three dots for one missing word, four for more than one word. When possible, I have tried to indicate how much of a letter may be missing.

3. I have consistently retained AHH's spelling, which varies infrequently, and have tried to spare the reader a few consultations of the *OED*. AHH occasionally guessed at spellings of unfamiliar names—Hervey, Lansdowne, Aunt Russell—and apparently never learned that Frederick's name ended with a double consonant. I have silently corrected obvious misspellings (*Somersby* for *Sowerby*, *Tealby* for *Tielby*) in transcribed or printed sources.

4. AHH's knowledge of foreign languages, particularly Italian, though good, was not perfect (even according to contemporary usage), and I have not corrected his obvious mistakes.

5. I have altered AHH's punctuation when his usage might be confusing to the reader—particularly his use of the apostrophe in possessive forms (*it's* for *its*, *your's* for *yours*). I have also added periods after some abbreviations, but left such forms as *&c* and *A H Hallam* intact. I have substituted curved brackets—⎨ ⎬—for the writer's own square brackets.

6. Occasionally I have retained interesting canceled words or passages within angled brackets. In no case are the cancellations and substitutions of forwarding addresses AHH's own.

7. In some cases I have divided the letters into paragraphs. AHH only occasionally paragraphed his letters.

8. Whenever partial or complete dates supplied by the editor (in square brackets) are not obvious from postmarks or references in the text, I have attempted to justify them in my notes. A few dates are supplied from the endorsement of the recipient (Gladstone and Whewell).

9. AHH's underscoring of words and phrases in the text of his letters is indicated by the following: once underscored, italics; twice underscored, small capitals; thrice underscored, capitals.

10. All quotations from Tennyson's letters in the notes are taken from the forthcoming edition, edited by Cecil Lang and Edgar Shannon, unless a printed source is indicated.

11. I have consistently found Audrey (and Hallam) Tennyson's transcripts more complete and reliable than those versions in *Materials* or the *Memoir*. I have noted only one or two variants between these versions. Likewise, the texts of *RES* are in every case superior to those of *Eton Boy*. In two letters (156 and 161), I have combined separate parts of Audrey Tennyson's transcript when those parts seemed to derive from a single original.

12. Edgar Shannon's 1947 transcripts of the six letters to Robertson were taken from copies (now apparently lost) made by Father Paul Brookfield of Downside Abbey, a grandson of AHH's friend. Because of this rather tenuous process of transmission, I have not hesitated to alter punctuation and spelling freely in these texts.

13. I have attempted to identify virtually every person, and every quotation, in AHH's letters, but have not always been successful (I have not noted AHH's minor errors in quotation). Except for AHH's close friends or correspondents, I have omitted biographical data not directly relevant to the letters that are readily available in the alumni records of Eton, Cambridge, or Oxford, the *DNB*, or the standard directories of the peerage and landed gentry. I have provided only minimal historical information; one does not teach history out of an edition of correspondence. I have assumed the reader's recognition of principal classical and modern authors, major historical figures, books of the Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and Milton's principal work. Information about the Eton Society, Cambridge Union, and Apostles meetings has been drawn from the minute books (at Eton), *The Laws and Transactions of the Cambridge Union Society* (Cambridge, 1834), and private sources, respectively.

14. Cross references in the notes generally direct the reader's attention to the *last* previous discussion of a subject, either in the letters themselves or in the annotation.

Fig. 1. Sketch of Arthur Henry Hallam by James Spedding, circa 1832–33 (Tennyson Research Center).

INTRODUCTION

A man, it has been well said, "is always other and more than his opinions." To understand something of the predispositions in any mind, is to occupy a height of vantage, from which we may more clearly perceive the true bearings of his thoughts, than was possible for a spectator on the level. By knowing how much a man loves truth, we learn how far he is likely to teach it us: by ascertaining the special bent of his passions, and habits, we are on our guard against giving that credit to conclusions in favour of them, which our notion of his discernment might otherwise incline us to give. But there is more than this. The inward life of a great man, the sum total of his impressions, customs, sentiments, gradual processes of thought, rapid suggestions, and the like, contains a far greater truth, both in extent and in magnitude, than all the fixed and positive forms of belief that occupy the front-row in his understanding. It is more our interest to know the first, for we know more in knowing it, and are brought by it into closer contact with real greatness.—Arthur Henry Hallam, "Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero"

It was in the late spring of 1833 that Henry Hallam began to plan a summer trip to the Continent. Although an avid traveler, sufficiently wealthy to go when and where he pleased, Henry had not been out of England since he took his family to winter in Italy in 1827–28. A summer vacation offered different possibilities: the Swiss and Austrian Alps, Vienna, and the wilds of Hungary and Bohemia. Both Henry and his eldest son had been bedridden with influenza in April, and then the family had endured another visitation—the London debut of Henry's niece, Caroline, the daughter of his wife's titled brother, Sir Charles Abraham Elton. By the end of July, Henry was eager to escape.

From the beginning he had, characteristically, included Arthur in his plans. Most stages of the son's life had been determined by his strong-willed parent. From a school in Putney, Arthur followed his father's footsteps to Eton, where his tutor was Henry's old friend Edward Craven Hawtrey. Henry had distinguished himself as a Latin versifier; Arthur, in his father's words, became "a good, though not perhaps a first-rate, scholar" in the classics, deterred by his "increasing avidity for a different kind of knowledge, and the strong bent of his mind to subjects which exercise other faculties."[1] Nevertheless, his contributions to the *Eton Miscellany*, his avid participation in the Eton Debating Society, espousing his father's "Whiggery," and his developing interest and facility in Italian, were all pleasing to the scholar of the Middle Ages and English constitutional history.

It was apparently at Henry's insistence, too, that Arthur matriculated at Trinity.[2] Its Oxonian rival, Christ Church, had been Henry's college; but Arthur's father knew that Eton provided little exposure to the exact sciences, and at that time Cambridge seemed to offer a greater opportunity for remedying that deficiency in his son's education. Yet Trinity rather disappointed Henry's expectations. Arthur's inattention to classical study prevented him from any real chance of winning a scholarship, and the college's emphasis on mathematics proved his bane. Moreover, he fell in with a "metaphysical set," for whose theory and practice Henry had considerable contempt. Mystical speculation concerning the operations of the human mind might be suitable fare for late-night wine parties, but Arthur was too prone to forget "that, in the honest pursuit of truth, we can shut our eyes to no real phenomena, and that the physiology of man must always enter into any valid scheme of his psychology."[3] Arthur's career, however, was not without some merit: in his final year, he won prizes both for his English essay and his oration on English history. During this year, too, Arthur showed surprising interest in, and aptitude for, the legal study his father had chosen. Admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832, he had been apprenticed to a conveyancer for nearly a year. The summer break in his duties would allow just enough time for a European trip.

Henry's insistence that his son accompany him undoubtedly had several motives. Arthur certainly had earned a vacation, especially following his spring illness. Moreover, though after his graduation he

had been housed more securely under his father's watchful eye in the bosom of his family, Arthur's heart had been elsewhere. Two of the previous three summers he had spent in impulsive trips to Europe in the company of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and he now visited that strange, not altogether reputable Lincolnshire family, and Alfred's sister, whenever possible. Henry had reluctantly agreed to his son's engagement to Emily, a girl he had never met, yet he was more than a little skeptical of the seriousness of Arthur's affections and the motives of the Somersby Tennysons. Some time out of England might allow both father and son to reflect upon the latter's intentions.

For his part, Arthur viewed the trip with mixed feelings. It would, as he wrote to Emily (letter 241), necessarily shorten his summer stay at Somersby, but all time spent with his fiancée seemed too brief. London he detested, and he had never seen Austria. The Alps always revived his spirits, and Hungary lured as an attractive unknown from childhood maps. His father was certainly not the ideal traveling companion, but their time together, away from siblings and relatives, might provide an opportunity to further the cause of his engagement. Dependent as he was on Henry's financial support, Arthur could hardly refuse the offer. After about a month's visit with Emily, and a strangely sad farewell to his sister Ellen, who had become his only close confidant within the family, he addressed a brief note to Alfred, promising to exchange stories of the Danube for his friend's accounts of Scotland. Arthur and his father crossed the Channel on 3 August and plunged into France.

Europe quickly provoked memories of the past and hopes for the future. As in 1830, when he and Alfred sought to aid the Spanish revolutionaries, Arthur spent a night at Cassel, though not at the same inn; on the road from Ath, he was driven by the same coachman, who recalled the two Cambridge friends carrying a copy of Virgil as they set out to overthrow despotic monarchies. Three years later, the coachman assured him, Arthur was in decidedly better health.

Although his spirits rose as he ascended into his old favorites—the Alps—his thoughts were upon more recent objects of affection as Arthur descended into Salzburg, "a jewel of a place," to which he hoped some day to return with Emily. Perhaps they might even settle there, where his annual £ 600 would allow them to live in comfort, if not luxury. Certainly Alfred and his music-loving brother Frederick

ought to consider it. Yet not all the associations were pleasant. A local wedding at Werfen was a painful reminder of the unresolved obstacles to his own marriage, and upon second viewing, the charming Italianate character of Salzburg only made him yearn for the real South—the Italy forever associated with his first love and romantic adolescence.

Budapest, however, Arthur found unexpectedly attractive, a river city like Florence. Toasting Mary Tennyson's birthday with a glass of Tokay, he wrote to her sister of the remaining itinerary—north to Prague, and then, turning westward, home to England. First, however, they would stop again at Vienna, whose parks and society Arthur found rather dull, although its theaters, operas, and art galleries impressed him. At the Imperial Gallery, Arthur recalled his 1832 trip to Germany, when Alfred had accused him of preferring old German pictures to those of Titian. In Vienna, however, his praise for the Venetian master was unbounded—Alfred should *write* "as perfect a Danaë." Two statues by Canova also caught his attention—Theseus destroying the Minotaur and, in the Augustine Chapel, the monument to Archduchess Christina, a pyramid, with mourners entering the portals of death, guarded by a sleeping lion and a grieving angel.

Henry and his son returned to Vienna on 13 September, with Arthur complaining of fever and chills. It was apparently a recurrence of the ague he had suffered earlier that year, and, though it would delay their departure for Prague, there seemed to be little cause for alarm. Quinine and a few days rest were prescribed. By the fifteenth, Arthur felt better; and in the evening, after a short walk with his father, ordered some sack and lay down. Leaving his son reading, Henry went out again. He returned to find Arthur still on the sofa, apparently asleep. Only after a short time did Henry notice the odd position of the head. He called to his son. There was no response. All efforts to rouse him were in vain: Arthur Henry Hallam was dead at age twenty-two.

The disposition of his son's earthly remains showed Henry's usual methodical care equal to the calamity. The death certificate was duly filed, the medical report listing "Schlagfluss"—i.e., stroke—as cause. But an autopsy was also required. Befittingly, it was performed by one of the greatest pathologists of his age, Karl von Rokitansky. To Henry and his contemporaries, it indicated what, with some degree of

hindsight, they had feared: an aneurism leading to hemorrhage in the brain, too readily related to Arthur's weakened condition, his alternating periods of depression and gaiety accompanied by acute headaches, and the intense flushing of his face following concentrated study. It was, as Henry wrote in his preface to the volume of his son's *Remains*, only "poor consolation . . . that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form with the pure spirit that it enshrined."[4] The coffin was quickly sealed and sent on to Trieste, the nearest seaport, to be returned to English earth for burial. Even Arthur's final journey was not without its perils: winter storms swept across the Mediterranean, a mid-December hurricane kept all ships from Dover, and the "mortal ark" did not arrive until late that month. The coffin was carried across England in a three-coach procession, and interred on 3 January 1834 at Clevedon Church, overlooking the river Severn, among the Eltons, Arthur's maternal ancestors.

Arthur's death came, as Henry Alford wrote to their mutual friend Charles Merivale, as "a loud and terrible stroke from the reality of things upon the fairy building of our youth."[5] The blow fell immediately upon Ellen Hallam. News of her brother's death reached the family at Clevedon Court, where they were awaiting his return, on 28 September; and her private journal, alone of all surviving responses, reflects the unmediated intensity of her feeling over a period of years:

> It is agony to look back upon. I long to feel as I still felt the 27th. of September—not that I was then happy, for I had not the light of my Father's countenance—but I knew not then nor had ever known what it is to be utterly desolate, to look forward to the future without hope, to look back on the Past with faint longings to live over again some moments of calm, hopeful, sweet delight, which were not appreciated when we actually lived them. I have some inexpressibly dear recollections—the dream of Italy—evenings at Malvern & Forest House—German readings with Arthur—sweet conversation in the ensuing winter—one Sunday particularly when he opened his heart to me—the parting between us when he returned to Cambridge—the pressure of his hand which I can almost feel now & which made my heart beat with mingled emotions of joy & agony—the reception of his first letter after this—walks at Hastings—walks & conversations at Tunbridge—all these flit before me. . . . It is no dream that I had once a brother whose eye & voice revealed to me the angelic spirit within—the deep feeling

impassioned soul—though passed away, his memory lives within me. . . . Were it not for him I should not be what I am. . . . I think upon the whole I was happiest in 1831 at Hastings. I was fifteen. I found on my table in the morning remembrances from all I loved—from Arthur, that precious Wordsworth, in wh. he had written those kind fond lines. I remember, my heart swelled with joy—I read that dear volume during the day—I walked & talked with Arthur. . . . I never once *thought* that I could be deprived of him whose happiness was the first object of my heart—*now*, what would I not give to be able to feel as then I felt, to be able to look around & meet his mild kind glance—to be able to stretch forth my hand & press his within it!! How little did I appreciate the blessings I enjoyed! All seems like a *dream*.

For Ellen, there could be little consolation that other friends remained. She welcomed Emily Tennyson as a sister, cherished the "precious book containing some of the thoughts of him whom we have lost," but the brief remainder of her life continued as a dream, from which there could be only one awakening. As her cousin wrote in 1837, a week after her death, "Ellen was not happy in this life. She took no interest in the pleasures & enjoyments of this world, but God led her through a mysterious path—through conflict and melancholy of mind—to seek that peace which passeth all understanding, in the knowledge of her Saviour."[6]

Nor was the family to be spared other losses. Henry's wife, Julia, died three years after her daughter, troubled in spirit, as she confided to her journal, at her inability to communicate with her husband:

O how I wish that this reserve on serious matters would cease. I think I could be more a comfort to him, if he would sometimes talk of those dear ones who are gone—of our common hopes, of unseen things, & not always of earthly plans & trifles. I find it difficult to touch on such things—have not courage to begin—but as my mind is always full of this, I still hope for an opportunity.[7]

Yet Henry's attention was preoccupied with his other son. From his earliest days at Eton, Harry Hallam had followed the steps of his brother: reading Wordsworth and Dante at an early age; winning a prize in the Eton Newcastle competition (with Gladstone as an encouraging but impartial judge); founding, to the delight of his father, a historical debating society at Cambridge; encouraged by his tutors, John Heath and W. H. Thompson, gaining the scholarship and then a first class in the classical tripos, which had eluded Arthur.

With Tennyson's assistance, he dabbled in poetry. As Henry wrote to Gladstone in 1840, the points of resemblance to "one who ran his course before" were unmistakable: "H.'s reflective powers have not been so early & so profoundly displayed—but quickness & clearness are fully equal. He has also the same sweetness of temper." Yet the bitter experience of the past could not but weigh upon his father's expectations: "In the midst of all this, the memory of past days forbids me to indulge an idle boastfulness, or even to give way to visions of sanguine hope. . . . Whatever be the future, I ought to rejoice in the present—were it not one of the misfortunes of old age, that it has no present."[8]

Harry's twenty-second year passed uneventfully. He gained his master of arts degree in 1849, was called to the bar in May 1850, and joined the Midland Circuit. Shortly before leaving England to join his father and sister Julia on the Continent that summer, he sent his cousin, Jane Octavia Brookfield, a copy of Tennyson's recently published elegy. After spending the fall in Rome, they headed north toward Genoa to return to England. At Siena, the blow fell. Harry became ill with intermittent fever, and died 25 October 1850, talking of his friends in England and apologizing for delaying the return. Lord Lyttleton, the other Newcastle examiner, reflected upon Henry's life:

> If I am not wrong he has survived his wife and seven children out of eight. A strange dread has been upon me, a presentiment ever since I knew poor [Harry] in the examination in 1840, that this last grief (for there hardly is another left for him) might be in store for the old man; partly from an idea that he was weakly, but also from the dark and mysterious frequency of their *accumulation* of sorrow, which we cannot help observing in this life.[9]

Harry was interred with his brother, sister, and mother at Clevedon. The solitary consolation of Henry Hallam's nine remaining years was his last child's marriage in 1852.

II

The reverberations of the message of "Vienna's fatal walls" quickly extended beyond the family. On 3 October 1833, Francis Hastings Doyle, Arthur's Etonian friend and Wimpole Street neighbor, stopped by the Hallams' house to inquire when he might return from

Europe. "Mr. Arthur, he will never come home any more," the maid told him, "he died a fortnight ago." Overwhelmed by the news, Doyle staggered away before he could learn any details. Later that day he wrote to Arthur's other close friends at Eton, James Milnes Gaskell and Gladstone. As his diary records, Gladstone received Doyle's letter three days later:

> This intelligence was deeply oppressive, even to my selfish disposition. I mourn in him, for myself, my earliest near friend: for my fellow creatures, one who would have adorned his age and country, a mind full of beauty and of power, attaining almost to that ideal standard, of which it is presumption to expect an example in natural life. When shall I see his like? Yet this dispensation is not all pain: for there is a hope, and not (in my mind) either a bare or a rash hope, that his soul rests with God in Jesus Christ. I walked upon the hills to muse upon this very mournful event, which cuts me to the heart. Alas for his family and his intended bride![10]

Later that day, Gladstone wrote to Gaskell:

> It is a deeply, too deeply painful subject: surely if one could abstract wholly from it all personal considerations, and present the circumstances in the most naked form to the most uninterested person, they would obtain his sympathy. Outward and inward attractions, genius of intense activity and power accompanied with affections as deep as ever dwelt in the heart of man, youth and health and high expectations, just opening upon a career of life which could not have been otherwise than lofty and splendid, all swept at once in the gulf, with such a fearful rapidity, and far away from the sorrowing family whose members would have given and received consolation in the last hours of his life. He will be faithfully mourned on earth. . . . There has always been need of him and such as him—now how much more than ever. In an age so critical and pregnant with such consequences to mankind . . . it was no small joy to behold the growth and proficiency of a man whose soul cared not for the "lust of the eye and the pride of life," but remained a fountain of lofty and pure and undying enthusiasm. He was a man such as the times wanted; one who might have done much by understanding to correct them . . . when has there been recorded the removal of a more truly surpassing spirit?

Yet Gladstone realized that his eulogy could not do justice to the "beloved memory" of his friend; in a postscript, he expressed the hope "that some part of what Hallam has written may be brought together and put into a more durable form, collectively, than it has yet assumed."[11] His concern reflected not only his high opinion of

Arthur's compositions but also their occasional and scattered state. Arthur's early verse and prose were still accessible in the *Eton Miscellany*, but, as its chief editor knew, these efforts were hardly representative. Arthur's plan to publish his 1830 *Poems* with Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* had been vetoed by Henry Hallam, and only twenty-five or thirty copies were privately printed and distributed to close friends. Arthur's later verse, chiefly inspired by the Tennyson family and his love for Emily, had never been collected (and was largely unknown to Gladstone). Of his prose compositions, his 1831 review of Tennyson's book had appeared in the never successful, short-lived *Englishman's Magazine*; his prize declamation on the influence of Italian literature and his essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero had been published as pamphlets, yet they were not widely circulated. Arthur's prize-winning oration on the conduct of the Independent Party during the English civil war had never been printed; his "Remarks" on Gabriele Rossetti's Dante theories, which had not found a place in any periodical, was rather too specialized to attract more than limited attention among literary circles; and his other periodical contributions and his character sketches of Voltaire, Burke, and Petrarch for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had appeared anonymously. Gladstone would have known only indirectly of Hallam's Apostles essays, including his seminal "On Sympathy" and "Theodicaea Novissima." Clearly, here was a substantial body of work that merited due recognition, in an age when far less deserving compositions (see letter 44 n. 2), under far less compelling circumstances, were gaining permanence in printer's ink. In his reply to Gladstone, Gaskell expressed his hearty support; and three weeks after Arthur's death, the three Oxonians approached Henry Hallam with their proposal for a memorial volume.

Additional and perhaps stronger impetus came from Arthur's Cambridge friends, better acquainted with the range and quality of his writings. On 26 November 1833, R. J. Tennant, an Apostle and close friend, wrote to Tennyson: "It appears to be a universal wish among [his friends], that whatever writings Arthur has left should be collected and published; that there may be some memorial of him among us"; Tennyson seemed the proper emissary to obtain Henry Hallam's approval.[12] The proposal had been accepted by 7 February 1834, when Gladstone wrote to Gaskell that Henry intended to print "a selection of [Arthur's] poems, those essays already published and

some fragmentary notes on metaphysical subjects." On the same day, Arthur's father wrote to Tennyson, requesting a preface for the publication and setting forth his principles of inclusion:

> I shall be very cautious as to printing any thing that may too much reveal the secrets of his mind, either in prose or verse—& this will preclude the possibility of printing some of his best compositions—among others, his Farewell to the South, already in print, but not circulated.[13]

The specific reference helps to explain Henry's somewhat vague general restrictions. "A Farewell to the South," Arthur's most ambitious poem, is a romantic invocation of Italy, and specifically of his love in 1828 for Anna Wintour, a twenty-six-year-old English visitor who inspired the adulation of many young men. Although Anna's identity is veiled in the poem, Arthur's feeling receives full expression. Henry, embarrassed by its adolescent fervor, had apparently not wanted his son to print the work in 1830, and had no intention of publishing it now. Altogether about a third of Arthur's compositions, roughly half the material actually in his father's possession, was to be privately printed. Tennyson found himself unable to compose a preface, and so Henry borrowed from testimonials of Arthur's friends, including James Spedding, Gladstone, and (probably) Doyle. One hundred copies of the *Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam* were distributed in 1834. All were received with thanks and praise. Gladstone, with typical and genuine humility, wrote to Henry Hallam that the volume would be a friend and instructor:

> That you should in any way have placed me in connection with him whom you have lost, by proposing him to me as a model, will ever I hope be an elevating thought, and a sacred incitement to the performance of duty, though indeed if I know any thing of myself it is, that my being is of a humbler order.[14]

Yet as his 7 February 1834 letter to Gaskell makes clear, Gladstone regretted that one aspect of his friend had not been represented in the volume:

> Remembering his remarkable talent for composing letters, and his practice of pouring out his mind in them more freely perhaps (as far as my experience goes) than at any other time, I suggested to Mr. Hallam whether it might not be desirable to make a small selection from such

> of them as might be in existence—he replied that his friends alone, to whom they had been addressed could in the first instance judge of the propriety of such a measure, and I promised to take some steps towards ascertaining their opinions. . . . [Arthur] had so distinct and vivid a selfconsciousness, such a depth and expansiveness of affection, and so remarkable a power of making his own inward phenomena the objects of his intellectual energies, that his letters I think are worthy of permanent preservation (which can only be in print) even considered apart from all personal considerations, as presenting some traces of a life so full of keen emotion and so beset as it were by its own susceptibility.

Gladstone foresaw no difficulties in matters of decorum: one or two letters he might like to keep private, but even considering Henry Hallam's general unwillingness to print anything of a very personal character, "still it would be highly desirable to *make a collection* now of such letters . . . as may contain more of the inward history of his own mind, in order that at some period hereafter, say four or five years hence, we may print a *very few* copies of them to be distributed only among his family and those (perhaps) to whom the letters were addressed." He had already asked Doyle to write to Tennyson for his support.

Two additional friends seconded Gladstone's proposal. In his 11 March 1834 letter to Arthur's father (excerpted in the preface to the *Remains*), James Spedding had regretted that "the displays of [Arthur's] gifts and graces were not for show—they sprung naturally out of the passing occasion, and being separated from it would lose their life and meaning. . . . The compositions which he has left (marvellous as they are), are inadequate evidences of his actual power." Clearly Arthur's letters offered more adequate evidence. J. W. Blakesley, though delighted with the memorial offered in the *Remains*, admitted some disappointment (in a letter to Henry Hallam) that, with two exceptions, he was familiar with all the works represented in that volume: "I had hoped to see a selection from his letters included;—for there more than on any other occasion was shown that interpenetration of the qualities for which a man is admired and for which he is loved—which I consider as Arthur's peculiar characteristic."[15]

But Henry had not been alone in his reluctance. Gaskell had considerable misgivings: "I doubt in the first place whether it is a

tribute which he himself would have approved, and in the second whether any selection [of letters] which we could make (as it must at best be partial), would do him justice. . . . Of course much will depend upon the character of the letters themselves, and possibly the strictly personal nature of almost all those which I have by me, may make me view the subject unfairly." Like Arthur, Gaskell had been in Rome in 1828; he too had fallen under Anna Wintour's spell, and (as the present collection shows) many of his letters from Hallam dealt with that affair. Tennant, who forwarded to Henry Hallam all of Arthur's poetry and prose in his possession, found that "not much of his correspondence of a general nature is preserved—his letters to me are wholly or almost wholly relating to private & temporary circumstances my own or his." Tennyson apparently did not respond to Doyle's solicitation. Forwarding the last copy of the *Remains* to Richard Monckton Milnes in 1835, Henry Hallam expressed the prevailing consensus: "The applications [for the book] have been many, which, in general, I have been forced to refuse. On every account, I felt that the voice of his inmost heart was not for the careless ear of the public."[16]

In his edition of Arthur's *Writings*, T. H. Vail Motter depicts Henry Hallam as a model of nineteenth-century suppression, the censor, who, wielding his "blue pencil" over the *Remains*, distorted or stifled Arthur's true voice; clearly, the same accusation could be made about Henry's unwillingness to print his son's letters. Yet his editorial decisions must be seen in both a personal and historical perspective. In 1834, Henry had no reason to expect that the name and character of Arthur Henry Hallam would become a permanent part of English literature. The high praise of Arthur's abilities might have been paid to any bright young man who died before realizing his promise. As Motter admits, this was no Keats.[17] Nor might Henry discern, from his son's letters to him, those powers of thought and feeling that Gladstone found so worthy of preservation. Even Arthur's eloquent defense of his "fondness for modern poetry" in letter 82 could only partially persuade a father who found the Eton Society's debate on the relative merits of mathematics versus metaphysics "truly ridiculous."[18] It is worth noting that three years after the publication of *In Memoriam*, Henry arranged to reprint his son's *Remains* for the general public, to be bound up, as he wrote to Tennyson, "for those who wish it, uniformly with your precious volume."[19]

James Milnes Gaskell died in 1873, leaving behind at least some of his letters from Arthur, and a journalist son. Charles Gaskell was not troubled by his father's earlier misgivings in preparing a tribute to the memory of Arthur on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Anna Wintour died soon after her lifelong admirer, and Arthur's sister, Julia Hallam Cator, Lady Lennard, was the only surviving member of the Hallam family. More important, "A.H.H." had become the most famous initials in English literature. The ostensible purpose of *Records of an Eton Schoolboy*, privately printed in 1883, was to provide "valuable information as to the habits of the time." But though the book contains many of James Milnes Gaskell's schoolboy letters, and offers an illuminating view of Eton under the celebrated Dr. Keate, the twelve letters of "our dear Eton Marcellus," as Doyle described Arthur in the preface, "the most brilliant and charming Etonian of his time," were clearly its main feature.[20]

On 23 October 1883, Gladstone received his copy and thanked Charles Gaskell the same day: "It is a revived, almost a new image, of Arthur Hallam," he wrote enthusiastically, and took the opportunity to mention that he had carefully saved all *his* letters from Hallam. Charles was invited to see them, in the hope that it might be "*possible* that [his] book may wholly or partially come upon the public." With the prime minister's support, Charles, who had easily obtained permission from Lady Lennard to publish her brother's letters to his father, now revived Gladstone's plan to publish all of Hallam's correspondence. He solicited Doyle to approach Lady Lennard with the proposal.

Doyle's 1 December 1883 letter diplomatically reiterated James Spedding's earlier contention about the elusive impact of Arthur's personality:

> I think that nothing he left behind him quite does him justice for the very reason that his mind was more original & powerful than the minds of us his contemporaries. He required a longer time to master and organize his faculties & though his advancement in strength & ripeness of intellect was moving on with rapid strides, he died, alas, so prematurely that the operation was not wholly complete—still even as he shows himself I cannot but think it desirable that he should be known as widely as possible.

And though the 1863 and 1869 editions of the *Remains* had brought Arthur's writings before the public, Doyle stressed the greater

interest of his friend's letters: in them "he will be seen at his best." Five days later, Charles himself wrote to Lady Lennard, a little more forcefully, stating that he intended at least to publish Arthur's letters to Gladstone, because of the wide interest in her brother. She finally responded that she would prefer certain of Arthur's letters "from Italy"—in other words, those concerning Anna Wintour—to be deleted from any future edition. She did not want Gaskell's present work to be excerpted in the magazines, and she failed to mention publishing any other letters. In short, she offered no encouragement.[21]

It is unlikely that Charles Gaskell can have known the powerful forces arrayed against him. Soon after *Records of an Eton Schoolboy* was printed, Monckton Milnes described the volume to "Milord Alfred": Tennyson was pleased and interested. But the prospect of publication in a periodical—even the *Nineteenth Century*, edited by Tennyson's friend James Thomas Knowles—elicited a quite different response. On 26 November 1883, Gladstone, writing to Tennyson regarding the Laureate's elevation to the peerage, took the opportunity to mention the first book containing Arthur's letters:

> I presume Mr. Milnes Gaskell has sent you the little volume he has printed privately. You may like to know that Knowles is charmed with the light which for him it throws upon the mind & character of Arthur Hallam. He has been at Hawarden and I gave him Arthur Hallam's letters to me for perusal. I cannot recollect enough to be a judge, but he says they are of more interest [. . .] than those to his Father, & I think he may wish to print some of them.

Tennyson's response was unusually quick and unequivocal: "Don't let Knowles print A.H.H.'s letters [he wrote to Gladstone on 2 December 1883]—at least let them be first submitted to me. I think that I of all living men should be allowed a voice in this matter. K. is a very clever man & a kindly—but he is . . . Knowles of the 19th Century & would set the fame of his Review above the fame of your old friend & mine. At least I fear so." The Bard's greatest displeasure seemed reserved for Charles Gaskell, however, who, Tennyson complained, had "not been gracious enough to send me his book."[22]

But Charles, who had been worried about the propriety of printing Arthur's remarks on Tennyson's grandfather (in letter 189), and who had candidly stated that Anna, rather than Emily Tennyson, "in-

spired Arthur Hallam's best verses," did send Alfred a copy. It was, however, intercepted by his son. On 20 February 1884, Hallam Tennyson, ignoring Gaskell, wrote instead to Lady Lennard:

> I have not liked to show my Father the "Records of an Eton Schoolboy," for, as you say, there are some letters which ought never to have been inserted, and some expressions which ought to have been erased. I think that it is useless my asking my Father his opinion about a Review of the book in the "Edinburgh," for he has set your brother on such a pinnacle before all the world, that anything now published concerning your brother can only detract from his fame. Excuse my candid opinion, but you have asked me for it, and I know that my Father has such a deep love for him that he would fain keep all critics at a distance from him.

Lady Lennard, repeating her hope that her brother's letters would not appear in the *Nineteenth Century*, still expressed regret that Alfred himself had not expressed his reactions to the book. This time the Laureate's wife sought to reassure her:

> We greatly rejoice that you agree with us as to the Reviews. Certainly fresh and pleasant and thoughtful as these youthful letters are, one cannot but feel that Mr. [Gaskell] has done well in printing them for private circulation only, lest the public ideal of your brother should in any way be disturbed. For the same reason but on infinitely stronger grounds, we have withheld the book from my Ally & I hope that in this also you agree with us. One has to be specially careful with so very sensitive a nature, as you know.[23]

The bulwark of wife and son prevailed. Alfred, apparently, never saw the "disturbing volume," though (as Franklin Lushington assured Lady Lennard), given his own feelings toward George Clayton Tennyson, he would hardly have objected to Arthur's description, and he certainly knew about Anna Wintour and her impact on Arthur. Soon after, Lady Lennard wrote again to Gaskell, suggesting that any public edition of his work substitute Arthur's letters to Gladstone for those already included. Again the project of publishing any comprehensive collection of his letters was frustrated. Gladstone, perhaps most disappointed, gruffly complained about "the mysterious property that private persons are held to have over the thoughts of the illustrious dead."[24]

Between the publication of *Records of an Eton Schoolboy* in 1883 and *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son* in 1897, biographies of

Richard Chenevix Trench and Milnes showed that James Milnes Gaskell and Gladstone were not the only friends who had preserved Arthur's letters. But the fullest treatment of Arthur's life, and the greatest number of his letters, appear in the *Memoir*.[25] Unfortunately, Hallam Tennyson's editorial principles are all too clearly indicated in his 1884 letter to Lady Lennard: AHH's namesake took extraordinary pains, and much license with fact, to make sure that nothing would detract from the fame of either Arthur or his elegist.

Ironically, the survival of two earlier and more complete versions provide the clearest evidence of the inaccuracies and distortions of the *Memoir*. Both the privately printed, four-volume *Materials for a Life of A. T.*, and its manuscript predecessor—a set of notebooks containing Hallam Tennyson's drafts, manuscript letters, clippings, and so on—are in the Tennyson Research Centre (in Lincoln). Hallam Tennyson's wife, Audrey, transcribed many letters for her husband's use, including a separate notebook of those from Arthur. Afterward, Hallam Tennyson destroyed virtually all of Arthur's letters to his father, and a number to other members of the Tennyson family. Fourteen complete or partial letters from Arthur are printed in the *Memoir*. Early in his account, Hallam Tennyson notes that "most of [Arthur's] philosophical and religious letters to my father have been lost."[26] Yet Tennyson's son chose not to print most of those letters in his wife's notebook, crossing through, cutting out, and rearranging her transcripts, with no indication in the printed text. Less than a third, for example, of Arthur's letter to Mrs. Tennyson (90) was published, and his phrase about "morbidness of feeling" was carefully excised from the sentence.

It is, of course, important to remember that the *Memoir* is not a scholarly work, nor even a biography in the modern sense. It is a charmingly written reminiscence that, as Christopher Ricks states, "at its best [breathes] a sense of what it was like in the immediate vicinity of Tennyson."[27] Yet even with some comprehension of the Victorians' exaggerated sense of decorum, and the knowledge that the Laureate was scarcely less reticent about biographical details than his son, some of the tamperings in the *Memoir* are difficult to fathom. Certainly propriety necessitated Hallam Tennyson's omission of Arthur's comments on Garden and Monteith (letter 161); Arthur's parenthetical bit of morbid wit about Miss Poole (127) scarcely

survived in Audrey Tennyson's transcript. Perhaps also Arthur's response to Croker's *Quarterly* review of Tennyson's 1832 volume (letter 240) seemed more appropriately addressed to Alfred than to Emily; Hallam Tennyson apparently found it convenient to combine that comment with another letter (237). But the exclusion of palpably innocent—and interesting—material in what Hallam Tennyson thought was Arthur's last letter (247) can be ascribed to none of these motives. At least one alteration in the *Memoir* seems totally incomprehensible: by omitting several sentences in letter 221, and noting that the £ 11 was "the sum my father received for the 1830 volume," Hallam Tennyson deliberately distorted Arthur's meaning, turning Alfred's minor debt into an equally inconsequential royalty.[28]

Whatever his motives, Hallam Tennyson might have profited from Charles Milnes Gaskell's comments on a passage (unrelated to Arthur Henry Hallam) in *Records of an Eton Schoolboy:* "Erasure I fear is not of much use, as I remember that the lines which Lady Caroline Lascelles blotted out with regard to Lord John Russell in her Memorials of Lord Carlisle only called attention to the passage."[29] Such has been the fate of the *Memoir*. Its evasiveness, its deletion and suppression of material has, ironically, had exactly the opposite effect from what its cautious editor intended. For some modern critics, the relationship between Arthur and Alfred seemed too close, the grief of *In Memoriam* too intimate, the biographical portrait of AHH too idolized. A homosexual construction was enticing, perhaps inevitable. Harold Nicolson's worthy and perceptive attempt to rehabilitate the Laureate, for example, could not resist sly references to the hand upon the shoulder, the afternoons on the Somersby lawn, and "oh! the way he would take one's arm, on summer evenings, under the limes"—all derived, in much the same language, from *In Memoriam* and Hallam Tennyson's account. Fortunately, a sufficient number of Arthur's letters—particularly those to Emily Tennyson—have survived any editorial intervention to put such suspicions finally to rest—if indeed such things are still suspect. Even Nicolson subsequently altered his views: "How I wish I had seen these letters," he said upon reading through the Wellesley collection.[30]

Nevertheless, the *Memoir* set not only a tone but also a pattern for dealing with Arthur's letters that has been followed until recent years. The version of letter 119 in *Merivale*, for example, omits

Arthur's reference to Tennant, who had died many years before its publication in virtual obscurity. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* is editorially more reliable than the *Memoir* only in indicating where material has been deleted. Mrs. Brookfield's *Cambridge Apostles*, one of the more accessible collections of the correspondence of Arthur and his contemporaries, must, as Motter warns, be read with the greatest caution. It is a travesty of scholarship; the rare accuracy is virtually discredited by the preponderance of error. Other presentations, such as Lounsbury's *Life and Times of Tennyson*, Schonfield's *Letters to Frederick Tennyson*, and Zamick's publication of Arthur's letters to Farr, offer few, incomplete, and not always accurate texts.[31] The six letters to (and one from) Brookfield published by his son in the *Fortnightly Review* (80 [1903]: 170–79) provide a characteristic example of the treatment of Arthur's correspondence. Five of these letters were sold after their publication, and are now in the Pierpont Morgan Library; they reveal that the printed versions are reasonably accurate, scrupulously showing editorial omissions. Why then had the sixth letter not been sold? The mystery was solved when letter 146, together with Brookfield's letter to Arthur (96a), turned up in the Brookfield papers at Downside Abbey. Even thirty years after his father's death, Arthur Brookfield felt he could not allow evidence that his father took opium as a Cambridge undergraduate to be revealed to future patrons of a public library.[32]

Even a collection of those letters already in print—the minimum of what Gladstone had hoped for nearly 150 years ago, and which, in the case of Arthur's writings, provided the basis of Motter's edition—would have value as a more accurate and complete view of AHH. The present edition aspires to a good deal more. It prints all known surviving letters and fragments by and to Arthur. More than two-thirds of the material is hitherto unpublished in any form, and some of the published texts are virtually inaccessible today. In addition, the annotation includes relevant excerpts from the correspondence of Arthur's friends and contemporaries, much also previously unpublished.

A variety of circumstances has argued for such completeness. Most obvious is the brevity of Arthur's life. Essentially these letters cover eight years, from 1825 to 1833, an average rate of approximately three letters a month. But there were considerable periods of time—at Eton,

Cambridge, London, and Somersby—when Arthur's principal correspondents were with him. And as vehemently as he might complain about Alfred's unwillingness to write, Arthur himself was often guilty of the same fault. Letters to Gladstone, Gaskell, Robertson, Edward Spedding, Donne, and Brookfield all acknowledge his lapses; indeed, only with Gladstone (and then for a limited time), Gaskell, and Emily Tennyson does Arthur seem to have sustained a regular correspondence. Thus, although new letters may be found, the present collection is not likely to be greatly augmented. Moreover, both in scope and selection of correspondents, it is substantially representative, with the certain exception of letters to Doyle, Pickering, and Tennant, and the less certain absence of those to James Spedding and Francis Garden. The three largest groups of letters are also the most complete. Gladstone, characteristically, seems to have preserved virtually every communication from his friend; and, despite Hallam Tennyson's claim, no substantial number of Arthur's letters to Alfred appear to have been *lost*.[33] Indeed, as his postscripts indicate, Arthur apparently chose, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry on a regular correspondence with the "lazy loons" at Somersby, to communicate with Alfred, and the rest of the Tennyson family, principally through his letters to Emily. This last body of letters thus gains added significance. It provides a full account not merely of Arthur's closest relationship but also of the activities and concerns of the Tennysons during this period of their lives.

A more important argument for completeness has to do with the nature of the letters themselves. Clearly, as his friends suggested, and his own comments show, Arthur's correspondence represented a serious (in all the Victorian senses of the word) concern in his life. Letters were the sustenance, sometimes the embodiment of those relationships so crucial to him, the means "to keep pure and limpid, the source of all generous emotions" (letter 79). To both his earliest friend and his fiancée, he depicted the joys of receiving home thoughts while abroad (letters 42 and 177). To Gaskell he paraphrased Cicero's delighted welcome of letters from Atticus (50). To many friends—Milnes, Robertson, and Brookfield, among others—he testified to the emotional restoration, the recovery of spirits, "the gentle touch of the renovating diurnal light" to "one long prisoned in darkness" (60), that their letters brought him. Arthur might not

always compose his epistles, as Alfred accused him of doing (221); but he obviously spent much time and care on them, and only half jokingly chided Emily for writing at the last possible moment and not filling the paper to its full capacity (205). He was not above priding himself on a particularly "graceful [pattern] of epistolary composition" (letter 121, commenting on 117), at least when that composition had apparently miscarried. His playful suggestion of publishing Emily's letters (158) suggested how much he cherished and found comfort in them (202). Indeed, separated as they were during most of their engagement, their letters *were* the relationship, serving, as Arthur wrote in only a slightly different context, "as Pisgah to Canaan, the point of distant prospect to the place of actual possession" (115). Poems were fine, he told Alfred, but flesh and blood better: "I only crave a few words" (204).

Consequently, few of Arthur's letters fall under his description of Kemble's "laconic note upon business only" (185). When need demanded, as in his appeals to Frederick Tennyson (190) and Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt (187), he could be as businesslike as Emily's grandfather (see letter 171). But his introductory addresses to Hunt (97) and Moxon (112) show an admirable blend of finesse and wit, and even his squibs to Maginn (194) and Whewell (224) are written with the careless grace that characterizes his formal correspondence.

At the same time, Arthur's letters supplement, rather than supplant, his writings. Little of the sustained analysis of his essays, the parliamentary rhetoric of his Eton debates and his Trinity declamations, or the metaphysical intricacies of his Apostles papers appear in his correspondence. There are closer affinities with his verse—for example, in his addresses to Milnes, Brookfield, and Emily Tennyson—but the voices are still distinct. As Gladstone stated, the letters offer "the *history* of his mind . . . so remarkable as composed of a series of the most keen and thrilling emotions," and a "power and habit of setting it forth . . . not less conspicuous."[34] Yet the distinction between the two voices—the contrast between the "Magazine humour" or at least the public consciousness (which, as he admitted to Edward Spedding, infected even his review of Alfred's poetry), and the attention to "myself and the Truth" (letter 122) that prevails in his letters—makes his occasional, fragmentary insights more valuable. Certainly, his comments on philosophy and poetry to Spedding,

Milnes, Frere, Donne, and Alfred Tennyson provide ample evidence of his critical acumen.

Nor do the letters have a purely personal interest. Arthur was the son of one of the prominent figures in nineteenth-century English society; he attended *the* public school and one of the two outstanding colleges of his time. He lived to see the beginnings of the triumph of Romantic sensibility and the first Reform Bill. These circumstances alone give his letters considerable historical interest. The inconsistency, perhaps only apparent, of Arthur's support of Catholic emancipation and opposition to parliamentary reform, his knowledge of the formation of Canning's 1827 ministry, his and his contemporaries' response to Cambridge, Fanny Kemble, Edward Irving, and Saint-Simonianism, should prove of some value to those with greater knowledge in these areas than that of the editor. During the latter part of his correspondence, too, there are faint but discernible stirrings of both the Broad Church and Oxford movements.

More important, a list of Arthur's friends includes some of the most eminent Victorians, particularly their greatest prime minister and greatest poet. In his letters, we see the formation of character, and the commencement of careers, not only of Gladstone and Tennyson but also of Milnes and Trench. Lesser luminaries, such as Spedding, Donne, Doyle, Kemble, Blakesley, Brookfield, and Gaskell (whom Henry Adams found so representative of England in the 1830s), receive their fair share of attention. For this reason, the editor has chosen occasionally to provide more extensive annotation than Arthur's letters themselves might seem to demand, including excerpts from the correspondence of his friends, with the purpose of rounding out the circle in which he found himself inscribed (letter 137).

III

"It is my destiny, it would seem, in this world to form no friendship, which when I begin to appreciate it, & hold it dear, is not torn from me by the iron hand of circumstance. The friends whom I loved at Eton I shall not see at Cambridge. Those who endeared to me my sojourn in Italy are scattered to the four winds of heaven—and the

chance of enjoying more hours of their conversation, & society is more unstable than the very breath of those winds." Thus Arthur wrote to Gladstone in 1828, already with some experience of the fragmented nature of his existence, with its "strange mingling of sweet, & bitter" (letter 51). The eternal Shelleyan forces of fate, time, occasion, chance, and change, perhaps embodied in the Jupiter-like figure of his father, divided his life into four periods, distinct not only in circumstance, but also in place, mood, and friendships. Even in his last year, when he began to renew contact with Gladstone and Gaskell (then MPs), when his essays began to establish a reputation and promise a career as a critic, and when he was first able to introduce some of his fiancée's family to his own, the "shadow feared of man" denied that synthesis.

Whatever claim the playing fields of Eton have for England's military success in the Napoleonic wars, its debating society must be credited with some measure of that country's parliamentary eminence in the latter part of the century. Although his health prevented Arthur's participation on the field, he was an avid enthusiast in the debating room, drawing upon his father's erudition and argumentative skills, as well as his own youthful eloquence and knowledge of literature, to match the sons of such politicians as Hervey, Wellesley, Gladstone, Gaskell, and Canning. Arthur was known as "the best poet in Eton" in 1826, but the primary interest of the Society dominates all his letters from his school.[35] Politics, too, was the basis of his friendships there, and in at least one case its limitation. For William Windham Farr never really outgrew the "limits of his little reign" among the antique towers of Henry VI's college. From Eton, Farr brought chiefly the obstinate narrowness of his politics (whose inconsistencies Arthur dissected in letter 16). Although both were unhappy among the fens, Farr sought solace in the unproductive arena of the Cambridge Union, whereas Arthur turned his burden into gain with new friendships, new pursuits. Farr's ridicule of Arthur's involvement with Milnes, Kemble, Tennyson, and other "bastions of nonsense" at Trinity too clearly betrays his own loneliness, perhaps tinged with envy. Late in 1828, Arthur discreetly but firmly detached himself from one who could never be a friend (letter 58).

In contrast, Cambridge seems only to have strengthened Arthur's

intimacy with John Frere. At a time when Milnes reported that he "almost live[d] with Hallam,"[36] Arthur described Frere, "one of the best creatures that ever breathed," as his only "*true friend*" at Trinity (letter 66). As the three letters to Frere indicate, that friendship was based on common pursuits, interests, and ideas; Frere was also Arthur's only Etonian companion who had strong ties with the Tennyson family. Universally liked, admired, and trusted, Frere nevertheless remains a shadowy figure in the accounts of his more illustrious contemporaries.

Although it began two years earlier, Arthur's friendship with Gladstone seems also to have developed through the Eton Society, soon outgrowing the limits of the debates. It is difficult to read through Gladstone's later remarks—particularly his *Daily Telegraph* article and its earlier draft (printed in *Autobiographia*)—without some suspicion of exaggerated praise and false humility. Their friendship, Gladstone wrote, "was so unequal, as between his mental powers and mine, that I have questioned myself strictly whether I was warranted in supposing it to have been knit with such closeness as I have fondly supposed." Yet, as he himself noted, the evidence of his diaries is decisive. On 24 September 1826, he recorded his habitual breakfast and walk with Hallam: "I esteem as well as admire him. Perhaps I am declaring too explicitly & too positively for the period of our *intimacy*—which has not yet lasted a year—but such is my present feeling" (*D*, 1:75). Three years later, summarizing the progress of the relationship up to that time, his feelings were as strong, but less secure:

> It began late in 1824, more at his seeking than mine.
> It slackened soon: more on my account than his.
> It recommenced in 1825, late, more at my seeking than his.
> It ripened much from the early part of 1826 to the middle.
> In the middle, [Farr?] *rather* took my place.
> In the latter end [of 1826], it became closer & stronger than ever.
> Through 1827, it flourished most happily, to my very great enjoyment.
> Beginning of 1828, [Hallam] having been absent since he left Eton, it varied but very slightly.
> Middle of 1828, [Hallam] returned, and thought me cold. (I did not increase my *rate* of letters as under the circumstances I ought to have done.)
> Early in 1829, there was friendly expostulation (unconnected with the

matter last alluded to) and affectionate reply.
Illness in [spring and summer of 1829]. (*D*, 1:258–59)

Yet after a year at their respective colleges, Gladstone wondered if he could still call Arthur a friend.

The reason for this insecurity becomes clearer in Gladstone's *Autobiographia*. Acknowledging Arthur's innate superiority in philosophy and poetry, Gladstone also recorded what he felt to be his friend's one great *acquired* advantage over the son of a Liverpool merchant—a "cultivated domestic education." This conscious sense of inferiority accounts to a large degree for Gladstone's abnormal sensitivity. Even if Arthur learned to recognize the effect, he could scarcely discern the cause, and thus found himself unwittingly irritating Gladstone's thin-skinned feelings. "Why, what an unconscionable fellow you must be?" (letter 23) must have been Arthur's amazed reaction on more than one occasion, and he obviously spent some care in a futile attempt to locate a more acceptable complimentary passage from the *Iliad* (24). Yet Arthur's reciprocal gift of his father's work for Gladstone's leaving-book would hardly have allayed his friend's suspicions (36). A similar reaction accounts for the exaggerated self-deprecation with which the prime contributor to the *Eton Miscellany* responded to Arthur's just and balanced remarks on the second volume (51, 54 and 59a). The final blow came, however, with Gladstone's reading of Arthur's *Poems*, especially the sonnet "To A.T." Careful to avoid mention of the love both he and Gaskell had felt for Anna Wintour, Arthur could not conceal the bond of intimacy that it had made between them. This must have confirmed Gladstone's worst fears. The draft of his June 1830 letter (90a)—which probably reveals his true feelings more fully than its final version—sounds much like the anguished outcry of a rejected lover. Indeed, Gladstone's always strong sexual emotions, his great need for affection and approval from those he respected, and his intense sense of sin and guilt may have coalesced in what Checkland (p. 210) rightly labels a "kind of reverence" for the saint-like figure of Arthur. Although in December 1831 they agreed to renew their correspondence, their friendship, as Gladstone later regretted, never really recovered.

There are striking parallels between the four-time prime minister

and his friend whose deeds were wrought with tumult of acclaim somewhere out of human view. Despite widely varying backgrounds, their religious beliefs were not substantially different; both ultimately gravitated to the same political positions and similar literary tastes. Had Gladstone accompanied his two comrades to Italy in 1827, rather than visiting it with his brothers in 1832, their sensibilities might have been even more closely allied. Both Arthur and William Ewart had strong-willed, domineering fathers, who directed their paths into careers neither might have freely chosen. Both had strong ties with their sisters; just as Ellen Hallam cherished her brother's memory as an ideal during the last four years of her life, it was Anne Gladstone's death in 1829 that, in Foot's words, led her brother to spend "much of the rest of his life striving after the almost impossibly severe standards of conduct she had set him" (*D*, 1:xli). Yet Arthur's memory seems to have had nearly the same power over Gladstone. In 1897, nearly blind, less than a year before his death, he wrote to Hallam Tennyson that the *Memoir* made him feel "with a revived keenness" how great a loss was Arthur's death: "*He* I think could have done something even for your father: he could have helped even to integrate your father, and to enhance his greatness, through the wonderful maturity of his mind."[37]

The winter abroad in 1827–28 permanently altered Arthur's character and sensibilities. His first letters from the Continent, however, offer little hint of the transformation to follow. His largely impersonal descriptions echo the travel guidebooks, and he apologizes for writing more about Eton, the *Miscellany*, and the Society, than the sights. But after encountering Gaskell in Italy, the tone of his correspondence becomes markedly different. For Arthur, Italy represented a romantic liberation, a freeing of himself from his previous sensibilities, and an experience, for the first time, of the "energies of our spiritual nature" (letter 50). Not surprisingly, he first noticed the transformation in another; much to his astonishment, that other was the quintessence of politics. At Eton, Arthur's acquaintance with Gaskell was limited to their opposing stances in the Society: indeed, like everyone else, he seems to have been alternatively awed, amused, and exasperated by Gaskell's single-minded devotion. As Arthur hinted, and Gaskell's letters to his mother show, Canning's protégé also had the reputation of being pampered and

spoiled by indulgent parents. These aspects of Gaskell's character faded, Hallam wrote to Gladstone, and his underlying "quiet good sense, real good nature, and unaffected simplicity" emerged more clearly in the Italian sun, or, more specifically, under the influence and brilliancy of Anna Wintour's eyes (letters 44 and 46).

In one respect, at least, the women in Arthur's life shared the quality of goddesses, or at least of *lares*: for him they were the spirits of their abodes. Just as Anna conjured up the romantic ideal of Rome, Emily, the chief of the "household deities" of Somersby,[38] embodied a more approachable (and, Arthur hoped, attainable) domestic ideal. Arthur described Anne Robertson as "That gentle lady of the Lomond Lake" (letter 75, note 1), and both Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Sotheby came to represent the cosmopolitan social life of London, which, like the two women, could engage Arthur's attention but not his feelings.

Anna Wintour seems from the first to have been associated with the past. As a remembered presence, she seems to have had more power over Arthur than in the flesh; he grew to share Gaskell's adoration in all its youthful intensity only after he had left her in Rome. Consciously or not, he cast her as Beatrice to his Dante, and his enthusiasm for the poet accompanied, if it did not follow, his love for Anna. He later compared the potency of her recollection to Alfred's poetic passion for the past (letter 115), and he told Emily that she had gained a greater conquest, because he now adored her, rather than Anna's, "perfezioni" (126). And despite his protests to Gaskell, Arthur seems to have been genuinely ambivalent about seeing Anna again. As he wrote in 1830, before his first visit to Somersby, "were I again to see her, live near her, often converse with her, the effects on my mind might, for aught I know, be as strong and vivid as on your own . . . [but] I feel not within me that strength of soul by which the distant in place and time become as present; I may look to the past, I may love the past, but it is the past still" (letter 86). Arthur, no less than Alfred, knew "the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life";[39] two years later, it was the association of the hills at Malvern with his time at Cheltenham with Emily, rather than with his sojourn in Italy, that was "likely to be more durable" (170).

Anna's most lasting effect on Arthur may have been to link him with "that chief of all my love," Gaskell. Their shared affection for

Anna and the resulting intimacy between them gave new meaning to the concept of friendship:

> Carissimo, I have thrown open to you my whole heart; you know all my weakness as well as all my aspirations towards good; may I never be brought to think that I have made the experiment in vain. For an experiment it surely is: it is said in the cold world that no good comes of opening out one's inmost self to the view even of him whom we have deemed our friend; that where all is known nothing is imagined, and hence mutual discontent and exhaustion—"And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness!" I will prove them liars, however; for I know whom I have trusted. (63)

Yet there was little similarity in their characters. As Henry Adams noted, Gaskell seems to have been quite capable of living in the past, and his concern with public affairs, his parliamentary ambitions, and his happy, calm, almost childlike disposition remained undisturbed throughout his life. The friendship between them, perhaps as close as any Arthur sustained, thus testifies to the enduring strength of the "inexpressible charm" and freshness of feeling of their "Italian dreams" (189). Gaskell honored their "similitude in dissimilitude" in rather a curious manner: he transcribed Arthur's 25 June 1828 letter (50), apparently to send to Anna, changing only the writer's personal references to apply them to himself; and in his own 28 March 1832 letter to Gladstone (B.L.), Gaskell borrowed entire sentences from Arthur's correspondence, with no indication of his indebtedness.

The third stage of Arthur's life, his years at Cambridge, can hardly be considered a coherent period. His trips to Scotland in 1829 and to the Pyrenees in 1830 were far more important to the development of his character than the time he spent "sapping," and by 1831 his attention was focused to the north in Lincolnshire. His Italian experiences prepared him to respond to, and to imitate, the poetry of emotion recollected in tranquility (though tranquility came only after considerable stress). Despite a somewhat transient enthusiasm for Shelley, he came to consider Wordsworth "one of the greatest of our great men now alive."[40] Arthur even completed what might have seemed a necessary prerequisite—reading Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*—before matriculating at Trinity, and before graduating began to question the convoluted syntax and ideas of one who fed on honeydew and drank the milk of paradise (see letters 55, 84, and 114).

Nor was this time dominated by any one friendship, at least not

until that with Alfred ripened into intimacy. Most of his 1828–29 letters are addressed either to his family or earlier friends, and even in 1830–31, there is little record, except in the correspondence of friends, of Arthur's participation in the "Apostolic Church." The six letters to Robert Robertson, spaced at fairly regular intervals throughout the four years, are thus valuable as a record of Arthur's Cambridge activities and the steady change in his attitudes toward his collegiate life and companions. They also show, perhaps more clearly than any other group, his nostalgia for Italy and the extreme fluctuation of his moods.

As Pope-Hennessy suggests, Arthur's correspondence with Monckton Milnes shows that their friendship was probably doomed to failure. Milnes had been attracted to Arthur from their first encounter, and Arthur, desperately lonely and depressed by his academic pursuits, responded to the light-humored disposition, kindly temperament, and extravagant wit of one of the leading speakers in the Cambridge Union. Although they shared political views, it was their literary and philosophical affinities and their dedication to poetry that drew them together.

Yet Arthur's spiritual crisis in 1829 probably hastened the end of their friendship. The same qualities so initially attractive in Milnes may have seemed increasingly frivolous to Arthur's soberer perspective; certainly Cousin's pupil appears to have received the outpouring of thought and emotion from Scotland and Malvern too lightly. As his friendship with Alfred and love for Emily grew, Arthur had a clearer sense of the "exalted sentiment" that he could not feel for Milnes (letter 117). Their disagreement in 1832 about the nature of religion confirmed that Milnes was too concerned with externals, too clearly the product of an era when "the imagination craves a constant stimulus with a morbid appetite, sometimes leading to delirium; when the prurient desire for novelties, arranged in system, is mistaken for the love of truth; and, because pleasure is the end of poetry, it is supposed indifferent what kind of pleasure a poem confers."[41] Yet Milnes's kindness remained constant; he continued to write from the Continent, and after Arthur's death ignored the real circumstances of their acquaintance to praise him unreservedly:

> We are deprived, not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the

serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in every thing else, as he is now in the way of life.[42]

The surviving correspondence with his other Cambridge friends postdates the fourth and longest period in Arthur's life—his involvement with the Tennyson family. As a result, it either deals with, or is influenced by, that dominant concern. Among the Apostles, Blakesley seems to have been in some ways a conduit, informing the dispersed members of each other's activities, while attempting to uphold at Cambridge their "untiring faith in the undefeated energies of man."[43] Toward Donne, Arthur seems to have maintained a distanced and careful respect, seeking his approval of Alfred's poetry, but only formally encouraging a closer acquaintance. No doubt he roared much to Arthur's taste, but even a friendly lion could be somewhat intimidating (letter 84). Arthur's language to Blakesley and Donne best indicates, among his entire correspondence, the exaggerated sense of self-importance with which the Cambridge elite viewed the rest of the world. Arthur's casual and bantering friendship with John Mitchell Kemble seems to have grown substantially after both left Cambridge and Kemble settled down to a serious pursuit of linguistics and philology. He and his sisters were welcome and frequent companions in London. The letters to Edward Spedding indicate the admiration and affection that all of their contemporaries held for both brothers.

But perhaps Arthur's closest friends during the last years of his life, aside from the Tennysons, were Brookfield and Trench. "Brooks" offered the same type of free-spirited companion as Milnes; significantly, Arthur's first surviving letter (131) shows the same wariness about too close a friendship. Yet as Tennyson later wrote, there was a "humorous-melancholy mark" to Brookfield's Jacques-like jesting, which Arthur recognized as kindred to his own spirit.[44] Brookfield also apparently shared Arthur's uneasiness about too close an association between the governor and the governed (letter 241, note 2). Most important, perhaps, was their common understanding of, and affection for, the eccentricities of the Tennysons; Arthur confided his most intimate impressions of Somersby—and his concern about Monteith and Garden's visit thence—only to Brookfield (letters 150 and 162).

With Trench, Arthur also shared experiences—notably their abortive support of the Spanish rebels. Yet it was to Arthur's increasingly serious concern about religious matters that the future archbishop of Dublin appealed. Their mutual exhortations to love and good works (letter 145) seem to have transcended mere Apostolic rhetoric and instead reflected the "true spiritual Christianity" that both felt needful in the "lurid presages of the times that are coming."[45] As his comment to Donne (Trench's oldest friend) indicates (letter 99), Arthur may well have shared Trench's conviction that even Tennyson could not live in art. Their friendship developed late, and might have proceeded further had it not been for Trench's age, his marriage, and his absence from England.

The letters themselves will determine if Arthur's greatest friendship, "last in time, but worthy to be first," needs reappraisal. Those to Alfred himself here first printed seem generally consistent with those already published in the *Memoir*. Any new perspective must derive chiefly from those to other members and friends of the Tennyson family. Arthur's 1829 letters suggest that his relationship with Alfred, which undoubtedly began with their competition for the Chancellor's Poetry Medal, did not develop into an immediate intimacy. At a time when his "exceeding solace" was poetry—when, as he wrote to Milnes, "God grant me, if I am to have a Poet's destiny, at least a Poet's power"—it was Alfred's "rare imaginative energy" that inspired Arthur's admiration. Their "fair companionship" did not ripen until Arthur's first visit to Somersby in April 1830, and the hyperbole of his letter to Blakesley (88), and his two collections of sonnets written shortly after his visit, clearly indicate the reason for the intensification of Arthur's feelings:

> Lo, in my life a semblance of new morn!
> A mighty dream has caught me in the sweep
> Of its regardless course, and I am borne
> Far, far into the realm, where Agonies keep
> Their state terrific round Joy's lightning throne.
> Oh Emily, my life, my love, my rest,
> Thy look is on me, and my soul is blest.
> Oh Emily, I have been all alone—
> How strange it seems but a few weeks agone
> I knew no glance of thine, and thought of thee
> Dim in the distance with no hope or fear,
> Now I have seen and may not chuse but see:

For ever in my eyes, for ever here:
In the aching heart thou dwellest, Emily.[46]

Moreover, Arthur's 1829 comments on Alfred's prize poem indicate a characteristic quality of their friendship. Although he did not hesitate even then to call Alfred "promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century" (letter 77), he likewise asserted that "Timbuctoo" was less than "a specimen of his best manner" (78). His continuing criticism and objective appraisal of Alfred's work testify to his confidence in the divine genius of this "true and thorough poet" (90) no less than in his own judgment. It is a testimony equally to Alfred's independence, however, that—at least during Arthur's lifetime—he seldom heeded his friend's advice. Arthur may have supplied Tennyson's want more than the reverse, but the unlikeness of the Cambridge master-bowman—the London advocate with his crucial connections to its leading literary circles—and the reclusive Lincolnshire poet was hardly greater than their similarity in thought and temperament. Both experienced loss early. Arthur left Anna in Italy, his Etonian friends at Christ Church, and his untried faith in Scotland. The morbid misery of Alfred's childhood culminated in the death of his father. Both elegized the flight of their youth in poetry grounded in the melancholy specters of their minds. Both found Cambridge out of touch with the spirit and thoughts of "this age wherefrom ye stand apart . . . And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart";[47] yet both experienced firsthand the "willing and exulting" enslavement of Spain and despised the "red fool-fury of the Seine." Neither would be the fool of loss: as Alfred wrote several years before Arthur's death, "We live but by *resistance,* and the best / Of Life is but the struggle of the will."[48] Indeed, as much as Alfred prized the help of Arthur's love, he does not seem to have been unusually dependent upon his friend for either direction or sympathy. His unwillingness to contribute to periodicals—"not for Hallam" (letter 112, note 3)—his whimsically Tennysonian escapes from Somersby to Sutton, Cambridge, London, Jersey, and Scotland, his slow patience, oblivious of Arthur's wishes, in assembling his poems for publication, and his stubborn refusal to publish *The Lover's Tale,* which, as Arthur suggested, might have set him in high esteem, all show a confidence in his own judgment and a sure

sense of his own purpose. Ultimately Septimus, whom Arthur thought "the practical man of the family" (letter 166), proved "the most morbid of the Tennysons"; as correspondence with the d'Eyncourt branch proves, it was rather Alfred who, however reluctantly, assumed matters of business when the need was inescapable.

To judge by Arthur's other relationships, Tennyson's independence may have been the strength of their bond. For despite his need for friends, Arthur's character seems to have invited closer and more intimate dependence than he desired, or knew how to handle. There is almost a *noli me tangere* quality in his rejection of Farr, his response to Gladstone's 1830 letter, his apparent treatment of Tennant, his 1831 letters to Milnes and even, initially, those to Brookfield. With Gaskell, Doyle, Frere, the Speddings, Kemble, and Trench, all secure in their own intents and pursuits, he could establish firmer bonds of mutual affection and trust. And Tennyson, perhaps because of the degree of self-interest necessary to survive in such a chaotic and troubled family, seems to have been akin to this second group. Whatever the idealized relation "of one on earth to one in the other & higher world" depicted in *In Memoriam*, their relationship here, as Alfred himself asserted, was one of mutual respect: "he certainly looked up to *me* fully as much as I to him."[49]

Perhaps even less need be said about Arthur's relationship with Emily. Although her granddaughter found the spirit of *In Memoriam* "a pretty frigid lover," the intensity of his feeling cannot really be questioned. At times, to be sure, his idealization of Emily, and her significance to him, must have escaped her comprehension (see, for example, letter 202). Nor can his cavalier assumption of responsibility for her education, her activities, her health, indeed, her life itself, be completely ascribed to the prevailing prejudices of the age. But even the one-sided nature of their correspondence represented here shows that she recognized, valued, and returned his love, and for a decade following his death she lived in sincere, if not perpetual, maidenhood.

What is perhaps open to speculation is the eventual blissful marriage envisioned in Alfred's elegy. As these letters show, Arthur first proposed, or at least openly declared his love for Emily, in December 1830, after first meeting her at Somersby earlier that year. Thus when he announced his engagement to his family in March

1831, he had spent a total of less than four weeks with his intended. Little wonder, then, at Henry Hallam's reservations. Arthur's infatuation with Anna Wintour, as his father well knew, had lasted more than two years. How long, Henry must have asked himself, was this "engagement" to endure? In this light, Henry's unwillingness to allow his son to visit Somersby for a year, and his hope that Emily might release Arthur from his promise, seem quite reasonable. Emily's father, whose previous dealings with his family seldom exhibited great sense or foresight, and who had much to gain from a match between his daughter and the son of an eminent and wealthy Londoner, agreed completely with Henry Hallam's restrictions.

Nor were Arthur's actions designed to improve Henry's estimation of his son's maturity. Indeed, Arthur's impetuosity may have ultimately been less damaging to his hopes than the pattern of deception and deliberate misconstruction, or at least misrepresentation, of his father's injunctions. Although he apparently managed to conceal his 1831 Cheltenham meeting with his fiancée, he inadvertently directed his father's ire against Mrs. Tennyson by assuring Emily and her mother that they might correspond (letter 106). Arthur may even have suppressed the information that Emily was a minor and under the guardianship of Rawnsley, fearing that it might give his father additional grounds for opposing the engagement (see letter 183a for references).

The cumulative effect of these deceptions must have fed Henry's suspicions, not so much of his son's irresponsibility, but rather of the Tennysons' intentions. Were they merely a family of opportunists, attempting to exploit Arthur's infatuation with, and rash offer of marriage to, Emily in order to obtain an appropriate settlement? What Henry knew at the time he entered into financial negotiations probably tended to support this interpretation. Thus his demand for an additional £ 1,000 may have been a test of the Tennysons' motives. It is not the least of the ironies surrounding Arthur's engagement that Henry chose to base his initial attitude toward the Somersby family on the one factor completely outside their control.

Readers can determine to their own satisfaction whether the objections of Arthur's father—and perhaps of Emily's relatives—had any justification. The most devoted and indulgent elders might easily feel that four weeks together was rather too short a time to allow two

nineteen-year-olds to decide to pledge their lives to each other, however strong the feeling. Certainly Arthur's 1832 account of his London activities—particularly his flirtations with Charlotte Sotheby—suggests a certain restlessness, to which Emily may have responded in February 1833 (letter 222). One wonders too if his friendly taunting of his fiancée was the expression of a less conscious resentment both against the delay in their marriage and her poor health, which made it impossible for her to join him in London. Arthur may have been thinking of more than Emily's happiness in his hope that they might ultimately live abroad.

IV

To suggest what the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam might have become without *In Memoriam* is only slightly less difficult than to hypothesize what *In Memoriam* might have been without Arthur Henry Hallam. Benjamin Jowett's 1859 letter to his friend, written after visiting Clevedon Church, shows that at least one critic understood the significance of the "living memory" that Tennyson had created:

> He is a name to me except from your volume, which will doubtless preserve his memory as long as the English language lasts. It is a strange feeling about those who are taken young—that while we are getting old & dusty they are as they were.[50]

But Gladstone found the elegy "a noble monument to one for whom no monument could be too noble." These contrasting reactions, from men who knew and did not know Arthur, illustrate the duality of the role of AHH in Tennyson's poem. For *In Memoriam* salutes the spirit, but it also embodies the man; and though the two eventually merge as one, their distinctness is crucial to the poem's resolution. *In Memoriam* is not merely the most personal elegy in English, it is also the only major work in the genre in which specific details of its subject's life and character enter so largely into the process of the poem, the way of the poet's soul. "There lives more faith in honest doubt," Tennyson asserts, "than in half the creeds," and his own model of this stronger faith is Arthur the man,

> one indeed I knew
> In many a subtle question versed,
> Who touched a jarring lyre at first

But ever strove to make it true:
Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.

Again and again, at the times of his greatest despair, it is Arthur, the man remembered, to whom Tennyson cries out (section 50), against whose ideal of conduct Tennyson measures himself (51, 57, and 66), whose former praise provides the initial justification for Tennyson's "brief lays" (8 and 38). And it is their shared experiences, the "unity of place" in Wimpole Street (7 and 119), in the Pyrenees (71), at Cambridge (87), and at Somersby (the three Christmas sections, 89, and finally 95), which provide the increasing sense of comfort and continued companionship that sustains Tennyson in his quest. Thus it seems appropriate that the remains of the "living memory," one that sustained the faith of an entire generation, receive their most eloquent justification at the elegy's climax:

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fallen leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death.

In his preface to the first public printing of the *Remains* in 1853, Henry Hallam identifies the principal source of continued interest in his son. "Arthur Henry Hallam had the happiness to possess the friendship of one, then as young as himself, whose name has risen to the highest place among our living poets. What this distinguished person felt for one so early torn from him, has been displayed in those beautiful poems, intitled 'In Memoriam,' which both here and in America have been read with admiration and delight." Nevertheless, he continued, "The image of Arthur hovers, like a dim shadow, over these; and as the original copies of his own productions, given solely to his friends, are not easily to be procured, it has been thought by the Editor, after much deliberation, that others may be interested in possessing them." The present editor can offer no better justification for the publication of his letters.

1. *Remains*, p. v.

2. On 4 May 1827, Gaskell wrote to his mother that he would "find out about Hallam's going to Oxford or Cambridge on Sunday" (*RES*, p. 66).

3. *Remains*, p. xv.

4. *Remains*, p. xxxv.

5. *Alford*, p. 92.

6. Ellen's journal is the property of Lady Elton; Mary Elton's remark appears in *A Few Years of the Life of Mary Elizabeth Elton*, ed. Sir Arthur Hallam Elton (Clevedon Court: privately printed, 1877).

7. Julia Hallam's journals are the property of Miss Elizabeth Lennard.

8. 6 April 1840 letter (B.L.).

9. Charles and Frances Brookfield, *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle* (New York: Scribners, 1904), p. 335.

10. *D*, 2:63. Part of Doyle's letter to Gaskell is in the John Hay Library, Brown University; his letter to Gladstone is in the B.L.

11. A transcript of this letter is the property of James Milnes Gaskell.

12. Letter quoted in *Memoir*, 1:498–99.

13. A transcript of Gladstone's letter is the property of James Milnes Gaskell; Henry's letter to Tennyson is at TRC.

14. Gladstone's letter is at Christ Church.

15. Of course, Blakesley hastened to add, that very circumstance might have made their admission impossible. Both letters are at Christ Church; Blakesley's is dated 19 July 1834.

16. Gaskell's 9 February 1834 letter to Gladstone is in the B.L.; Tennant's undated letter at Christ Church; Henry Hallam's 2 September 1835 letter to Milnes at Trinity.

17. See *Writings*, p. vi: "No one can pretend that the restored body of his poetry now gives Hallam rank as poet."

18. Henry Hallam's remark on the 27 May 1826 debate is relayed, among other places, in *Autob.*, p. 30.

19. 3 July 1853 letter at TRC.

20. *RES*, pp. ix–x.

21. A transcript of Gladstone's letter is the property of James Milnes Gaskell; Doyle's and Charles Gaskell's letters, together with a draft of Lady Lennard's reply, are at Christ Church.

22. Tennyson's initial response is recorded in a letter from Lady Charlotte Clark to Lady Lennard, dated 14 November 1883, at Christ Church; Gladstone's letter to Tennyson is at TRC; Tennyson's reply in the B.L.

23. Hallam Tennyson's letter, his mother's letter, and drafts of Lady Lennard's replies are all at Christ Church. The excerpts are included by Christopher Ricks in "Hallam's 'Youthful Letters' and Tennyson," *ELN* 3 (December 1965): 120–22.

24. A draft of Lady Lennard's letter to Charles Gaskell, and an undated letter from Lady Clark to Lady Lennard (relaying Lushington's comments), are at Christ Church. Both Lady Lennard and Charles Gaskell had apparently confused Alfred's grandfather with his father. Gladstone's comment is quoted in *Fasti Etonenses*, p. 503; he incorrectly identifies Lady Lennard as Arthur's grandniece.

25. Wemyss Reid prints a slightly inaccurate version of letter 71. In addition to the fourteen letters to the Tennyson family, the *Memoir* prints part of letter 99.

26. *Memoir*, 1:44 n. 2. For an account of its various stages, see Philip L. Elliott, *The Making of the Memoir* (Greenville, S.C.: Furman University, 1978).

27. *Tennyson*, p. viii.

28. References are to *Memoir*, 1:84–85; 91–92; 104.

29. 25 October 1883 letter to Gladstone (B.L.).

30. *Tennyson: Aspects of His Life, Character, and Poetry* (London: Constable, 1923), p. 88; and private information from T. H. Vail Motter. Rader's discussion of the issue of homosexuality (p. 144 n. 18) remains among the most judicious.

31. Morley's three-volume *Life* was published in 1903; Thomas Lounsbury's *Life* in 1915; Hugh Schonfield's *Letters* in 1930; and M. Zamick's "Unpublished Letters of Arthur Henry Hallam from Eton," in *JRLB* 18 (1934).

32. The same habit, far more serious in the case of Charles Tennyson, may account for Hallam Tennyson's tampering with all of the Tennyson family materials for 1832–33; see *Tennyson*, p. 62, and letter 225 n. 2.

33. See *D*, 1:xx–xxi, for discussion of Gladstone's scrupulousness, and note 26, above.

34. Transcript of his 12 February 1834 letter to Gaskell, property of James Milnes Gaskell.

35. Gaskell's characterization in his 25 June 1826 letter to his mother (*RES*, p. 19).

36. 5 March 1829 letter to his sister (Houghton papers).

37. Printed in the single-volume edition of the *Memoir*, pp. 858–60.

38. Arthur applies the term to Frederick Tennyson in "Sonnets written after my return from Somersby," no. 8 (printed in "Unpublished Poems"). But even there the association with Emily Tennyson is clear.

39. Tennyson's description of the "feeling" of "Ulysses"; see *Ricks*, p. 560.

40. "Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero," p. 23 n.

41. "Essay," p. 55.

42. Dedication to Henry Hallam (dated November 1833) of Milnes's *Memorials of a Tour in Some Parts of Greece* (1834), p. iv.

43. Blakesley's 24 January 1830 letter to Trench (*Trench*, 1:48).

44. "To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield" (1875).

45. "Oration on the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination," p. 28.

46. "Somersby Sonnets," no. 3 (in "Unpublished Poems").

47. "Lines on Cambridge of 1830"; see *Ricks*, p. 287.

48. "Sonnet [Conrad! why call thy life monotonous?]"; see *Ricks*, p. 272.

49. Annotation in a commentary on *In Memoriam* (copy at TRC) by Reverend Alfred Gatty. Gatty had written, about one of the numerous passages that compare Arthur to a departed husband and the poet to a loyal wife, that Tennyson drew a "comparison which typifies his own humble relation to his exalted friend."

50. A transcript of Jowett's 10 April 1859 letter is at TRC; Gladstone's 23 June 1850 lter to Henry Hallam is at Christ Church.

The Letters of Arthur Henry Hallam

1. TO ELLEN HALLAM *(with postscript to Elizabeth Hallam)*[1]

MS: Christ Church

[London.] [August 1824.]

Dear Nell,

Where did you learn that "bonne diner," & "La The" was good French? Why should you think there was any probability of my being cross? Did you ever know me so, petite pertness? I can tell you, if you have the measles you'll be cross enough, for when you are convalescent the itching leaves no rest, day or night. However I have had my fill of all those comforts, & have been well some days. I go out today, upon Lilian for [the] first time: but it is but showery, so perhaps I may be disappointed. I dare say the dominos are charming, but why don't you say more about your birthday joys? Write a nice new letter to Mrs. Pulharn and don't spell *petite* with two "*tts.*" Aunt should have minded that your letter was nice, for when Mrs. Pulharn has been teaching you three years she does expect right grammar at least. I say that you will be held up by Mrs. P. as a model of carelessness to all the Miss Pindars of her tutelage for years to come![2] Goodbye. I hear you are coughing away: so suppose it is measles.

Dear Aunty,

Why do you abuse poor Ju's parts of speech? The thing is she is cowed before you, & the veteran Grandmamma.[3] If you hide in the nursery cupboard, you will hear her jabber very much. She can talk plain too, when she is coaxed to speak slow. Goodbye. I am very well.

Addressed to Miss Eleanor Hallam / Windsor.
P/M [. . .] August 1824

1. Ellen Hallam (b. 3 August 1816) died in 1837 of complications, ironically, from measles. She was described as "beautiful, and of a thoughtful and discerning mind" (Charles and Frances Brookfield, *Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle*, pp. 35–36, which recounts the circumstances of her death). Her private journal (property of Lady Elton) suggests that Ellen may have been most deeply affected by AHH's death, though she derived some comfort from her later friendship with the Tennysons, particularly Emily. AHH's two poems on his sister's thirteenth and fifteenth birthdays are printed in *Writings*, pp. 58–61, 103–4; her notebooks of his poems are at Yale. Elizabeth Hallam (1778–1841), Henry Hallam's only sister, lived at Windsor while AHH was at Eton; some of his letters to his family during this period accompany her own. Later she stayed with her brother's family; she died unmarried and left Henry her substantial fortune.

2. Mrs. Pulham, a French tutoress, and Miss Pindar, apparently another of her pupils, are unidentified.

3. Julia Maria Frances Hallam (1818–88), AHH's younger sister, the only child to survive her father, married Sir John Farnaby Lennard in 1852, and became a close friend of the Tennysons. Eleanor Roberts (d. 1826), Henry Hallam's mother, was the sister of William Hayward Roberts (1734–91), provost of Eton from 1781 to 1791.

2. TO HENRY HALLAM[1]

MS: Christ Church

[Eton.] Sunday Evening [8 May 1825].

Dear Papa,

My tutor's remains just as it was: Bernards, Villiers's, & Cavendishes not returned.[2] Wellesley is very well, & Rogers is already beginning his bathing career,[3] as I think I should have done: but while I was hesitating the thunder growled, the lightning flashed & the air cooled. We had a terrible thunder-storm, at least on the other side of my tutor's house, for I slept sound. I did some longs & shorts this week, upon "Gratâ vice."[4] We skip theme this week; to-morrow being a whole holiday. I have bought a Byron's works in beautiful green binding. I easily found Hawtrey's money: it was in the desk. Have you read Knapp's "Every day's occurrences" which are wretched as a common novel, but as a satire on Eton characters is amusing. Make Mamma get it from Gosling's: if she does, I will tell her the people.[5] The Provost's[6] house is very nice, & contains lots of nice books. My library is full, & beautiful. Golding[7] is here, & well: leaves at Election, must give him a leaving-book: his poor mother, he says, is very unwell. We have finished the Medeia with my tutor, & since no separate edition of the Batrachi is to be found, we are to begin the Æschylus of Agamemnon![8] I dare say you are sorry: as you intended to read it with me. Do make Mamma recommend Uncle to do something settled, either that he should be heard of on the Col de Gean[9] or be sporting with us at Clevedon. Goodbye. I hope Nell is comfortable as histories & dates can make her: quaere, is she in the Grecian yet? Love to her, & Ju & Harry.[10] Bon jour.

Votre fils affectione

A. H. Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole S. / London.
P/M 9 May 1825

1. Henry Hallam (1777–1859) was the only son of John Hallam (1750?–1812), canon of Windsor and dean of Bristol, and Eleanor Roberts. He attended Eton from 1790 to 1794, where he composed verse, some of which was published in *Musae Etonenses* (1795), and matriculated at Christ Church in 1795 (B.A. 1799; M.A. 1832). Called to the bar in 1802, he practiced for several years on the Oxford Circuit. In 1807 he married Julia Maria (1783–1840), daughter of Sir Abraham Elton (1755–1842), fifth bart., of Clevedon Court, and Elizabeth Durbin (d. 1822). Upon the death of his father, Henry Hallam received estates in Lincolnshire; for twenty years, he was a commissioner of stamps, a post with substantial remuneration and light duties. His financial independence enabled him to abandon his legal practice and devote himself to history. He contributed regularly to the *Edinburgh Review* from 1805 to 1809, and occasionally thereafter. His reputation as a historian is based on *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* (1818), *Const. Hist.*, and *Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (1837–39); his perspective is comprehensive and factual, with less Whiggish bias than his enemies alleged. He was a prominent figure in both the literary and political society of his time, and after AHH's death became a close friend and supporter of the Tennyson family. He gave Emily Tennyson an annual allowance (£300), continued after her marriage, and left AT £500, after helping him gain his 1845 Civil List pension.

2. AHH's apparently inconsistent punctuation makes the sense somewhat uncertain. His tutor was Edward Craven Hawtrey (1789–1862), then assistant master, who was appointed headmaster in 1834 upon Keate's resignation. Frances Bernard (1810–77), third earl of Bandon in 1856, attended Oriel College, Oxford, and was M.P. for Bandon in 1831. August John (Child) Villiers (1810–37), brother of the earl of Jersey, became captain of the Royal Horse-guards (Blues). (Lord) Richard Cavendish (1812–73), brother of William, seventh duke of Devonshire, was elected to the Eton Society in June 1827.

3. Gerald Valerian Wellesley (1809–82), nephew of Wellington, chairman of the Eton Society from fall 1825 to spring 1826, roomed next to AHH at Eton. He matriculated at Trinity at Easter 1826 (M.A. 1830), was ordained in 1830, and was dean of Windsor from 1854 to 1882. Wellesley helped Gladstone edit the *Eton Miscellany* and contributed numerous articles. Frederick Rogers (1811–89)—"Ruggiero"—won distinctions at Eton for his Latin and Greek verses, and contributed to the *Eton Miscellany* under the name of "Philip Montagu." He matriculated at Oriel in 1828 (B.A., with a double first in classics and mathematics, 1832) and was Craven scholar in 1829. In 1871, he was created Lord Blachford. "Among his anecdotes of Eton life, [Rogers] tells how he once jumped off Windsor bridge in company with Arthur Hallam, at that time his most intimate friend. 'What induced [AHH] to propose it, I do not know, unless it was the example set by Selwyn or some such

philolute. As far as I was concerned, water was by this time my element' " (*Letters of Frederic Lord Blachford*, ed. George Marindin [London, 1896], p. 3).

4. Lines of Latin verse, on "pleasant change" (see Horace *Carminum* 1. 4. 1).

5. Henry Hartopp Knapp (1782–1846) was assistant master at Eton from 1808 to 1830. Knapp was Gladstone's tutor: "a reputed Whig, an easy and kind tempered man, with a sense of scholarship, but no power of discipline, and no energy of desire to impress himself upon his pupils" (*Autob*, p. 23); see also *Etoniana*, note D. *Every Day Occurences: A Tale* was published in March 1825; Gosling, apparently a bookseller, has not been traced.

6. Joseph Goodall (1760–1840) was provost of Eton from 1809 to 1840. The *DNB* credits him with "the virtues of the ideal headmaster of an English public school"; other commentators are less favorable. All agree he was a strict conservative, who resisted any attempts at innovation.

7. Edward Golding (1811–57) matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1828 (B.A. 1832) and became vicar of Brimpton, Berks.

8. Euripides' *Medea* (431 B.C.); the *Batrachomyomachia* (Battle of the Frogs and Mice), parody of an epic poem, was then attributed to Homer and often printed with the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Aeschylus' tragedy (458 B.C.) was part of his *Oresteia*. AHH has transposed author and title.

9. Henry Elton (1786–1858), AHH's maternal uncle, was a captain in the Royal Navy; in 1816 he married Mary Ford, widow of Peter Touchet. The Col du Géant, a mountain pass in the Savoy Alps, runs southeast from Chamonix to Italy.

10. Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam (1824–50), named after his godfather, Lord Lansdowne, attended Eton from 1836 to 1841, where he won the Newcastle Medal. Harry matriculated at Trinity in 1842 (B.A., Classical Tripos, first class, 1846; M.A. 1849), and won the second Chancellor's medal in 1846. He founded the Historical Debating Club, later incorporated with the Apostles, and spoke occasionally at the Cambridge Union. He was called to the bar in 1850, and died the same year in Siena. See H. S. Maine and Franklin Lushington's *Memoir* of his life, first printed in 1852, included in the 1853 and subsequent editions of AHH's *Remains*.

3. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor. Sunday [27 November 1825].

Dear Pip,

I was duly elected yesterday without a single blackball! Mighty nice that! Poor Hanmer though who tried at the same time, though proposed by the same voice (Wellesley's) failed having 3 blackballs one more than the sufficient number. He means to try again next Saturday, & soon till he tires them out which I believe is the best way.[1] I have done this week 58 all long Lucretians, which my tutor skipped much at (metaphoricè) & said there were many very poetical ideas in the exercise. Went to Angelo's[2] in the beginning of the week, who says I remember my old knowledge better than he expected. Very sorry to hear of the Motmot's cold &c: hate a sick holiday—Mottle.[3] N. B. Tell her to get well else she won't be able to see the monkey man M. Mayuner, our old friend I believe of "Enfin me voila singe!" Lady Anne is enraptured with him. So Delighted to hear of Major Mahoney! I instantly gave 3 big skips. The kid! Does he leave his Phoebes at Dunloe? I wonder what's become of Pat, & poor dear Dash.[4] My cold is quite gone. I am no such ninny as to have a sore throat without a flannel waistcoat, let Mot know, I don't want her insidiously proffered stockings. Nell is to be able to say her Latin Declensions, her Multiplication Table, her Dates & her Queens by the time I come to take her up. I suppose by your saying nought of your return, you come home Tuesday like me.

Yours mighty nicely,

AHH.

P. S. I shan't speak till next half.[5]

P. S. A short letter but I have nothing to say. Wellesley does not leave till Easter. Poor Crutchley[6] is recovering but has been very dan-

gerously ill. The Ruggiero well, & mastered the first five problems of Euclid, Definition, Ass's bridge & all, working out even the diagram on paper. I always said he was somewhat of a genius that way. Goodbye.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 4 King's Road / Brighton.
P/M 28 November 1825

1. For accounts of the Eton (Debating) Society, called *Literari*, or *Pop*, established in 1811 by Charles Fox Townshend (1795–1817), see *Eton Boy*, pp. 77–81; *Etoniana*, pp. 207–8; and *Fasti Etonenses*, p. 493. Its minute books (in the Eton College Library) contain extensive accounts of individual debates. At the time of AHH's election, members included Arthur Nugent Buckeridge (b. 1809), Doyle, Farr, Gladstone, Hervey, Charles John Henry Mundy-Massingberd (1808–82), Patteson, Edward Hayes Pickering and Percival Andree Pickering, and Wellesley. (Sir) John Hanmer (1809–81), first baron (1872), who matriculated at Christ Church in 1827 and was active in the Oxford Debating Society, was M.P. from 1832 to 1872. On 25 May 1826, he and AHH showed their joint compositions to Gladstone (*D*, 1:50); Hanmer contributed three poems to the *Eton Miscellany* and subsequently published several volumes of poetry. Proposed for the Society again on 3 December 1825 and 28 January 1826, Hanmer was excluded each time with four blackballs.

2. Henry Angelo (1756–1835) was fencing master at Eton.

3. "Motmot" and "Mottle" were Henry Hallam's affectionate names for his wife.

4. M. Mayuner and Lady Anne are unidentified. Major Mahoney was probably one of the six sons of Daniel Mahony (d. 1832) of Dunloe Castle, co. Kerry; AHH may refer to his horses.

5. Unlike most new members, including Selwyn and Gaskell, AHH did not speak in the Society until 3 debates after his election (4 February 1826), when, in a minority of two, he opposed the character of Archbishop Cranmer.

6. Percy Henry Crutchley (1807–76) matriculated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1827 (B.A. 1831), was president of the Union in 1829, and subsequently a magistrate.

4. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor. Saturday [25 February 1826].

Dear Nell,

As I believe you penned a very pretty note to me last week, I shall write to you interweaving all Pippish & Mottlesh remarks into your property: I dare say they will easily pick out their own.[1] We have had a better debate today than has been known for a long time; an hour minus a few minutes being consumed in it.[2] 6 Speeches & 3 Replies! What think you of that? The subject, you may remember, was, "Whether the Destruction of the Roman Empire was < beneficial > a blessing to the world." Harvey opened in a long speech, gleaned from History apparently with much pains, & professed himself undecided, & resolved to listen to what arguments might be brought: next spoke Selwyn in favour of the Empire: 3d., Farr against it: 4th., myself in favor of it: 5th., Gladstone supported Farr: last, Doyle followed on the same side: Harvey attacked Selwyn's speech; so did Gladstone: Farr commented on mine: the Division took place, when Selwyn & I were found alone in the minority.[3] A chess board was then proposed by Pickering mi:, & carried 6 to 5; & afterwards John Bull was proposed to be taken in, which was carried in spite of the strenuous opposition of several Members, myself included.[4] Question Marked: "was Sylla or Marius the greatest character?"[5] All this I have told you, in order to please your funny self, as I know you love the Society & all that belongs to it. Pattieson,[6] by the bye, has gone out of it. Your note was nice enough: your writing awfully sloped. I am very glad you went to the Play: had you said more on that, or any other interesting subject, I should have liked it better than the eternal tidings of the perpetual welfare of those reverend personages, Ju & Harry. Next time unless they are ill, two significant words may denote their existence: "Chicks Well." I have done longs & shorts & Alcaics this week: I don't think being sent up, a likely

prospect before next half: Knapp is not outrageously fond of the practice. I go on in my usual course of life here, walking out a good deal, & running the changes on Rogers, Gladstone, Farr & Hanmer. O dear! O dear! I have forgot to mention Wellesley's hand altogether: last Monday he cut it dreadfully going to shut his window: severed a great artery of the hand, & lost somewhat more than a pint of blood, according to the united calculations of Mrs. Tovey & Sir John Chapman. When it was bound up, he suffered excruciating pain for two days & nights entire, since which it has gradually diminished, & seems now in a state of convalescence.[7] I know Mottle will be shocked at this! Goodbye.

I am,

Your affect: brother,
A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 27 February 1826

1. See letter 3, salutation and n. 3.

2. Eton Society debates usually lasted 30–45 minutes.

3. Arthur Charles Hervey (1808–94), who became fifth earl in June 1826, was chairman of the Eton Society from March to December 1826. Hervey matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (M.A., Classical Tripos, first class, 1830), was ordained in 1832, and was bishop of Bath and Wells (on Gladstone's recommendation) 1869–94. On 30 October 1825, Gladstone wrote to his sister Helen: "A son of Lord Bristol's is the greatest orator decidedly among the whole lot of us; &, though a nobleman, he spoke, I thought, in a very proper way when he asked, if talents were confined to the higher classes—or if title alone could confer talent" (St. Deiniol's).

George Augustus Selwyn (1809–78) was elected to the Eton Society on 28 January 1826, and contributed prose and poetry to the *Eton Miscellany* under the name of "Antony Heaviside." Selwyn matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1827 (B.A., second classic, 1831), was ordained in 1833, served as curate of Windsor 1833–41, and was first bishop of New Zealand (1841–67). On 20 September 1834, Selwyn wrote to Gladstone: "I hear that the works of H. Hallam have been printed for private distribution among the 'friends' of the deceased. I have not presumption enough to style myself a friend, for I must ever regret that my acquaintance with him

never ripened into intimacy. But if it be a sufficient claim to have known him as a school & College companion, to have admired his talents, & deeply lamented his loss, perhaps you can assist in procuring me the pleasure which, I conclude, you have already enjoyed." The copy that Selwyn received evoked a similar response: "The evidence which [AHH's] remains afford that he had not lost sight of vital religion, must take away from the minds of his friends the sting of real sorrow, & reduce their grief to a selfish feeling of privation" (B.L.).

William Windham Farr (1808–87), next senior to Gladstone at Eton, matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1830, and called to the bar in 1834. He settled at his parents' home, Iford House, Christchurch, Hants. William Ewart Gladstone (1809–98), elected to the Eton Society on 15 October 1825, matriculated at Christ Church in 1828 (B.A., with a double first, 1832), and was first elected M.P. for Newark in 1832. Although Gladstone states that his friendship with AHH began "about 1824" (*Autob.*, p. 29), his diary first mentions AHH on 4 February 1826, the date of AHH's maiden speech before the Society: "Farr, Hallam, & Selwyn spoke" (*D*, 1:32). The development of their friendship is perhaps best reflected in these letters, though Gladstone's scrupulous *Diaries*, his discussion of AHH in his *Autob.*, and his adoring pamphlet (first published in the *Daily Telegraph*, 6 January 1898) provide important additional information.

Francis Hastings Doyle (1810–88), AHH's most frequent supporter in Eton Society debates, matriculated at Christ Church in 1828 (B.A. 1832), became second bart. in 1839, and professor of poetry at Oxford (1867–77). AHH's sonnet, "To Malek" (*Writings*, pp. 26–27) addressed Doyle in the name the latter adopted for his contributions to the *Eton Miscellany* (see letter 34 n. 2); the Doyle family lived at 10 Wimpole Street, on the same block as the Hallams, until 1833. Doyle was Gladstone's best man, married Gaskell's sister-in-law, Sidney Williams Wynn, in 1844, and named his third son Arthur after AHH. For Doyle's later opinion of AHH, see *Reminiscences*, pp. 40–43, and his preface to *RES* (pp. ix–x).

4. Gladstone, who opposed the chessboard, and AHH, who supported it, played chess (presumably in the Society's rooms) on 9 June 1826 (*D*, 1:53). At the time of AHH's election, the Society received two daily papers (the *Chronicle* and the *New Times*) and the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review*. AHH, Gladstone, Wellesley, Edward Hayes Pickering, and Selwyn opposed subscribing to *John Bull*, then a "somewhat scurrilous Canningite" weekly (*D*, 1:36 n. 3). On 22 April 1826, Gladstone's motion to discontinue *John Bull* carried unanimously.

Percival Andree Pickering (1810–76)—the younger brother (hence "minor")—contributed prose to the *Eton Miscellany*, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A. 1832), was elected to the Apostles (on AHH's nomination) in 1829, and won a Latin Declamation prize in 1831. Admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832, Pickering later became a judge.

5. Carried 4-3 for Marius, Roman general and political leader, against his rival; AHH, Gladstone, and Farr were in the minority.

6. Thomas Patteson (1808–74), who matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, March 1826, became vicar of Hambeldon, Hants.

7. Wellesley had sufficiently recovered from his injury to act as president of the Society (in place of the absent Frere) on 4 March 1826. Mrs. Tovey is unidentified; Sir John Chapman (1773?–1849), whose two sons attended Eton, was a general medical practitioner and mayor of Windsor in 1823.

5. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor: Saturday [4 March 1826].

Dear Papa,

I was very sorry to hear of your cold: I hope it intends to go before the Holidays. Nell wrote a very kiddish letter, hand & style wonderfully improved: I am glad she takes my hints.[1] We had a very decent Debate today: 4 speeches: Hervey opened in favor of Sir Robert; Wellesley followed, against him in a very energetic speech, certainly the finest I have heard since I have been in: Then came I, supporting Hervey: Farr next on the other side: at the Division I found myself in a minority of 3. A shame this, but we are dreadful Tories in the Society.[2] Wellesley goes next Sunday, I believe: he will come up to Town for a week or so: let the Motmot arrange her ball if she still holds the design, accordingly. I suppose you will not mind my giving a handsome leaving-book to Wellesley,[3] as I think I ought: though you grumped at Hamilton Major's.[4] Frere[5] is gone up to London to ascertain whether he is to leave, or not: some say, he will not return. Weather is pretty decent, & has admitted of tolerable walks, though we have had a good quantum sufficit of rain interspersed. Our after 4s are extended to 6 o'clock, & vie with the after 12 in point of duration at least, though the former is generally preferred.[6] I have done 50 All Longs this Week: not very Virgilian, rather more Juvenalian, but not enough either way; my tutor liked them though, & so did Knapp. My "Antiquities" some weeks ago was however reckoned very Moronic, & K.[7] grinned at them with some liking. I am wading through the second Philippic, long, but immensely nice. I like "Pro Marcello" very much, as also "Pro Archia."[8] We are to begin the Plutus:[9] Did I tell you? Meanwhile my Tutor has given us a wee bit of Plato out of the Cambridge Examination Book, to translate: I have not done it yet. Many copies of Iambics are showered about every Week from all sides: but I have kept sternly to my resolution of only doing Latin this Half. Next, I suppose I may think of my old friends again. I have not been

read over. Wellesley's hand is almost well. I don't believe I have any more to add, so I shall conclude, & be

Your affect: Ape,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I knew how it would be! I knew as well as possible, that the moment I returned at Easter I should be assailed with an unfinished Rule of Three Sum, which though Easiness itself, Mother & daughter between them had contrived to make puzzling, probably by bringing down (their invariable Practice) all pieces of Money into semi-Farthings, or Dutch Pennings, or some such low denomination! I never yet could prove to them that a Sum would be shorter done, or less liable to error, by not being brought into quadrillions of Farthings! So now, Mottle gives me the pleasant assurance of having just such a sum thrown in my teeth at my first stepping out of the Coach next week. Adio.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esqr. / Wimpole Street / London.
P/M 6 March 1826

1. See letter 4.

2. The debate on whether Sir Robert Walpole's administration was to be admired or censured was the first of a number on Walpole (1676–1745) in which AHH participated. Doyle joined him and Hervey in the minority. By 10 February 1827, Gladstone had changed his opinion of Walpole (*D*, 1:99).

3. On 12 March 1826, Gladstone noted: "Bid Wellesley goodbye—who goes to London without taking leave on account of his hand"; Gladstone sent him a leaving-book on 9 March (*D*, 1:38).

4. Walter Kerr Hamilton (1808–69) left Eton in January 1826 to study with Thomas Arnold before matriculating that year at Christ Church (B.A. 1831); he was a fellow of Merton College (1832–42) and bishop of Salisbury from 1854 to 1869.

5. John Frere (1807–51), who matriculated at Trinity at Michaelmas 1826 (B.A. 1830), was ordained deacon (London) in 1831; he subsequently became curate of Wakes Colne, Essex; of Hadleigh, Suffolk; and (rector) of Cottenham, Cambs. from 1839–1851. Frere, scion of the family whose members included John Hookham Frere

(1769–1846), diplomatist and author, was a close, trusted friend of both AHH and the Tennyson family.

6. "Recess" periods from class, from noon till 2 and (normally) from 4 till 5.

7. Knapp.

8. All by Cicero.

9. Aristophanes' last comedy (388 B.C.).

6. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor. Saturday [29 April 1826].

Dear Nell,

I have so little to say, that I think I may as well indite my letter to you. The weather has been beastly cold of late, chopping one's hands, & freezing one's fingers at a furious rate. As you may imagine it has not been very congenial to the water, although in the first part of the week, we had some of that in great luxury. You don't know, & never will know the delight of sculling up to the shallows, or Boveney[1] & floating down, lying at the bottom of the boat, the sun shining full in your face, & the birds chirping all round. Let the Mottle know Mott is no relation to her, or any body, I believe, that she knows: he is a native of Litchfield in Staffordshire, an acquaintance of Miss Proby.[2] We had a very good debate to-day: Subject: "Was the persecution of the Roman-Catholics in Queen Elizabeth's reign justifiable on the plea of Necessity?" I opened; Pickering minor opposed me: Doyle supported me: & Farr backed Pickering: after much skirmishing on both sides, we divided, & a majority of one against Queen Bess made its appearance.[3] So you see I am not always in a minority as you falsely assert. Pickering major has Montem for certain: Thursday was Montem sure-night, when all the inhabitants of Long Chamber hallos in honour of the Captain, who is then quite fixed.[4] Tell Pip I have not many < articles > irons on the fire, as he says: nothing but Herodotus one week, & Cicero the next, with Society occasionally; & a sprinkling of German or Italian at leisure hours. O, by the bye, I had almost forgot the cream of my letter: Knapp told me he would send me up for my exercise of last week, unless I shewed him any thing soon he preferred. With this hopeful piece of intelligence I conclude my letter, remaining,

Your piggish duck,

A H H.

P. S. Ask Mot if she has read Woodstock:[5] I have; or rather am now in it, not being at the end of the second volume. Keate[6] has not read me over. Goodbye. Bow, wow, wow! I hope you liked Mrs. Ps.[7] muncheables.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 67 Wimpole Street / London.
P/M 1 May 1826

1. Gladstone often sculled AHH to the Shallows; Boveney is two miles upstream from Eton.

2. Henry Jacob Mott (1813–39), matriculated at Trinity in 1832, and became rector of Bodham. Miss Proby was probably a relative of John Baptist Proby (1762?–1830), vicar of St. Mary's, Lichfield.

3. AHH joined Hervey, Doyle, and Gladstone against Elizabeth's persecution.

4. A triennial custom until abolished by Hawtrey in 1847. On Whit Tuesday, often in elaborate costumes, Etonians would proceed *ad montem* (a nearby mound called Salt Hill) and solicit a gratuity ("salt-money") from passersby. The amount, sometimes as much as £1,000, helped defray the costs of the Captain of Eton at King's College, Cambridge. "Whenever a resignation from Kings came, the Captain in whose favour it came was compelled to leave Eton for Kings within twenty-one days. . . . When it came within a few weeks of the limit, it was a matter of manifest interest to the Captain and the second on the roll who should get Montem. A Fellow or Scholar of Kings might die, or not die within the charmed days; or the former might be promoted to some lucrative post, and feel morally obliged to resign at once;—at any rate, a vacancy might occur. And so, when the eve of the twenty-one days came round, the whole College . . . was on the alert until midnight struck. It was called 'Montem sure night.' A resignation might come even at the last moment. If it did not come until the lazy, wheezy old clock in the School-Yard struck twelve—the whole Long Chamber broke out into a wild uproar" (W. H. Tucker, *Eton of Old or Eighty Years Since* [London: 1892], p. 8). See also H. C. Maxwell Lyte, *A History of Eton College* (London: 1875), chap. 21.

Edward Hayes Pickering (1807–52)—"Pickering major"—matriculated at Trinity Michaelmas 1826 (B.A. 1830), where he won Latin verse and declamation prizes; he was an assistant master at Eton from 1830 to 1852.

5. *Woodstock, or the Cavalier* (1826) by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832).

6. John Keate (1773–1852), canon of Windsor from 1820 to 1852, was the redoubtable flogging headmaster of Eton from 1809 to 1834. The "little doctor" was barely five feet tall.

7. Mrs. Pridie was the Hallams' maid or housekeeper.

7. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor. Saturday [17 June 1826].

Dear Nell,

We had a very good Debate to-day: Question: "Was the disarming of the Highlanders after the battle of Culloden, & the forcing them to renounce their national costume, a laudable measure?" It was carried that it was not by a majority of 4 to 3: now, none of your nonsense about "sorry you were in a minority,"[1] child of my heart, & light of my eyes. I cured you of detailing the family healths all in a row, so now let me cure you of this. I wrote up to Wellesley yesterday (I hope he got it) advising him to come down next Saturday. Verses last week were on Elections: rather a good subject, or at least better than Keate's general run. I did all long, Juvenalian: this piece of information is for the P. Weather has been very good of late: much bathing going forwards. My Tutor went up to vote Tuesday at Cambridge: so Palmerston has got in![2] I really cannot squeeze any thing more out of my brain: so goodbye, little woman: finish Tasso, Robertson[3] & Wow-wow like a good infant.

I am,

Your affect:nate brother,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss E. Hallam / 67 Wimpole Street / London.
P/M 19 June 1826

1. The Society's minutes show AHH and Selwyn alone in the minority.

2. Henry Temple (1784–1865), third viscount Palmerston, later prime minister, was M.P. for Cambridge University from 1811 to 1831; the 1826 contest with Henry Goulburn was especially close.

3. William Robertson (1721–93) was the author of histories of Scotland (1759) and America (1777).

8. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor. Saturday [8 July 1826].

Dear Nell,

Tell Mottle she is altogether ignorant of swimming, whatever she may be of pudding-making. The idea of swimming constituting exertion, & as such being to be deprecated in this hot weather is as ridiculous as any of my friend the Reviewer of Bernardi's Art.[1] The more one exerts in the water, the cooler one is. However I believe the Swimming Sweepstakes is all off. I am very glad you have fixed on a house somewhere, but the idea of Sutton (the Cock at Sutton!!) where there is nothing like a river, or bathing materials within some half dozen miles—this I think quite horrible. The footman just come here declares I am strikingly like Master Harry—he is an acquaintance of Downing's, I believe.[2] Rather a poor debate: Gaskell made his maiden speech;[3] Selwyn opened the Debate, & Gladstone said a few words, but it was all much on the same side: Question: "Athens, or Lacedaemon, which deserves most celebrity?" We all voted for Athens, except Pickering minor who went behind the chair. O bye the bye, the Confirmation is put off till next year on account of the death of Lord Chichester, the Bishop's brother.[4] O, wow, wow, wow! Frere is come back, & has taken his place as usual. I don't think he looks over well; but it may be his complexion. Adios, querida: take care of your Robertson, your English history, your French, your Geography, your poetry, your [AHH draws four symbols, evidently representing suns], & all your varied & wonderful stores of knowledge. Pick all niceness up before I see you: compliment Ju from me, & little Hottentot.[5]

Je suis,

Vostro carissimo tuo fratello,

A. 'αλλαμ.

Addressed to Miss E. Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 10 July 1826

1. Oronzio di Bernardi's *Vollständiger Lehrbegriff der Schwimmkunst* (1824), reviewed (by James Skene [1775–1864]?—see *Wellesley Index*, 1:705) in the *Quarterly Review* 34 (June 1826): 35–45. See also letter 2 n. 3.

2. Downing, perhaps a servant, is unidentified.

3. James Milnes Gaskell (1810–73), only son of Benjamin and Mary Brandreth of Thornes House, Wakefield, cousin of Richard Monckton Milnes, was elected to the Eton Society (with one blackball) on 1 July 1826. Gaskell matriculated at Christ Church in 1829, was M.P. for Wenlock from 1832 to 1868, and a lord of the treasury from 1841 to 1846; he married Mary (d. 1869), daughter of Charles Watkin Williams Wynn. The history of his friendship with AHH, and the fullest account of his early life, appears in his son's *RES* and the somewhat expanded *Eton Boy*. Gladstone first described him as "a great politician, but, as far as I have seen, a very pleasant fellow, & I shd. think likely to make an excellent Member" (*D*, 1:57); their friendship grew quickly and they became political allies in the Eton Society. Gaskell's interest in politics was legendary; in the *Eton Miscellany*, Pickering described him as "the political phenomenon of the day" (1:195), and Doyle characterized him as "a sort of walking Hansard" (*Reminiscences*, p. 35). Henry Adams, a close friend of both Gaskell and his son, described him as "one of a very famous group—Arthur Hallam, Tennyson, Manning, Gladstone, Francis Doyle—and regarded as one of the most promising; an adorer of George Canning; in Parliament since coming of age; married into the powerful connection of the Wynns of Wynstay; rich according to Yorkshire standards; intimate with his political leaders; he was one of the numerous Englishmen who refuse office rather than make the effort of carrying it, and want power only to make it a source of indolence. He was a voracious reader and an admirable critic; he had forty years of parliamentary tradition on his memory; he liked to talk and to listen; he liked his dinner and, in spite of George Canning, his dry champagne; he liked wit and anecdote; but he belonged to the generation of 1830, a generation which could not survive the telegraph and railway, and which even Yorkshire could hardly produce again. To an American he was a character even more unusual and more fascinating than his distant cousin Lord Houghton" (*Education of Henry Adams*, p. 206). See also *The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams, 1865–1883*, ed. Ward Thoron (Boston: Little Brown, 1936), p. 82 n. 2.

4. George Pelham (1766–1827), brother of Thomas Pelham (1756–1826), second earl of Chichester, was bishop of Bristol, Exeter, and Lincoln successively. The confirmation was held on 1 February 1827; Pelham died six days later.

5. AHH's brother.

9. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Eton: Gaskell's room. Thursday: a play at four[1] [27 July 1826].

Dear Gladstone,

My usual dilatory habits have prevented me from answering your letter before, as also from delivering your letter to Berthomier untill yesterday.[2] I hope there was no intelligence, that required a speedy answer. Farr made no leaving speech as you seemed to imagine he would do: he only requested our indulgence for the last time, & said a few incoherent sentences on the Debate: Pickering mi: & I crammed him well with praise: P. applied to him Burke's far-famed panegyric on Fox: "Indole proh! quanta juvenis &c."[3] during the delivery of which Farr scanned the map of Asia with most laudable diligence. He will be undoubtedly a great loss to the Society: how fortunate we are in having Gaskell to supply his place! The latter stays out for a cold: & we had a private debate in his room yesterday on Reform. We had moreover another before on The 40s Freeholders of Ireland; another on the comparative benefits which Whigs & Tories have conferred on this country, not to mention a conclusion of our old Queen Elizabeth controversy; & of the Treason & Sedition bills under Pitt's administration.[4]

Gaskell is chattering politics so loudly, & so constantly, that I find it very difficult to keep my uninterrupted attention to this unfortunate epistle. As I believe he is going to write himself to you, this is the less to be regretted: I think, no other events of any importance have happened to the Society: Lord Arthur does not leave.[5]

Let me beg of you not to be discouraged at the briefness of my correspondence, or the unworthiness of the matter contained in it: pray, write to me "au plus vite." Believe me, the arrival of your letter gave me the most sincere pleasure, as the face of things at Seaforth seems to wear a far better aspect than I had anticipated. Pickering joins me in [. . . . congrat]ulation, & is anxious to hear from [. . . .] by the dozens from members, &c.

Your sincere friend

A. Whig Hallam.

Addressed to [W. Gladstó]ne Esq. / Seaforth / near Liverpool.

1. Thursday was traditionally a half-holiday: see Maxwell Lyte, p. 308.

2. Gladstone had left Eton on 18 July 1826 (before the summer break) because of his sister Anne's illness; on 22 July he wrote to AHH, and to his French tutor Berthomier "to discontinue [his] pupilage" (*D*, 1:62).

3. See the conclusion of the 1 December 1783 speech by Edmund Burke (1729–97), on the East India Bill of Charles James Fox (1749–1806), in which Burke quotes Silius Italicus *Punica* 8. 406–10: "How noble was his youthful promise . . ." (alluding to Cicero). The 22 July 1826 debate on whether any nation had a right to interfere in the internal contentions of another found all members neutral. According to custom, Farr became an honorary member, with the right to attend and participate, though not to vote, in any subsequent debates.

4. Gladstone later noted that "under the influence of Milnes Gaskell, a few of us contracted the habit, besides our activity in the Eton Debating Society, of conducting private informal debates on the Pitt and Fox period, which was prohibited as too recent for our susceptible minds by the school authorities" (*Autob.*, p. 31). But private debates were not limited to topics excluded from Society meetings: on 13 July 1826, Gladstone, AHH, Gaskell, and Pickering held private debates on dueling and Elizabeth I's internal policy (*D*, 1:61). William Pitt (1759–1806) renewed the 1793 suspension of Habeas Corpus and passed other coercive measures upon the outbreak of the Irish Rebellion in 1798.

5. Hervey had been reelected chairman of the Eton Society for the following session.

10. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

TEXT: *RES*, pp. 25–27

Sutton Court, near Epsom, Surrey. [8–15] August 1826.

Dear Gaskell,

I hope this letter will reach you, but I have some doubt about it, as I have some floating idea in my head that you intended staying with William Smith of Norwich.[1] Besides, as it seems to be your father's peculiar good fortune to have friends of all parties and denominations, you may, for all I know to the contrary, be sojourning in town with half-a-dozen members of parliament; one, perhaps a hairbrained Radical, breathing out universal suffrage with every breath; the next a gouty old Tory, with very high notions of the King's prerogative and—his own claret; thirdly, a ministerialist with all the airs of office dangling from his neckcloth, and swearing by every button of Canning's coat; lastly, a good stately old Whig, who having been a "neck or nothing"[2] Foxite in his youth has settled into quiet aristocratical dignity in a good old age. When, however, you have completed your grand political tour, and arrived at Thornes House, I hope you will find this letter on your table. I believe there has been no event of late likely to interest you, such as Peel's spraining his little finger, or Canning's[3] having looked mysterious while discussing turbot and lobster-sauce at a Cabinet dinner. Some events indeed of far smaller interest have occurred; the year 1826 will be distinguished in the annals of civilization for the deaths of two such illustrious men as Jefferson and Adams.[4] The signers of the Declaration of Independence will live in the gratitude of history long after the Alexanders and Ferdinands of the day[5] have been consigned to merited oblivion. To be great in the acceptation which the world gives to the word, that is, to ravage empires and blast civilization wherever she rears her head, is to a man of genius and good fortune, a comparatively easy task. To be great in the sense which virtue means; to emulate the greatness of Howard, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, or Penn,[6] is easy too; but how few have been so nobly ambitious! What a scene of triumph

must his native country have presented to Jefferson! To see America raised principally by his own hands, from the abject situation in which she supplicated Lord North[7] for justice, but supplicated in vain, to an eminence as brilliant as secure; an eminence from which she looks proudly on admiring Europe, and shows to that half-enslaved continent the glories and unprecedented spectacle of a vigorous, tranquil, free, civilized Democracy!

Forgive me! I have been prosing at a most unmerciful rate. I am living here in great retirement; few beings except Hottentots[8] to be found within ten miles. I spend my time in riding, for which the country round affords great facility; in reading such few books as I happen to have got; in wondering why the weather continues to be so hot, and why Gladstone does not write.[9] I hope all is right with him at home. I have trespassed most unwarrantably on your indulgence; if you will pardon me, and write me an immense luminous epistle at your leisure, you will greatly oblige,

Yours sincerely,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I have just received your letter. The accounts you give of the distress now prevailing, are melancholy indeed. I think I had sooner be a turnspit than any one of the ministers at present.

1. William Smith (1756–1835), a follower of Fox, was M.P. for Norwich from 1812 to 1830. Benjamin Gaskell (1781–1856) was Whig M.P. for Maldon from 1812 to 1826.

2. To win by a neck, or to be nowhere; AHH's choice of a racing phrase reflects his knowledge of Gaskell's interests as well as his own pursuits.

3. George Canning (1770–1827)—whom Gaskell met through Canning's son, Charles John—was his, and Gladstone's, lifelong political idol. Sir Robert Peel (1788–1850) was then home secretary.

4. Both Jefferson (b. 1743) and John Adams (b. 1735) died on 4 July. AHH's unpublished elegy "On Jefferson," dated 20 August 1826, is at Yale.

5. Presumably AHH refers to Alexander I (1777–1825), emperor of Russia, and Ferdinand VII (1784–1833), Bourbon king of Spain.

6. Probably John Howard (1726?–1790), philanthropist and reformer; Thomas

Clarkson (1760–1846), antislavery agitator; William Wilberforce (1759–1833), evangelical philanthropist; and William Penn (1644–1718), founder of Pennsylvania.

7. Frederick North (1732–92), second earl of Guilford; as prime minister (1770), he carried out George III's policy toward the American colonies. He resigned in 1782.

8. See letter 8 n. 5.

9. On 7 August 1826, Gladstone "wrote at length & at considerable length to Hallam" (*D*, 1:65).

11. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Sutton Court: near Epsom, Surrey. [8–15 August 1826.]

Dear Gladstone,

I wish you would write to me, as I want particularly to know how your part of the world is going on. I had begun to fear you had reasons for not doing so of some unpleasant nature: but Gaskell wrote me a letter, which I received this morning, & which he eked out with lamentable tales of commercial distress & ministerial alarm resting on your authority.[1] I resolved therefore to draw some information from the fountain-source of his intelligence: & I expect from you a copious account of ships rotting piecemeal in Liverpool Docks, Huskisson[2] looking uncommon blank over his venison, & Free Trade feeling her place of abode in old England uneasy in the extreme.

Gaskell seems to labour under some apprehension that the old Tories, the Blackwood Magaziners, the encomiasts of Malachi Malagrowther, & Sir Thomas Lethbridge will make formidable head next session.[3] I should be loath to have this Parliament known to posterity by the name of the "Restriction & Prohibition Parliament." However I feel conscious that no temporary distress, arising naturally from the crash of that iniquitous system, which by pampering particular trades, & particular interests has defrauded the nation of so much benefit; no temporary union of parties under the banners of what Farr calls a "Constitutional" & I a "Bigotted Opposition"; no menaces of such men as Knatchbull,[4] or such writers as Blackwood's crew, will eventually hinder the full & free establishment of all that excellent system which it has been the aim of his Majesty's Ministers to establish, to consolidate, & to improve.

But a truce to politics: write me word at your leisure all sorts of news, for we take in nothing in the way of newspapers but the Globe,[5] an evening paper, uncommon dull, & empty.

I spend my time here in riding, which, as the country is "passablement bien" about here; (Banstead Downs, & Epsom race course & so

forth) becomes a very pleasant resource. A good horse is one of the greatest *lounges*[6] a secluded place like this can afford. Au reste I yawn about a thing misnamed a garden; read Byron or Rogers or Miller's George the 3d.[7] (a book which does its best to spoil a noble subject); watch one or two vile pigeons; wonder at the heat of the weather; make resolutions for writing letters w[hich] in about 3 or 4 days are duly performed. Ennui is the chief of our Sutton goddesses: we conjugate the verb, which she gives to her adorers as a task, with great promptitude: 'Je m'ennuie; tu t'ennuyes; il s'ennuye; &c &c &c. You may conceive that your letter will be a real charity: & though I know you detest common beggars, perhaps you will do your humble petitioner the honor to place him in a higher class:

"And your petitioner shall always pray" &c[8]

Believe me,
Yours most sincerely,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / near Liverpool.

1. Gladstone wrote a long letter to Gaskell on 1 August 1826 (*D*, 1:64).

2. For the association between the Gladstones and William Huskisson (1770–1830), then M.P. for Liverpool and a representative of the mercantile interests, see Checkland, especially chapter 16.

3. Malagrowther was the pseudonym used by Sir Walter Scott in three letters to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* on the Scottish currency; J. W. Croker's *Two Letters . . . from E. B. Waverley Esq. to Malachi Malagrowther, Esq.* (1826) was reviewed negatively by David Robinson in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 19 (May 1826): 596–607. Sir Thomas Lethbridge (1778–1849) was conservative M.P. for Somersetshire.

4. Sir Edward Knatchbull (1781–1849), M.P. for Kent 1819–30, was a strong opponent of Corn Law reform and Catholic emancipation.

5. The *Globe* incorporated the *Traveller* in 1822.

6. Eton slang for *pastime* or *treat*.

7. Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), poet and man of letters, was a close friend of

Henry Hallam. J. R. Miller's *History of Great Britain from the Death of George II to the Coronation of George IV* (1824?) proclaimed itself a continuation of the histories of Hume and Smollett.

8. Burns, "Dedication to G. H. Esq.," lines 88–89.

12. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

TEXT: *RES*, pp. 27–30

Sutton, near Epsom. Aug. 23rd, 1826.

Dear Gaskell,

I am very well aware that in writing to you a second time before you had acknowledged the receipt of my first, I am guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours according to the canons of epistolary correspondence. But submitting myself to the judgment of the court, or to a select committee composed of Gladstone, Pickering major, Pickering minor, and Doyle, who are principally versed in the business of fining, both as finers and *finees*, I crave your forgiveness and take up my Bramah's pen. I hope you have been spending your time as pleasantly and not quite so monotonously as I have done; hitherto I have been exactly the same one day as another—all my reveries, as usual, *περι τῶν πολιτικῶν*,[1] and all my perambulations extending no further than the extremity of my little garden.

I heard from Gladstone shortly after your letter reached me—a long and very orderly epistle, as you may suppose, full of lamentations about Liverpool, the country, and the ministry, and of high-flying eulogiums on Walter Scott's "Woodstock," in which, by-the-by, I suppose you concur, for it is a fine piece of Cavalieranism.[2] I do think, Gaskell, you are as singular a mixture of politics as well may be conceived, though, I grant you, you do the thing cleverly, and do not, like Farr, in your desire to cull the sweets of all parties, and all measures, run into the grossest contradictions. How he contrived to fit into the Jacobitical fabric of his ideas any admiration for Lord Russell and Lord Chatham,[3] is beyond my humble imagination—but so it was. Perhaps he is the first instance in which an ultra-Tory, a cordial hater of most ministers, and lover of none except Lord Bolingbroke, boasted ultra-popular principles, and advocated Radical Reform. Windham and Shippen used to belie their Toryism by their practice: but they were consistency itself compared with the immortal Farr.[4]

I anticipate a splendid session next half, or term, as Pickering thinks it his duty to call it; we must positively debate Charles the First, Lord Strafford,[5] the conduct of England to Ireland, with a good long list of et ceteras as soon as possible. What think you of the Εικων Βασιλικη controversy?[6] would it do for a debate? I think the ayes have it. Pray take up Charles's side: it is sweetly untenable, and I shall have the luxury of beating you down with fair sheer argument. Oh, Gaskell, Gaskell, wherefore art thou Gaskell? Why do you continue to uphold the cause of the tyrant Charles, the frantic Laud, the ruffian Strafford? Why are you the apologist of the murder of Mountnorris and the persecution of Leighton?[7] Jupiter help thee for a bigot!

But I see your eye flashing fire at this attack, I see you stamping on the ground and smiting the table with your fist, and wishing, like that genuine Tory Caius Caligula, that all the modern Whigs had but one neck, and that neck in your grasp.

Pazienza Signor! We shall meet again, and in arms, proud Chevalier: woe to him that falls in our encounter! Spirits of Hampden, and Russell, and Sidney, and Somers[8] animate my breast and nerve my arm for next session: I will raise the lofty banner of Whiggism in the society, and who shall view it unmoved? I will raise the joyful cri de guerre, "Liberty and the rights of man," and who shall gainsay me? Thou? E bene verrà il tempo.[9] Pardon for so much folly; I am apt to be a fool in letter-writing. It is a disease of my nature, which wants a little Star-Chamber castigation. Knowing my foible you will excuse it the easier: if I may choose my own punishment it shall be a long, copious, political, and withal, amusing letter from you in your proper dignity to your sincere and affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.

1. "Concerning civic affairs."

2. Gladstone finished *Woodstock* on 7 August 1826 (*D*, 1:65); according to Lionel Tollemache, he thought Scott "the greatest delineator of human character next to Homer and Shakespeare" (*Talks with Mr. Gladstone* [London: 1898], p. 47).

3. William Russell (1639–83), Whig partisan, was executed for his alleged complicity in the "Rye-house Plot" against Charles II; William Pitt (1708–78) was first earl of Chatham.

4. Henry Saint-John (1678–1751), first viscount Bolingbroke, Tory statesman, was the author of political tracts, historical essays, and philosophical pamphlets; William Windham (1750–1810) was secretary of war from 1794 to 1801; William Shippen (1673–1743) was a parliamentary Jacobite.

5. Thomas Wentworth (1593–1641), first earl of Strafford, chief adviser to Charles I, was beheaded at the instigation of Parliament.

6. The authorship of *Eikon Basilike: The Pourtraicture of His Sacred Majestie in His Solitudes and Sufferings*, supposedly Charles I's own account of his thoughts and feelings up to and during his imprisonment, was a matter of constant debate throughout this period; Henry Hallam attacked its authenticity in *Const. Hist.*, 2:85–86 (and endnote).

7. William Laud (1573–1645) was archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Francis Annesley (1585–1660), baron Mountnorris, quarreled with Strafford, who tried to have him executed; Alexander Leighton (1568–1649), physician and divine, was condemned to mutilation and imprisonment in 1630. Henry Hallam defended Mountnorris and Leighton in *Const. Hist.*, 1:492; 499–500.

8. John Hampden (1594–1643), parliamentarian, was mortally wounded in a skirmish with Charles I's forces; Algernon Sidney (1622–83) was executed for treason; John Somers (1651–1716) was lord chancellor of England.

9. "And high time."

13. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Sutton: near Epsom. Friday [25 August 1826].

Dear Gladstone,

If I am really in your debt I am very sorry for it, but as our two letters crossed I conceived we were both at par, & delayed bothering you with any more nonsense of mine.[1] However as you call upon me, & as your moans about the state of our domestic affairs are so very doleful, write I must—& write I will with great pleasure. You are severe on my Whiggism, or as Blackwood calls it, Whiggery: if you supposed me rightly an Anti-Reformer, as you say I am, I should indeed be in a difficult predicament as to justifying my politics. An opponent of Reform, Sir, I was for a few days, misled by a few specious arguments of Mr. Canning:[2] but I have long been contrite for my error. Reform is one of those grand measures which this country so decidedly wants: it is not, as its enemies represent it, a seductive theory alone; more practical benefit would (in my humble & perhaps mistaken opinion) result from it, than from any other measure whatsoever, Catholic Emancipation alone excepted.

I do not prefer Aristocracy to Democracy:[3] such an admirable government as that of the American United States the world *has never seen*, save & except our own Constitution: perhaps in a few years the progress of civilization in the west will render that saving clause untrue, & unnecessary!

As to your favorite theme of the variable nature of Whig policy: if you mean to assert our *principles* to have changed, I meet your charge with a denial "in limine" & "in toto": but if all you mean is that Mr. Tierney[4] & Lord Somers pursue the *same end* by *different means*, which difference the lapse of time, increase of improvement, & change of circumstance has naturally brought on, if this be your meaning, I quite agree with you. The dispersion of that brave & gallant phalanx who nobly stood

"Round HIM who dared be singularly Good"

at the first awful burst of the French Revolution, no one can regret more than myself.[5] That Fox's principles differed from Lord Chatham's I have yet to learn: I mean of course his constitutional principles, for it is not likely that the great man of whom it was so justly said,

"Peace, when he spoke, was ever on his tongue"

would have approved of Chatham's inordinate fondness for a War policy.

Look round you, Gladstone, look at the country groaning in the eleventh year after peace under a load of unparalleled miseries, look at Ruin by your own account staring our Trade in the face—& then sit down calmly, IF YOU CAN, & write me word that you approve of the late war, of Pitt's infatuated administration, of all those measures, big with horror & desolation, which have brought England to the verge of a precipice I shudder to gaze at. Add too in a postscript that you disapprove of that Reform, by which alone such destructive policy would have been nipped in the bud.

I have been on a visit to Pickering (his direction is Clapham; that will do), & have passed two very agreeable days there. Mr. P.[6] is a pleasant man: I had a fierce dispute with him on the Cath: Quest: of course I fought the good fight to my own satisfaction, but to convince a complete No-Popery man (& such a one is Mr. P.) is as I have long ago discovered, to attempt washing a blackamoor white. I have just had a very sensible letter from Gaskell, who by no means gives up the ministry as you do.

Let me hear from you soon; at present, I must conclude, & believe me, whatever be your politics,

Yours most truly & affect:ly

A Whig Hallam.[7]

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone / Seaforth House.

1. Gladstone wrote a long letter to AHH on 22 August 1826; he apparently did not receive letter 11 until 30 August (*D*, 1:67–69).

2. AHH deals with a number of issues discussed in Canning's 25 April 1822 speech in the Commons opposing Parliamentary reform.

3. The Eton Society voted unanimously on 10 June 1826 that aristocracy was preferable to democracy as a form of government; AHH, on leave, did not participate.

4. George Tierney (1761–1830), M.P. for Knaresborough, opponent of Pitt, was leader of the opposition until 1821.

5. Burke's break with Fox over the French Revolution had splintered the Whig opposition to Pitt's administration. AHH quotes lines 16 and 30 from Samuel Roger's elegy on Fox, "Written in Westminster Abbey, October 10, 1806."

6. Edward Rowland Pickering (1778–1859) was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn.

7. Compare letter 5 n. 2.

14. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Sutton: near Epsom. Wednesday. 6th [September 1826].

Dear Gladstone,

I confess my last letter was vile, stupid, prolix, absurd, ludicrous, disagreeable &c. &c. & whatever else you may chuse to call it: but I wish you would not drive me to the necessity of plaguing you out of your five senses a second time, by not answering the aforesaid letter. I believe however it is but fair revenge, as I kept you at bay for an equal length of time: but pray, consider there is a material difference between my delaying to overwhelm you with my nonsense, & your delaying to enlighten my dark prison at Sutton with the rays of your understanding.

I have been carrying on political controversy with Gaskell till I find my ears tingling, & head aching with the often-dinned sounds of Whig, Radical, & Tory. So I shall keep clear of politics "pour le present."

I forget whether I told you in my last letter, that I had been to spend a day or two with Pickering at Clapham: he has a pretty good house there, & by dint of driving me out in his gig, & mounting me upon a hack (who if he had not been lame, scarified, & bare-boned might have had some pretensions to rank as high as Rozinante,[1] or even Sancho's Dapple), not to mention, taking me to bathe in a large < pond > public bath at Camberwell, to which Virgil's epithet of "stagna virentia" might be applied correctly enough; though I question whether we could fairly go on with the verse, & add "musco":[2] by help, I say, of all these *rustic* employments I passed the day. He gave me a glorious dinner, a very agreeable party, & a capital debate on the Catholic Question with Mr. Pickering. This latter seems a sensible, though not a very liberal man: but, as Burke has justly observed, those who are nurtured in office, seldom possess

enlarged views on any subject, especially on those great & important questions which require caution, knowledge, & experience to decide upon.[3]

Perhaps you may form some idea of his style of arguing, from hearing that he asserted Burke, Fox, Pitt, Grattan, Sheridan &c. &c. &c. to be hypocrites, who advocated Emancipation not from real conviction of its importance, but "to curry favor with the Papists!!!"[4] "Canning sincere! he would shrink, as from a viper's touch, from granting Emancipation if it depended on himself alone! But it is a good subject for display; & he knows it!!!" I had some difficulty to refrain laughing at this: & still more, when P. gravely told [me] I had never answered properly many of his fat[her's argu]ments, & his own: this I fancy was one, [& a]nother his own dignified interrogatory: "Could I say any Papist had ever, at any time done any good to the world?" I confessed my fault: & owned that I thought the "*ασβεστος γελῶς*"[5] of Homer's Deities the best answer to such pompous absurdity. I have been lately on an expedition down the Thames, which gave me a great deal of pleasure, as it served to relieve the monotony of a holiday spent at Sutton. The country along the Kent coast about Sheerness, the Nore, the Reculvers &c. is very fine. We slept one night in the Medway, than which, I think, I have never seen a nobler river: and this is not saying little, for I have seen Rhenus & Rhodanus in all their glory; & have watched their progress from their first gush amidst the glaciers to their calm & dignified approach towards the Ocean.[6] I do not mean of course to assert that the Medway as a whole is superior to these rivers: but at that particular spot, I should think the majesty of its wide-spreading waters, & picturesque scenery of its banks, richly set off by the line of battleships lying in calm grandeur at stated intervals along the stream, were seldom, if ever surpassed by European rivers. What a magnificent sight a man of war is! It brings to one's mind all the triumphs of Howe,[7] & the glories of Nelson with an irresistible power. The Regent (one of these memorials of British intrepidity) is the largest ship in the service. Our little vessel seemed an object of utter scorn as we passed under the elevated stern.

I expect Pickering here to-morrow: I fear my powers of entertainment will fall far short of his, but I must do my best to give him his

"revanche." He wrote to me to say he had been on a shooting expedition, & was miserably drenched with rain. Pickering a sportsman!! Proh Superi![8]

Believe me,
Ever yours most sincerely,

Arthur Henry Hallam.

Addressed to William E. Gladstone Esq.

1. Don Quixote's horse.

2. *Georgics* 4. 18: "a pool moss-green."

3. Burke's 19 April 1774 speech on American taxation (2:390). See also letter 13 n. 6.

4. In his 18 May 1779 speech, Burke had advocated relief of the Scottish Catholics; Henry Grattan (1746–1820), Irish M.P., was a constant advocate of Catholic emancipation; Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), dramatist and M.P., had opposed union of Great Britain and Ireland.

5. *Iliad* 1. 599: "unquenchable laughter."

6. AHH had traveled in Europe in 1818 and in the summer of 1822, before entering Eton.

7. Richard Howe (1726–99), earl, admiral of the fleet.

8. Ovid *Metamorphoses* 6. 472: "Ye Gods!"

15. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Sutton: near Epsom.
Wednesday—Thursday [13–14 September 1826.]

Dear Gladstone,

I have not dealt fairly by you. You deserved better treatment, than to be left in the back-ground, while I talked over all the sense & nonsense contained in both our craniological systems with Gaskell. You ask me to wind up with a long letter; & with great moderation ask for a scheme of Parliamentary Reform; opinions upon Pitt & Fox; & (Jupiter knows how long) a list of etceteras, which would require volumes to answer rightly, instead of three short pages. I certainly have neither wish nor ability to enter *with you* into a discussion of the momentous question, which you press so ardently upon me. I believe, this was my fault: I expressed myself with too much eagerness & dogmatism in one of my letters, & this of course gives you a fair right to demand an explanation. I am sure you will give me credit for not being so infatuated with the names of Liberty & Reform as to have the least inclination to break a lance amidst the frantic tournaments of Radicalism: I have but a low opinion of the integrity of heart of most Radicals: & none whatever of the soundness of their understandings. I consider their philosophy as frantic indeed: not only teaching the pernicious doctrine that we are to "fly from present ill to others that we know not of";[1] but advocating a system which in nine cases out of ten will be productive of misery & havoc by rooting up all those habits, connexions, & sympathies which link in such holy union the inhabitants of an ancient *& limited* Monarchy. Having premised thus much, suppose we examine the different forms under which A Reform of our Representation has been hitherto supported. These I think are divisible into three: the first, I mean, Annual

Parliaments & Universal Suffrage, I have already discarded, as visionary, impolitic, & absurd: the second & third will deserve far more serious notice as bearing with them the testimony & approbation of several great & illustrious characters to whom I shall always look up with feelings of the purest veneration, the most heart-felt gratitude. One of these schemes, bold in its outset, & carrying novelty on its features, proposes by a sweeping plan of commutation to take from all or most of the boroughs their actual privileges, & by equalizing, or at least assimilating the districts allowed to vote, render the whole Empire subject to a uniform representation. This theory is naturally calculated to please the ardent spirit of youth: by rooting out corruption *to all appearance* from the land, it satisfies those generous feelings of our nature which revolt from ministerial venality, & look with suspicion on the enormous increase of the fatal influence of the Crown.[2] But I confess, even at the risk of your piercing sarcasms, at the peril of the contemptuous smile which I see playing round your countenance, the seductive eloquence of Fox, & the youthful spirit of Grey,[3] cannot conceal from me the defectiveness of any such attempts to *change* our Constitution. "What," you exclaim, "is it not for change you Reformers are so clamorous? Why not rest content with our ancient Constitution which with all its theoretical imperfections has erected in this blessed country a system of laws, privileges, manners, & institutions superior to any the world ever witnessed, & which has raised us to a pitch of glory imagination herself could never have attained some hundred years ago." What is the House of Commons? Let Burke answer for me: "A controll for the people, to be resolved into the mass of that people when its functions are performed."[4] Are the Commons an adequate representation of the people? Let facts answer for me: The American war, at first eagerly entered [into] was long before its termination loathed & detested by the p[eople,] yet the voice of the Commons of England could not (the fact is notorious) prevail against Lord North's influence for near 3 years. It is a corollary therefore, that during the present constitution of the House, the most dreadful miseries, even a civil war, even the immense loss of millions of our fellow-creatures, & oppressive burdens of the country, *cannot* be averted, even though the People cry night & day for relief. Here is a plain, & in my opinion, an

unanswerable argument for Reform. But is not the liberty of the press strong enough to check these evils? Unquestionably, that & some other powers do *at last* prevail over the corrupting power of the treasury: Heaven be thanked for it! But do they prevail soon enough? No! The American war as I have shewn is an instance: it is one out of many! A pretty excuse it would be for a clock-maker that his chronometers always got right at last after some thousand erroneous vibrations of the pendulum, while in the interval ships might be overwhelmed, & hundreds sunk in the deep waters! All this argument I mean as an introduction to my scheme of Reform, the third on the list: a scheme which seems to me to effect that popular curb on the Crown which the Reformers wish, while at the same time it excludes its advocates from the number of those who are given to change. When Lord Chatham proposed the restoration of Triennial Parliaments & the addition of 100 members to the County representation, with a sort of sinking-fund to annihilate such boroughs as being notoriously corrupt had forfeited their trusts, & to transfer their privileges to some of the unrepresented towns, in my humble opinion he proposed a truly constitutional Reform.[5] Triennial Parliaments keep the representative under the rod of the constituent, & are the best antidote to Corruption: for the immediate prospect of revisiting his electors would deter the meanest man from undergoing their displeasure at least nine times out of ten. At present members have 6 years for sin; one for repentance, & courting favor. The 100 members counterbalance the borough interest and are influenced by popular interests: the expunction of rotten & *really profligate* boroughs, not with general theoretical views, but from clear proof of guilt, is a duty we owe to ourselves, to our country, & to our God. Here is my plan, or rather Chatham's: young Pitt again brought it before the House, & the celebrated Junius, whose opinion has no trivial weight with me, recommended it as the only salvation of the state.[6] Chatham protested against all innovators, & their crude schemes, unwarranted by man's truest guide Experience: his only aim was in his own admirable words, "to infuse new streams of blood into the Constitution to make her bear her infirmities." I ought to apologise for my dreadful assaults on your patience: you must allow you provoked them. I leave much of your excellent letter unanswered, & am,

With the warmest friendship & affection,
Yours ever,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to William Ewart Gladstone

1. *Hamlet*, 3. 1. 81–82.

2. John Dunning, baron Ashburton's motion, "That the power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," passed the Commons in 1780.

3. Charles Grey (1764–1845) brought his first reform bill before Parliament in 1797.

4. *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents* (1770).

5. Chatham's speech of 22 January 1770, from which AHH paraphrases below.

6. Pitt reintroduced his father's plan on 7 May 1783. The dedication to the first collected edition of the *Letters of Junius* (1772), probably written by Sir Philip Francis (1740–1818), argued for a legislative reform: "Your representatives have six years for offence, and but one for atonement."

16. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Sutton: near Epsom. Wednesday [20 September 1826].

Dear Farr,

I certainly ought to apologise for troubling you with a letter at a time when I suppose you are too much taken up with guns, & dogs, & partridges to think of such sublunary things as Eton, the Society, or your humble servant. Perhaps however, should you be drenched with rain after some unlucky expedition, & enjoying the best of all luxuries, an autumn fireside, you may not disdain to give a zest to your morrow's sport by reading this letter. I have received several epistles from Messrs. Gaskell, Gladstone, &c., breathing politics at every pore, & anticipating a glorious Session. It will give you, I suppose, great pleasure to hear that the latter is tremendously dispirited about the present Administration; nay, even dares (what a thought for a light Blue)[1] to entertain doubts as to the policy of Free Trade. Gaskell is more sanguine, but looks blue at the Reciprocity Treaties, & can hardly digest the present state of affairs. As for me, though I never professed to be so vehement a champion of Ministers as they did, I happen to be a little more consistent: when we first determined to cut up by the roots that impolitic system which by pampering particular trades & interests prevented that equality of Industry by which alone the grandeur of nations can be promoted, & the cause of civilization advanced—when we did this, we foresaw the consequences. If landlords are luxuriously maintained at *the cost* of the public, it is not to be expected that laws which relieve the public will please the landlords. "It is a better thing that a part should perish than the whole":[2] much more then is to be desired that one class should be reduced than that every class should suffer. Besides, two thirds of the late distresses arose from other causes; from the errors of the currency, & the absurdity of Utopian speculations. I wonder you are an opponent of Free Trade, since you must be aware that it was the

most favorite of all favorite theories with those old Tories whom you admire so vehemently. Think of Queen Anne's reign, of your Bolingbroke's Commercial Treaty[3] in which the French Trade was the prominent object: think how the Whigs wrote, spoke, & acted against it, how they enlisted every prejudice, every scrap of ignorance, or error on the side of the bigotted Mercantile System. But I see how it is; your modern love of the Blackwoodites bears the palm from your antique affections for genuine Toryism. I have long been endeavoring to fathom your politics, Farr; & I believe I have succeeded: your political system may be resolved into two great principles, Abhorrence of Cant, & Love of Originality.[4] You are a Jacobite: Why? Because the "blessings of our happy establishment, & the security of the Protestant Succession" have been handed from mouth to mouth, till it has grown into the currency of a proverb. Here is Principle I in all its glory. You admire Bolingbroke: Why? Purely because he has acquired the reputation of a villain, & the stream of cant has hitherto flowed steadily against him. Principle I again: with perhaps a mixture of Principle II. You admire Lord Russell: who doubts the reason? Because nobody else ever admired him & St. John both! Principle II fully displayed. You are an Anticatholic: "Impromptu causa est": you hate to hear of Toleration, & Liberality, & Conciliation & such branches of Cant; ergo you obey the irresistible impulse of Principle I. You dislike the Canning party in the Cabinet, & rev[ere L]ord Eldon:[5] the same principle accounts for this, as also for your affection towards Bull, Blackwood & Co., who are in your eyes the steady, consistent, & adroit opponents of *Cant*. You are a Reformer!!! Here bursts forth with overwhelming radiance the Second Principle. Who ever heard of an Eldon-loving Reformer; of a son of Blackwood daring to inhale the atmosphere of "Triennial Parliaments, & extended Representation!" It is absolutely needful then that you should make the experiment. In some cases, such is the exquisite refinement of your mind, such the ductility of your fancy, that you take second-rate Cant, instead of first-rate as the rock you are to avoid. This happens in the case of Sir R. Walpole: Poor man! Cant has flowed against him with a vengeance: but then the Jacobites were his mortal foes, & they were the original anti-Cantites, who withstood all new nonsense about Privilege & Resistance with the most laudable sturdiness. Here then is Anti-Cant versus Anti-Cant: the ass (I beg your pardon) is between two bundles

of hay. Here comes the refinement: you make choice of the Anti-Cantites of the second degree, i.e. the Jacobites who thundered down Walpole, rather than those of the first, who advocate the poor devil, i.e. the Whigs, & your humble servant. I do not pretend that I have explained all your dogmas on my hypothesis: some are of course owing to accidental circumst[ances,] to favorite authors, to particular opposition (which always confirms opinions at first only slight), some perhaps to family notions suc[ked] in with your mother's milk. But by far the greatest portion of y[our] singular fabric of politics rests on the two solid immoveable principles which I mentioned before. I dare say you are ready to deny these premises in argument, but your conscience tells you they are true.

I dined the other day with Walpole, our famous member (great-great-nephew by the bye of Sir Bob), who told me much of the Union: it is divided into two parties he says, Radicals & Republicans in the one, Whigs, Tories of all sorts & sects in the other. The latter have of course the votes: the former the speakers!! Woe is me for our future politicians! You are sadly wanted to reinforce the good side, I mean the Anti-Radical one. I gave a high character of you to Walpole: who promised to call on you at Cambridge, as an Etonian, & Society-man, & to gain your eloquence to the Union.[6]

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully

A H Hallam

What think you of the Duke of York? I am really sorry for him: I understand he knows well there is no hope, & bears it firmly.[7] Ὀναι ὑμιν, Anti-καθολικοι![8] Pray forgive my railleries about your politics: & if you have time on your hands, answer this: or, which would be far better, come down & join the Debates some Saturday. Vale, I hope not, longum Vale.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / Iford House / Christchurch / Hants.
P/M 21 [September 1826]

1. An Eton man: AHH may allude to Gladstone's Tory sympathies, however.

2. See Matthew 5:29.

3. The 1713 treaty of Utrecht was rejected 194–185 by the Commons.

4. Compare letter 12 nn. 3 and 4.

5. John Scott (1751–1838), first earl of Eldon, lord chancellor from 1807 to 1827, was a strong opponent of Canning, Catholic emancipation, and parliamentary reform.

6. Spencer Horatio Walpole (1806–98), a member of the Eton Society, who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A. 1828), was president of the Union in 1827 and an original member of the Apostles; he later served as home secretary. On 28 November 1826, Farr spoke at the Cambridge Union (apparently for the first time) in favor of Burke's leaving his party at the beginning of the French Revolution.

7. Frederick Augustus (1763–1827), duke of York and Albany, was considered the leader of the anti-Catholics; he died of dropsy on 5 January 1827.

8. "Woe unto you, anti-Catholics!" (see Matthew 23:13 ff. for biblical use of the phrase).

17. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Hawtrey's: Eton. Thursday [28 September 1826].

Dear Farr,

I was agreeably surprised at finding your letter on my table yesterday; of course my pleasure was very sensibly increased by reading it. To plague you with politics is a very cruel thing in me, to be sure: but what can a poor bewildered devil like me talk about else? Pray, do not let me discourage you from entering upon any subject in your letters: for, since my happiness in reading letters on any subject is very great, how much more must this be the case on any which relate to you. You may flourish away in tropes & metaphors concerning Free Trade: but I certainly am not convinced by your eloquence that "all interests are reduced to an equality of misery," & that "the apprentice to a Parisian pill-gilder" is not, *in this respect*, a good minister.[1] Had you but seen the Light-Blues Gaskell, & Gladstone lift their hands in pious horror on hearing of the "guilty splendor of William Huskisson" which I spouted to them!!! "Why the man has but £ 6000 a year!" bellowed Gaskell: "Only £ 6000 for all his services!" echoed Gladstone. "He ought to have a great, great sum more!" cries G. the big: "Poor fellow! so he ought!" simpers G. the little. Egad! I believe, if these Minister's Friends had their way, each dependent on the Treasury would have a salary centuple that of the President of the United States.[2] I am sure I wish well to the existing Administration for many reasons: but to champion them as men who are to bring in a golden age, men, who are to be pampered, & flattered at the public expense, is in my humble opinion a crude ridiculous attempt to sneer down common sense. You speak with apparent exultation on the subject of the infamous Auto-da-fè at Valencia.[3] Infamous indeed it was! but what is the great moral lesson we are to draw from this disgusting scene? surely, that Intolerance is the bane & curse of every country, Protestant, or Catholic, Monarchical or

Republican, in which that dreadful spirit has appeared. What has ruined Spain? I answer, the arm of the cursed Inquisition: a system of *exclusion*, & *persecution*: a scheme of human insolence hallowed by the name of God. Why should the order of Nature be reversed when we look at home; why should similar causes in England not tend to the same effect? Why, in a word, do we imitate the worst Catholic Intolerance by establishing Protestant Penal laws in this free country? Perhaps you smile, & think I am evading your precedent: but for God's sake, reflect for a moment: think how England stands with respect *to Ireland*. The body of the Irish are a discontented people; they groan under periodical famines, & periodical fevers, two of the most horrid visitations that ever scourge man for his sins: in this state of things they are wrought on by artful demagogues, by O'Connell, O'Gorman, & Sheil;[4] by bigoted priests, who think such policy a duty, & set no bounds to their zeal! Such is the fact, Sir: now let me ask you on your conscience do you think, *when a war comes*, & come it will, & must (ay, & that soon), that the Irish millions will let slip the opportunity? Do you suppose they did us no harm in the last war? Two rebellions, & a body of armed men kept to terrify Ireland, instead of aiding W[ellington] or Moore,[5] are my answer, if you do. Yet have [they not] increased in spirit, in numbers, in rage, fa[ctious fury?] since t[hat p]eace? They have: ye Waterford electi[ons bear] witness; [& but] one out of many![6] Then in the n[ame of com]mon sense why leave this infuriated, besotted populace under the guidance of hedge-priests, & mob-orators? Secure the Catholic Clergy, by making them dependent on the State for their subsistence: disfranchise the 40s. Freeholders who are the instruments of bigotry: give Catholic Peers & Gentry seats in Parliament, for we have tried *their* loyalty & found it pure: they have passed through the fire, & lo! it has not harmed them! These are my reasons for granting Emanc:ion: this dreadful danger which yawns before us overwhelms me, I confess, with horror & fear: grant Emanc:ion, & you paralyse the blow of bigotry, you save us from the awful depth of ruin. At present, remember my words, we are digging with our own hands the pit which will bury us!

I have made this appeal to you on the Catholic Question, not to ca[ll] forth your eloquence in reply: a debate would be useless as

tedious: I s[imply] beg of you to reflect; to beware how your voice is added to the cry of No Popery. Beware how you unite with those who have not acquired audacity of assertion from profundity of thinking! You have all the o[ld] women, all the stupid, all the foolish on your side: but, good Heaven, is the immediate safety of this noble & ancient Monarchy to be sacrificed to the petty triumphs of controversial loquacity?

Forgive me so much politics, but you provoked the contest, & when I once give myself the reins, Beelzebub himself cannot stop me. Apropos of reins, Wentworth bids me say Mulatto carried more weight because of the rain, & that he was in a sweat at starting. Doyle maintains he never could have won. Both saw the race. Wentworth is in the Society: so is Wilder.[7] I do not much like the subject for Saturday: my heart is for Dicky the lion, but I fear there will be no debate if I do not patronise the Swedish madman.[8] Nothing new at Eton in any way. To make a landholder love Free Trade is a sheer miracle, much above my powers: "what have country-gentlemen, forsooth, to do with the good of the public?" Nothing, if we judge by their practice! How neatly Hunt floored the whole of your herd at Andover![9] Hoping you will write to me again bye-&-bye, as also to Pick: who is much pleased with his letter from you. I shall conclude, & remain,

Yours sincerely, & affect:ly

A H Hallam.

Gladstone desires me to say, that he has not ratted about Free Trade, & that he never did approve of *all* the Ministerial plans on that subject. As for big G. he is a regular bigot: he swears by Huskisson on the Reciprocity Business, yet owns he does not know why? "I am convinced" verbatim his declaration: "I am convinced, but of what, & by what I have no idea!" This was said gravely. O ye light-blues!!!

Addressed to W. W. Farr, Esq. / Iford House / Christchurch / Hants.

1. Huskisson's early education was undertaken by his maternal great-uncle, Dr. Gem, physician to the British embassy in Paris. See also letter 16 n. 1.

2. Set at $25,000 annually in 1789.

3. On 31 July 1826, a Jewish schoolmaster was burned for heresy in Valencia.

4. Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847) founded the Catholic Association in 1823; Charles James Patrick Mahon (1800–1891), "The O'Gorman Mahon," and Richard Lalor Sheil (1791–1851), supported O'Connell's agitation for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform.

5. As prime minister (1828–30), Arthur Wellesley, duke of Wellington (1769–1852), carried Catholic emancipation, despite personal misgivings. Sir John Moore (1761–1809) was a lieutenant general in the Napoleonic wars.

6. With the aid of the Catholic priests, O'Connell's Catholic Association rallied the forty-shilling freeholders to defeat the anti-Catholic incumbent, Lord George Beresford, in 1826; similar upsets took place at Monaghan, Louth, and Westmeath (in Ireland).

7. Lord Scarborough's Tarrare beat Lord Fitzwilliam's Mulatto in the Great St. Leger's race at Doncaster on 19 September 1826; Mulatto won the 1827 race. See *Reminiscences*, pp. 68–70. William Charles Wentworth (1812–35), Fitzwilliam's eldest son, was Whig M.P. for Northamptonshire from 1830 to 1835. Charles Wilder (1808–38), who contributed prose and poetry to the *Eton Miscellany*, matriculated at King's College, Cambridge, in 1827 (B.A. 1831) and was assistant master at Eton from 1831 to 1838. Both Wentworth and Wilder were unanimously elected to the Eton Society on 25 September 1826.

8. AHH alone voted for Charles XII over Richard I as the more admirable character.

9. Henry Hunt (1773–1835), radical politician, spoke against the Corn Laws at a meeting of tenant farmers and landowners on 22 September 1826.

18. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor: Saturday [14 October 1826].

Dear little Woman,

I hope on your arrival at Sutton, you found every thing comfortable, & prosperous: & especially that you found an unstarved, uncrushed, unhanged Puss waiting to receive you. I fancied that I saw your equipage driving along the Long Walk about one o'clock on Thursday: but neither the direction, nor the time would have suited. I received a letter from Uncle Henry, which announces that John is to enter the Army, & that he has got a commission for him in the 12th. Lancers.[1] He also informs me that he fell down the Clevedon stairs, & nearly broke his back: & that his wife somehow pulled the window down upon her, which nearly broke her head! Really, this is not a very pleasant, or a very auspicious beginning to his "sejour" at Clevedon Court. Moreover, the weather has been bad, & he got no coursing: & before that, the weather was good, & he got no shooting, for the very simple & unanswerable reason, that he found nothing to shoot! Altogether he seems in a bad humor, quite a contrast to John Touchet, who is ready to jump out of his skin at being a Lancer! Quaere, is the Oriel business off; or not? He says not a syllable to me about it.

We have had an exquisite debate to-day. Question: "Was the political conduct of Milton laudable?" Gladstone opened the debate in a very violent speech against Milton: I replied to him: Gaskell supported Gladstone: Doyle took my side: & lastly Wentworth made his maiden speech in favor of Milton. The speeches on the whole were good: & the discussion highly interesting. On the division there appeared:

For Milton	*Against Milton*
Hallam	Wilder

Doyle — Gladstone
Wentworth — Gaskell
Pickering

Behind the Chair:
Selwyn.

A ballot then took place, & Mr. Law was declared duly elected, there appearing only one blackball against him. The debate lasted till 20 minutes to 6.[2]

I do not know that I have anything more to say, except to bid my little woman mind her Hume, & her St. John, & all her duties: to recommend Pusses, & Donkeys of all Species & Genera to your care, & to Mottle's: & so wishing luck, & sending love to all,

I remain,
Your tendre frère,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / Sutton / near Epsom.
P/M 16 October 1826

1. John Touchet, only son of Peter Touchet, and hence stepson of Henry Elton, matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1828, and was a student at Lincoln's Inn in 1831.

2. Gaskell described the debate in his 22 October 1826 letter to Farr: "I dealt pretty largely in abuse, called Milton a 'vile sycophant,' 'blind hireling,' &c. whilst Hallam shook his head, all the time that Gladstone & I uttered incontrovertible truisms; and he then rose, incorporated his own opinions with Macaulay's . . . and in a declamatory but eloquent speech flew away upon the wings of 'liberty,' 'equality,' and every kind of name, invented by the radical for a colouring to those measures which tend to destroy it" (Rylands). Gladstone's 17 October 1826 letter to Farr called AHH's speech "brilliant" (*Autob.*, p. 179).

John Halse Law (1809–77), who contributed poetry to the *Eton Miscellany*, matriculated at King's College, Cambridge, in 1827 (B.A. 1832), was admitted at Lincoln's Inn in 1831, and called to the bar in 1835.

19. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Hawtrey's: Eton. Tuesday [14 November 1826].

Dear Farr,

If you only treat your other correspondents as liberally as you treat me, you deserve a monument much more than a hundred ephemeral beings who sleep in marble at Westminster Abbey. It would be ungrateful not to answer so good a letter writer, & so good a letter, on the spur of the moment. "So here goes for 3 pages, & *the little bits* of stupid, Hallamic prose!" N'importe, it is the lot assigned by Providence to amusing epistolizers to be bored with dull answers. I am heartily glad you are in the Union: cultivate Walpole's acquaintance, & remind him of a sort of half-promise which he made me to come down, & visit us at Eton. Have you ever seen Wellesley's *face* yet? I suppose it is high treason against Dame Porcina,[1] to speak to Trinitarians, or I would ask you to jog Wellesley's memory a little as to writing &c. I envy your life of luxury on the sedgy banks of the Cam: balls, concerts, Miss Loves, spick & span Union politics— Diavolo! It is enough to make me forfeit the natural placidity of my temper for a few moments in order to rail at this accursed Eton system. φευ φευ.[2] I shall not take my place as Freshman for the next 2 years; so complaint is needless, & letters from you must supply the place of your conversation. You ask for Eton news: really I know of none; I am sincerely sick of this term, & long to breathe the invigorating air of Bowbells.[3] Our debates have been on the whole good this time: but we have not yet managed an adjourned one. The grand question of Richard's Deposition was debated last Saturday: you cannot doubt which side I took? I voted against the wretch who, nursed in depravity, seemed to acquire an increase of crime, in proportion to the increase of his years; & who vainly endeavored, by decimating the aristocracy of the realm, & by deliberately murdering his own uncle, to prop his tottering throne. Yet such is the prevalence

of Toryism in the Society that they divided 7 to 4 against the Deposition.[4] Gaskell made a < ranting > violent, but in many parts a masterly speech on the victorious side: & Pickering, who supported the same cause, hoped that "the Englishmen of 1826 had more loyalty in their hearts than those of 1688!" Here is the holy cause of the Stuarts with a vengeance! Our question for next Saturday is, "the execution of the rebel"—I beg pardon—the martyr "lords in George II's reign justifiable?" The Saturday after, "Ancient, or Modern writers, which display most genius?" Now then for your Union questions: I think them very good, but wonder how the question about 1688 is stated, as it must require something more than your effrontery to arraign the whole transaction. I should like to see the man who would divide against the great, & good actors on that glorious theatre: to hear the man, who dared to assert the innocence of James, or the criminality of resistance to him: to know the man who in 1826 would preach up Passive Obedience, & even outdo the inimitable timeserver, Thomas Vaughan![5] If such a man is to be found, he belongs doubtless to that foul-mouthed faction, which, however at different times it may be distinguished by different disguises, is uniformly the retailer of slander, & the organ of malice against all that is good, or venerable, or holy! Such were the Sacheverels, of the last century: such are the Lethbridges, & Israelis of the present.[6] "Measures, not men," is truly their motto:[7] *so that evil be done, they care not who does it.* With regard to Commerce, what have Ministers done, which has not been recommended by practical, & philosophical writers of the highest repute for the last 60 years? But I am deviating into Rant. You ask for my opinion about Burke: it is a capital question: sorry I am that you can sympathise with neither of those great men on the most interesting period of their lives. They are both aliens from your politics: the warm enthusiasm of Fox, & the stern vehemence of his rival were equally averse from Toryism, servility, & the Stuarts. I admire both these wonderful men: I revere the firmness with which they adhered to the principles which they had deliberately chosen: for how long had they been sharers in the same glory, champions of the same cause, partakers of the same peril? Hand in hand they struggled against the iniquitous system which gave birth to America's independence: together they assailed the monster of secret influence which lurked behind the throne: both

roused a patriotic indignation against the young & aspiring minister,[8] who abandoned the principles in which his immortal father had lived & died! Such was their lot: in their friendship principle & affection played an equal part: the dissolution of that friendship is one of the most painful events in the pages of our history. I wish, as much as possible, to preserve impartiality between such eminent characters: but I must confess my bias is towards Fox. Burke's celebrated Reflections are undoubtedly replete with sound knowledge, & fervid eloquence, but they are stamped with a spirit of rancor, & viole[nce] which contaminates even the good they contain. In Fox's speeches on this occasion there is violence also; but it is a violence arising from generous ar[dour,] & a spirit of almost chivalrous zeal. That Burke should differ from his rival might be expected, for he had always disapproved of Ref[orm,] &, except when hurried on by passion, had adopted the most tranquil tenets of the Rockingham school:[9] but that he should turn difference into hatred, that he should sternly sacrifice his friend on account of the troubles of a < neighbouring > foreign country; that he should obstinately refuse to communicate with those, whose faith he had so long professed to cherish: that he should carry his animosity to his grave, & in his last illness refuse to see the man, whom he had panegyrised, as one "born to be loved," & who implored a return of friendship,[10] all this, I own, does appear to me a degree of harshness not to be warranted by sound justice, or true morality. Differences must occur between the honorable adherents to a party: but why should those differences prevent their uniting for the common good, as long as their fundamental articles of faith remain unchanged, & unchangeable! But I have forgotten that I was writing a letter, not a speech: write to me a faithful account of your Union proceedings at your leisure, & believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

My direction in London is 67, Wimpole Street.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / St. John's College / Cambridge.
P/M 22 November 1826

1. Perhaps an allusion to the Porson prize for translation of a passage of English poetry into Greek verse, established in 1816 in honor of Richard Porson (1759–1808), Regius professor of Greek at Cambridge, who also attended Eton and Trinity. Entries were due early in the year.

2. "Alas."

3. Of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, in AHH's own "Cockney" section of London.

4. Hervey, Doyle, and Law supported AHH against Richard II; Gladstone's 17 October 1826 letter to Farr somewhat prematurely characterized the three new members of the Society—Wilder, Wentworth, and Law—as *"staunch Whigs"* (*Autob.*, p. 180). See also letter 5 n. 2.

5. On 16 May 1826, the Cambridge Union debated whether James the Second was justly dethroned. AHH apparently refers to Sir John Vaughan (1603–74), chief justice of common pleas, described as "disposed . . . to least reverence to the crown, and most to popular authority; yet without inclination to any change in government" (*Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, 1:37). See also Henry Hallam's discussion of Vaughan's position, *Const. Hist.*, 2: 350–51.

6. Henry Sacheverell (1674?–1724) preached sermons advocating nonresistance and by implication opposing the 1688 Revolution; he was impeached by the Whig ministry but later rewarded by the Tories. Isaac D'Israeli (1766–1848), father of Benjamin, published works supporting royalist causes.

7. Apparently first used in *The Herald; or, Patriot Proclaimer* (1758), 2:viii: "Measures not men the proper objects of our regard" (see *The Collected Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, ed. Arthur Friedman [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966], 5:39 n. 3); the phrase was criticized by Burke (*Discontents*) and Canning (8 December 1802 speech).

8. The younger Pitt.

9. Charles Watson-Wentworth (1730–82), second marquis of Rockingham, was leader of the Whig opposition in the Lords, 1768–81.

10. See (Sir) James Prior, *Memoir of the Life and Character of . . . Burke* (2d ed., 1826), 2: 397—which gives Mrs. Burke's letter conveying her husband's cold rebuff to Fox's overtures, shortly before Burke's death—and 427: Burke said that Fox "was a man made to be loved; there was not a particle of gall in his composition."

20. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Hawtrey's: Eton. Saturday [2 December 1826].

Dear Farr,

One more letter to you before I visit the Hounslow road. Your last delighted me: I would give worlds if I had them (a very safe assertion) to hear a debate in the Union. I am glad your speeches meet with proper applause: & however much I may wish that our little room of 6 feet square was the theatre of your eloquence, *for you* it is far better as it is. I am sorry so large a majority gave their votes in favor of Burke's desertion of the Whigs, & disgusted at the impudent Jacobinism which you have retailed to me from the other side's speeches.[1] If I ever become a member of the Union I shall do pretty much as you have chalked out for me: I shall never lose an opportunity of defending the party to which the People owe their Bill of Rights, & the House of Brunswick their throne, but at the same time look with the utmost horror upon those, who seek to overthrow the Constitution & whose countenances would gleam with a demoniac smile amidst the awful ruin of our laws, our religion, & our throne. When a Whig advocates Reform he seeks only to preserve by analogous amendments the Constitution which is his pride: he spurns with conscious rectitude the bold politician who would level the < slow > work of ages in order to try a totally new experiment in government. When a Whig pleads the cause of the Catholics he does it on the firm principle that the preservation of our institutions depends on an immediate alteration of our policy towards Ireland, & that to fight public opinion by force is equally impolitic & unjust. When a Whig praises the deposition of any sovereign in general, or of our James in particular, he does it from a sincere conviction that such an exertion of power will prove a memento to future monarchs, & will secure the blessings of liberty & tranquillity by lessening the chance of tyranny on the one hand, & of faction on the other. But when he avows these

principles, while he venerates, & almost adores the memory of those "burning & shining lights"[2] who have in our own country proclaimed, & defended them, he shrinks with loathing from those who do good only in theory, but evil in practice. In these principles may I live, & die! Come down the first Saturday next half to hear our debate on the conduct of England to Ireland.[3] I intend to make a flaming Philo-Catholic speech; that is, Deo volente, for we are in some fear of being blown up by a sudden explosion of the Little Doctor's spleen. You must know he has for some time been chafing in secret at our fondness for political subjects, which how he found it out, his spies, & Jove only know: at this critical period some malign spirit put it into our heads to send a deputation to him, under the following circumstances. I had made a motion early this half that our rule about 50 years "should not include literary subjects, provided they had nothing to do with politics, or with living characters." What can be simpler, or, one would think, less liable to objection? At that time however it was negatived: but I thought it fair to have a second trial when the House was full, & brought it forwards again, when it was carried.[4] On this Ld. A. Hervey who had supported it said that as it involved a fundamental rule an application to Keate was necessary. To Keate accordingly, after some disputing, Pickering went in our name: the [doctor] flew off in a tangent, almost swore at poor Per[cy and declared] that we had no right to debate anything subseque[nt to the Revolution,] adding by the way of a soothing sequel, that [he would?] break up the Society all together!!! The falsehood of what he said about our not debating things subsequent to the Revolution is palpable: as for dissolving us à la Cromwell I hope it is but a mere squib of his rage, & that the holidays will prove an opiate. I wish my motion had been at the bottom of the Caspian, or Joe Hume's pocket,[5] before I had unwittingly given cause for such a coup-de-theatre. I suppose however it will come to nothing: as for imposing further restrictions we will see Keate in the full enjoyment of purgatorial coals before we consent, at least till further steps are taken by the confounded little Autocrat! The Rebels had a respectable minority of 3 last Saturday: today we debated, "Ancient, or Modern writers, which display most genius?" It was a good debate: carried for moderns easily. Moreover we elected a chairman, & Gladstone proved the happy man: I think he will make a good one.[6] To my great joy last

Saturday Pickering's (in my opinion, & Gladstone tells me, in yours) unconstitutional resolution was rescinded, & the question about W. Hastings declared legal.[7]

I beg pardon for distrusting Wentworth's talents: he is a cap[ital] speaker, & indeed his manner one of the best for delivery that I have seen. Law is likewise a clever speaker: & it is a sh[ame] in Gaskell to cut him up so unmercifully for being a Rad[ical,] which he has never shewed signs of in debate, though, I must [own,] he denies the imputation but faintly.

I have dosed you well with nonsense: but I hope you have not yet learnt to consider Eton news as *humbug*, & rest my hopes of pardon on your good-nature. Now then for a final benediction. Go on flourishing at Cambridge: gain a few prizes, & a brilliant oratorical reputation: correct your politics into something a little less heterogeneous, or if that be impossible, proselytise into the number of the elect: come down occasionally to us poor wretches: & write me many, many more such capital letters as your last: as you do this may you prosper.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,

A H Hallam.

67 Wimpole St., mind.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / St. John's College / Cambridge.

1. See letter 16 n. 6: Sunderland and Farr spoke for the affirmative, Sterling and Trench for the negative.

2. John 5:35

3. See letter 25.

4. AHH first proposed the change in rules on 25 September 1826; the motion carried two months later.

5. Joseph Hume (1777–1855), radical politician.

6. See letter 19. Gladstone voted for AHH as chairman; Hervey, AHH, Durnford, Law, Wentworth, Doyle, and Gaskell for Gladstone (*D*, 1:87).

7. Gladstone's question, "Was the conduct of Warren Hastings to the Rohillas deserving of censure," excited considerable and lengthy debate in the Society. On 11 October 1826, the question was voted illegal, since the action had taken place 52 years before, and Hastings' trial was not concluded until 1795; AHH, Doyle, and Selwyn supported, Pickering, Wilder, Wentworth, and Gaskell opposed Gladstone, and Pickering, as president, cast the deciding vote. On 14 October, Gladstone was fined for putting down the question. One week later, Doyle, Gladstone, and AHH read an official protest into the records. On 25 November, AHH was fined for putting down the same question, but the motion to expunge it was defeated, with Durnford joining the opposition against, and Hervey and Law voting for the question. Gladstone solicited Farr's opinion in his 17 and 31 October letters (*Autob.*, pp. 180–81). But the debate apparently never took place.

21. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67. Wimpole Street. Tuesday [12 December 1826].

Dear Gladstone,

I am going to perpetrate a letter, more as a sort of decoy to obtain a gallant answer from you, than for the conveyance of any intelligence, inasmuch as I have seen, done, & heard little, or nothing since my appearance in what Farr calls, "The Great Wen."[1] I have however *sapped*[2] tolerably hard, especially at Mathematics; read some small stock of Politics, & indulged in many reveries about the Society, & its Right Hon: Chairman, & Treasurer. We must have a glorious Session next half: your Administration must not pass over our heads undistinguished, or unheeded. I assure you, we expect miracles from that arithmetical head of yours in the way of reduction of public burdens, & progressive amelioration of our system. I have heard from Farr, who was so good as to wish me to come over to Cambridge, & see him: he promised a bottle of Claret, & a place at the round table of the Union! This, as you may suppose, I found impracticable: but his letter contained another more feasible plan for an interview: i.e. he passes through the Wen next Saturday, & pledges himself to rout me out for a few moments. He seems mad after the Union: but Papae![3] the account he gives of it is not inviting! The tumult, clapping, cheering, & hissing is so constant, & their expressions of disapprobation given so "con amore," that "one must have the courage of an imp of darkness to make head in such a Pandaemonium!!"[4] The Jacobites have the effrontery to intend carrying the Revolution of 1688 their own infamous way: most cordially do I hope they will be disappointed.[5] Is it not a pity an animal of Farr's respectability should list under the banners of those contemptible outcasts from common sense? I met Hamilton minor[6] yesterday, who is designing wonders in the way of holiday task: he has half a Greek Play finished already! Of Pickering, Gaskell &c. I know nothing: I must positively take them by

storm, & issue fulminating epistles. Have you read Lingard's Vindication? It is a clever piece of Jesuitry: but in the main points of the case he fails egregiously, &, I doubt not, Allen will make him wince in the next number of the Edinburgh. One curious circumstance however has been brought to light: I mean, the declaration of Chateaubriand that after a careful perusal of the documents relative to the St. Barthelemy in the Vatican to which he had access while in the possession of Napoleon, he felt perfectly convinced that the massacre was not the result of previous dissimulation. Lingard's other contests, viz: with Mr. Todd about Cranmer, & with the Quarterly about Anne Boleyn, are of less importance: but there seems no small portion of trick about him here also. But read his Vindication if it comes in your way: & read it with Allen's review; so curious a point of history well deserves attention.[7] I shall be glad to see Scott's Napoleon, though I hardly anticipate any new lights on the subject: how will he reconcile the making a hero of the Corsican with his Ultra principles?[8] All the talk here is about the war, into which our friendship "to the oldest of our allies" is about to plunge us: a pretty increase of National Debt we shall have, I suppose, & a pretty condition we are in to bear war taxes with thousands, I had almost said millions, expiring of hunger in Lancashire, & Scotland! Is Ferdinand, the Beloved, mad, that he runs headlong into a war to put down Representative Governments in foreign States, & *those under the protection of England?*[9] Five, or ten thousand men on the frontiers will make him change his note, I trust: if not, a convulsion in Spain must be the issue, & the Catholic King may chance not to meet with the same lenity, from his Constitutionalist subjects, as he once before experienced. Perhaps the besotted driveller puts his trust in the petticoats which Fame says he hems so admirably for the Virgin: but, alas! the days of Chivalry are gone,[10] & the Virgin no longer condescends to shew herself to her orthodox worshippers, app[arelled] in celestial armour, & charging at the head of her gallant kn[ights] against whole battalions of English heretics! I wish Mr. Canning would bring down a Bill to the House for sending out the distressed Manufacturers *as soldiers*, & the Spanish Refugees *as officers* in the ensuing contest.[11] I have spun myself out, & can only add, that as I have been in mental agony with sines, cosines, tangents &c., so I have been screwed into every kind of corporeal torment, having been syringed &c. for deafness, & filed &c. for the sins of my teeth. Please to send me something to alleviate my miseries in the

shape of *one of your letters:* no rational being could wish for any thing better. Do not forget to meditate occasionally on the duties of your present exalted situation, &

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully, & affect:ly,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to William Ewart Gladstone

1. William Cobbett's characterization of London (see *Rural Rides,* 1821).

2. AHH's use of the verb—"to pore over books, to be studious"—predates the first *OED* reference by four years.

3. "Indeed!"

4. AHH's quotation is unidentified, possibly his own version of *Paradise Lost,* 2.

5. See letter 19 n. 5; AHH may refer, however, to the 12 December 1826 Cambridge Union debate on Clarendon, carried in his favor.

6. Edward William Terrick Hamilton (1809–98), brother of William Kerr, matriculated at Trinity in 1828; a scholar in 1830, Hamilton graduated with a B. A. as fifth Wrangler (1832), was admitted at the Inner Temple in 1832, and was M.P. for Salisbury 1865–69.

7. *A Vindication of Certain Passages in the Fourth and Fifth Volumes of the History of England* (December 1826), by John Lingard (1771–1851), Catholic historian, was a response to articles in the *Edinburgh Review* (42 [April 1825]: 1–31; 44 [June 1826]: 94–155) by John Allen (1771–1843), political and historical writer and friend of Henry Hallam, attacking Lingard's *History* (1819–30). Allen's second article dealt principally with the St. Bartholomew Massacre; pp. 69–70 of Lingard's *Vindication* discusses the evidence of Vicomte François René de Chateaubriand (1768–1848), French writer and statesman. The *Vindication* also responded to an 1825 pamphlet defending Archbishop Cranmer (1489–1556) by Henry John Todd (1763–1845), historical writer and editor; and to a review (defending Anne Boleyn) of Lingard's *History* in the *Quarterly Review* (33 [December 1825]: 1–37), by Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868), political and social writer, professor of poetry at Oxford, and dean of St. Paul's. Allen's response appeared not in the *Edinburgh* but as a separate pamphlet, *Reply to Dr. Lingard's Vindication: in a letter to Francis Jeffray, Esq.* (1827). The controversy continued: Taylor published his own reply to Lingard in 1827, and the fourth edition of the *Vindication* responded to Allen's pamphlet. Henry Hallam's judicious review of Lingard's *History* appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* (53 [March 1831]: 1–43).

8. Scott's *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* (1827) was first published in Edinburgh.

9. The intrigues of Ferdinand VII of Spain against the establishment of a representative government in Portugal threatened to draw England into a continental war.

10. Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

11. On 13 May 1826, the Eton Society unanimously voted "that a Subscription be raised in aid of those already in progress for the relief of the distressed weavers in the Manufacturing districts."

22. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

[London.] [21–23 December 1826.]

Dear Gladstone,

Your very luminous, & *voluminous* letter was a source, as might be expected, of great pleasure to an unhappy Whiggish Cockney.[1] You have handled so many topics that I must beg to be excused if I should omit anything which requires an answer. I. You quite mistake me about the War; I never questioned the necessity of our complying with the faith of treaties, but he must be a sanguine man indeed who looks forward to a Continental struggle without a quivering lip, & a blenched cheek. Such a struggle however I trust we shall avoid: France is apparently inclined & interested to raise the Oriflamme by the side of the Lion of England, or at least to preserve a pacific neutrality. The case I conceive to be this: if our troops on their landing should find Lisbon, & Oporto yet firm, the rebels will be instantly discomfited, Spain will disavow her assistance, the constitutional charter will continue to be the bulwark of Portuguese happiness, & peace will be preserved. But on the other hand, should the sinister reports now circulated prove true concerning the almost universal dissatisfaction of the Portuguese with their constitution, & their love for Dom Miguel, their legitimate, & absolute sovereign; should our regiments find Lisbon & Oporto in the hands of the insurgents, & should Mr. Canning find that he is in fact maintaining the cause of a small party against a united people, upon my word I think we shall be in an odd dilemma! May the first of these supposed cases prove as true as I wish it to be! A Continental war however it cannot become unless a third case should happen, viz: that the Ultra party at Paris prevail over the liberal & sensible classes, & satiate the malice of their hearts by a second war in favor of Despotism, a second mockery of England's negotiations.[2] II. You mention Ireland: it is in truth a fearful subject. Shiel & O'Connell seem drunk with rapture at the news of a war.

" 'War, my fellow-countrymen!' (Loud Cheers!) 'England is at war!' (Loud Cheers!) 'Let her fight, *if she dares*, without Ireland!' (Tremendous Cheers!)" Here is the fruit of Anti-Catholicism: it may be splendid to the eye, & glossed over by honeyed words, but, like the gorgeous fruit in Milton's Pandemonium,[3] it turns to bitter ashes in the mouths of Ireland's infatuated oppressors. III. I do not wonder you find it difficult to make up your mind about Pitt's revolutionary war: it was long before I did so. Between three such opposite systems as those of Burke, Pitt, & Fox, a liberal mind will long hesitate: I will just give you my own opinion on the subject. Burke you know, from the beginning declared himself for a war to the knife's point, a war to reinstate the Bourbons on their throne, the clergy & nobility in their privileges, & both in their despotism over the "tiers etat." In the Chaos of Jacobinical misrule which desolated France in -93 Burke saw no gleam of hope, nothing that could justify an attempt to establish a peace. According to him to make peace with the Convention or Directory would be to treat with felons & assassins: the cause of morality was best upheld by rejecting all offers short of submission & restitution with unlimited scorn. I think I have stated his case fairly. Pitt maintained a different position. "Divide et impera," was the watch-word of his career from -89: he temporized first by courting Fox, then by applauding Burke, & finally by gaining the active support of many eminent Whigs. His scheme answered admirably: he broke the phalanx of Opposition, & firmly secured his power. He professed a perfect neutrality with respect to France till his plans were ripe: then issued forth the famous Proclamation, then were broached the alarms of a conspiracy, then was the design of war proclaimed from one end of the kingdom to the other.[4] This design once formed he pursued it to its completion rapidly, yet cautiously: a series of insults to the French ambassador, & an open licence of abuse of France, were meant to provoke a declaration of war, & succeeded. When the war was begun the minister wrapt himself in impenetrable reserve, so that no man could assign one definite object for which we were contending. Is it to destroy <Jacobinism> republicanism in France, asked the Opposition. No, says Pitt, with their forms of government we have nothing to do: his Majesty has no objection to treat with a republic. Is it to procure an apology for the decree of the 19th. November?[5] Pitt answered, his Majesty would not at present declare what terms would satisfy him. Meanwhile his actions veered

perpetually from one extreme to the other: twice he attempted an abortive peace with men whom he had repeatedly stigmatized as monsters in human shape; often he raised the standard of the Bourbons in France: there was no end to his vacillating policy: this moment it was to be the destruction of Jacobinism; the next, indemnity & security. As for Fox, he opposed the war from the beginning, as unjust, & impolitic. 1. as unjust, because whatever crimes were committed in an independent state, it was no concern of ours, & could not justify our hostile preparations, our studied insults long before the desire of war was reciprocated on their part: "if" said Fox "your object is to prevent these horrors, suffer not a moment to elapse without negotiations to prevent them: mediate between France, & the Emperor; endeavor to preserve the life of the King, & the independence of France. But you have not done this: you have refused to interfere peaceably: *you have accelerated by contemptuous treatment the death of the King.* You have no right to assert their crimes to be a just cause of war, since you have used no pains to hinder their commission. The internal struggles of a country are not a ground for interference."[6] 2. as impolitic: "To go to war at present" exclaimed Fox (these are his own words) "is to prepare a hotbed for Jacobinism."[7] War inflamed the discontented; confirmed the wavering in their dislike; afforded a pretence for sedition; in a short time for a few insinuating Jacobins in -92, we had hundreds, I may say, thousands in -94 -5 & -6. "But we will extirpate the Jacobins altogether from France." Vain & foolish idea! I have no doubt that by engaging in war we greatly increased the strength of the enemy, & by consequence our own danger. The French nation would not have borne the reign of terror, had not their attention been called off to a far more pressing danger, that of conquest & destruction. Gaskell may ridicule the idea of the nation rising "en masse" against the crusade of European potentates; but he cannot disprove the fact that more energy, & enthusiasm were called forth from the French people in defence of their territory, than had been witnessed for centuries. By a fatal mistake, we forced France to contend for existence; we gave her the right cause, we helped the terrible arm of Terrorism, & shook Europe to the very centre!

I am not satisfied with what I have said on reviewing it; it is hardly clear enough, but I hope it will set you thinking on the subject.

IV. You speak with modesty about your own future government: I

am forming no Utopias on the subject; I only hope for what is practicable.[8] I have also another hope: it is that you may sometimes support me with your eloquence, & fight the battles of freedom & justice in union with myself. Few things would give me more pleasure.

Εἰ μεν δη ἑταρον γε κελευεις μ' αυτον ἐλεσθαι
Πῶς ἀν ἐπειτ' ΟΔΥΣΗΟΣ ἐγω ΘΕΙΟΙΟ λαθοιμην
Ὃυ περι μεν προφρων κραδιη· και θυμος ἀγηνωρ
Εν παντεσσι πονοισι![9]

And now, divine Ulysses, I think I have pretty well wearied you: one thing however I must say: I utterly deny "contemptible outcasts from common sense" to be an improper or bigotted expression. Men who deny the rectitude of contributing to the happiness of millions of their fellow-creatures by inflicting punishment on a few; men, who deny the right of self-defense, though a fundamental law of nature; men, who impiously wrest the Scriptures to prove that the Almighty is a friend to moral debasement, intellectual servitude, & frenzied tyranny; men too, who belied every one of their own principles by their actions, proving their love of non-resistance by perpetual rebellion (& such, we never must forget, were the true Jacobites & Tories of old); must be either detestable children of hyprocrisy, or as I more charitably asserted, contemptible outcasts from common sense.

Let me hear from you soon: I have seen Farr & Wellesley in their way from the Cam.

Believe me,
yrs. very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to William E. Gladstone Esq.

1. See letter 19 n. 3.
2. See letter 21 n. 9. Because of the threat of English intervention on the side of

Portugal, the anticonstitutional rebels (aided by Spain) had little success in obtaining support from other countries. English troops landed at Lisbon in December 1826. Dom Miguel Maria Evaristo de Braganca (1802–66), third son of John VI of Portugal (1769?–1826), usurped the throne in 1828, precipitating a five-year civil war with his brother, Dom Pedro I of Brazil; Miguel was forced to give up all claims to the throne by England and France in 1834.

3. See *Paradise Lost*, 10. 547–72.

4. In Pitt's 1 February 1793 speech (on the king's message for an augmentation of forces); France declared war on England the next day.

5. On 19 November 1792, the National Convention offered "fraternity and assistance to all peoples wishing to procure their liberty," and charged its generals "to assist such citizens who have suffered or who are now suffering for the cause of liberty."

6. See Fox's 12 February 1793 speech on the king's message respecting the declaration of war by France, and his subsequent speeches in the same year.

7. A constant theme in Fox's speeches during the French Revolution (e.g., 21 January, 6 March, 30 May 1794); AHH seems to be paraphrasing rather than quoting directly.

8. See letter 20 n. 6; letter 21.

9. *Iliad* 10. 242–45: "If of a truth ye bid me of myself choose me a comrade, how should I then forget godlike Odysseus, whose heart and proud spirit are beyond all others eager in all manner of toils." As usual, AHH omits a number of accents and stress marks; he also adapts Homer's *κελεύετέ* (242).

23. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole St. Sunday [31 December 1826].

Dear Gladstone,

Why, what an unconscionable fellow you must be? You "do not consider yourself much complimented" by the "formidable quotation"! Are the "*προφρων κραδιη*" & the "*θυμος αγηνωρ*" no praise? Surely as the lines stand (& to anything else relating to Ulysses I never alluded), few higher compliments, pace tuâ dixerim, can be found.[1] Since however you force me to look to other points of the character of the Homeric statesman, you may perhaps make the application of the following passage with more pleasure:

> Αλλ' *ὁτε δη ὁπα* ΤΗΝ ΜΕΓΑΛΗΝ *ἐκ στηθεος ἱει,*
> Και Επεα *νιφαδεσσι ἐοικοτα χειμεριησιν,*
> Ουκ *ἀν ἐπειτ'* ΟΔΥΣΗΙ γ' *ἐρισσειε βροτος ἀλλος*![2]

I. "The days of chivalry are gone" said Burke:[3] had he read your last letter to me he might have hoped for its speedy revival: the honor of the ancient Jacobites is insulted, & the voice of William Gladstone must rouse the spirit of loyalty, which the infamous lustre of the 19th. century was forsooth dispelling from the face of the earth. So Edward Hyde[4] was a Tory! I am surprised to hear it: I believe he would have been so too: I had always thought his fall from power preceded the memorable divisions of parties, the effects of which are fresh even at this day. If you will mention the work, page, &c. in which Lord Clarendon avows himself a Tory, you will oblige by your kindness, but greatly disappoint by your information one who has hitherto preserved an unbending respect for a character of no inconsiderable merit. Your elogium on him is fulsome (I will not use a harsher word): it is astonishing to see how your Cavalier spirit runs away with you. I tell you frankly, as I always have, that I approve highly of the

principles which animated the Parliamentarian leaders in their opposition to the Court: I am firmly convinced from examining the circumstances & signs of those times that the cause of the Parliament, *even after the breaking out of the civil war*, was a righteous cause: I do not excuse any one of their numberless faults: they were amply redeemed: but there is a class of men who can exaggerate errors, & excesses, much to be lamented, but naturally to be expected, while the most dangerous crimes to society are sunk into petty indiscretions. (I give you leave to adopt this sentence: it is ambiguous, & will do for either side.) You yourself *will not dare* to stigmatise the Long Parliament as republicans: *you know* that till the Independents got the upper hand, the preservation of our ancient Monarchy was the aim of those whom you take pleasure in reviling. You anoint yourself with the venom of those times: remember, much that may be pardonable amidst the frenzy of factious contention, is inexcuseable in the mouth of one of < these times > our days. II. I judge of the Tories by *their doctrines*, & *their practice:* what more would you have? Remember the manner in which the Tories to a man cried up the blasphemer Sacheverel: remember how their professed champion Bolingbroke intrigued with the Pretender: remember how their pride, Bp. Atterbury, was detected in the same treason: remember, how during an avowed Tory ministry addresses were presented to Queen Anne which had the plainest tendency towards confessing the Pretender's right:[5] when you have considered this, have the goodness to tell me how you would have me judge *of a party*, except from their *professed opinions*, & their *actual practice*. I have no doubt many worthy private characters were seduced into the faction, but with that I have nothing to do: I speak of the Tories as Tories, as a body corporate, & I will not revoke my judgement, even for the spleen of "*a no party man.*" I dare say you will pity my foolish notions; & start into another fit of chivalrous indignation in behalf of the much injured Jacobitical faction. But then to be sure you have a right to do so: for you are *no party man!* You never talked of a man's being "a true, a genuine Tory" apparently with the same feeling as if you had said "a true, a genuine patriot": for you are *no party man*. You never felt a pleasure in affixing the name of Whig to a man whose character you thought "mean & dishonorable": for you are *no party man*. You never raked in a great man's works for the casual expressions of controversial rage, or for erroneous theories

long since forgotten: for you are *no party man*. You never branded a great national party with censure, forgetting their good deeds, & studiously parading their vices, & this on the credit of a confessedly partial historian: for *you are no party man*. All this I acknowledge: but you will acknowledge also that, had the exact contrary of this been true, you would have had no claim to the title of *no party man*. Meanwhile, as I want to bring the affair of the Civil War something nearer to an understanding between us, will you oblige me so far as to answer the following queries. 1. Had not Charles I solemnly renounced by assenting to the Petition of Right,[6] those <antiquated prerogatives> arbitrary exertions of power which he conceived to be his right, especially, the taking money out of his people's pockets without the consent of Parliament, the imprisoning of Englishmen without a speedy trial, & the enforcing martial law in time of peace? 2. Did he not violate this pledge in many instances? the case of Shipmoney was one, the conduct of Strafforde in Ireland another.[7] 3. Did not this shew, as clearly as facts could shew it, that he conceived his concessions to be concessions to power, & not to right, & that he was fully justified in regaining what he had promised to abandon? 4. Was not this a lesson to the Commons not to intermit their exertions, but on the contrary to be jealous in the extreme of one whom compacts could not bind, & not to be content with palliatives? 5. Did not Strafforde shew a contempt for public principle when he *for a peerage* employed all his talents to destroy that very cause which he had himself endeavored to promote, & this (mark me) long, long before any man now alive could object to the proceedings of the Commons. 6. Does not this Strafforde avow in his letters an intention of substituting the most arbitrary power for our limited government? 7. Was he not an adulterer? (remember Loftus)[8] an extortioner? (Ditto) a cruel, & tyrannical governor (Mountnorris: the inquiry into titles, & confiscation of the estates of Connaught, & the imprisonment of refractory juries). 8. Yet did not the King continue him in his counsels, & openly patronise his conduct? 9. Was not Bp. Laud guilty of persecution? did he not introduce innovations of a singular nature into the liturgy, & canons?[9] yet was he not the favored minister of the King? 10. Did not Charles take the sacrament from Usher never to connive at Popery, or to relax the penal laws, yet did he not send over Glamorgan with private instructions to offer *full relief* to that powerful party?[10]

I merely submit these queries to your patience & consideration, that you may have some idea of my meaning when I speak of Charles's insincerity, & tyrannical rule. I do not wish to be misunderstood: pray remember that I acknowledge & admire many points in that Monarch's character: I believe in his manners he was a perfect gentleman, he understood & valued moral rectitude, & was altogether a being of a different stamp from that profligate wretch his son & successor. But well intentioned, & conscientious as he was, he wanted firmness of principle, & this fault, with some others imbibed in a bad education in the worst of courts, led him by a gradual process [of] corruption into error, vice, & crime.[11]

Is not my pen drugged with opium? I am sure you are sound asleep, while I am sporting scraps of morality. Have you been very gay in the City of Ships? The death of the Duke of York is daily expected, which will knock up all festivities here.[12] I was at the new Opera last night, & had a near escape from being broiled alive. One of the Pavilions in the Ballet caught fire: but the Ladies on the Stage extinguished it gallantly, & the Ladies in the audience did not scream, so there was no press, no tumult, & no fire. The opera very good: Zucchelli admirable; Caradori divine.[13] I have seen one of the new Pantomimes, which I think very fair: but the more one sees of these exhibitions the more one feels the justice of the remark, "Which scene of a Pantomime is the best? The last!" I have taken you at your word, you see, about long letters: pay me in kind; & believe me,

Yours very faithfully & sincerely,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to William Ewart Gladstone Esq.

1. See letter 22 n. 9.

2. *Iliad* 3. 221–23: "But whenso he uttered his great voice from his chest, and words like snowflakes on a winter's day, then could no mortal man beside vie with Odysseus." Here AHH's errors extend beyond omitted accents.

3. See letter 21 n. 10.

4. Edward Hyde (1609–74), first earl of Clarendon, strong supporter of constitutional monarchy, author of *The History of The Rebellion and Civil Wars in England, Begun in 1641* (1702–4), was impeached and fled to France in 1667.

5. James Francis Edward Stuart (1688–1766), the "Old Pretender," was the only son of James II; Francis Atterbury (1662–1732), bishop of Rochester, who was banished from England for his alleged connection with an attempt to restore the Stuarts in 1720, died in the service of the Old Pretender. See discussion of the Tories' activities in *Const. Hist.*, 2:571–81.

6. Signed 7 June 1628.

7. In 1634, Charles demanded money from seaports (in 1635 from inland counties) for ships, supposedly to defend England against pirates and external enemies. As lord-deputy of Ireland, Strafford used arbitrary power in confiscating estates.

8. Strafford's judgment against Adam Loftus (1568?–1643), lord chancellor of Ireland, in favor of Loftus's daughter-in-law, was allegedly motivated by Strafford's intimacy with her.

9. An unwavering foe of Puritanism, Laud sought to enforce a strict conformity among clergymen.

10. James Ussher (1581–1656), archbishop of Armagh, was a strong defender of the Catholic penal laws; Edward Somerset (1601–67), titular earl of Glamorgan, was Charles's agent in an attempt to raise forces of Irish rebels and Roman Catholic troops from abroad in 1644. Glamorgan, a Roman Catholic, seems to have exceeded the king's commission in his zeal to obtain Irish support.

11. AHH follows his father's characterization of Charles (*Const. Hist.*, 1:404–5).

12. See letter 16 n. 7.

13. Maria Caradori-Allan (1800–1865) sang the soprano lead in *La Schiava di Bagdad*, by Giovanni Pacini (1796–1867) at the King's Theatre. Zucchelli, the male lead, was described as "a vocalist of great feeling and judgment. . . . no common acquisition to the theatre" (*Times*, 1 January 1827).

24. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole Street. Monday [8 January 1827].

Dear Gladstone,

"Obstupui, steterunique comoe!"[1] What a tremendous thunderbolt have I called down on my devoted head! First of all how my Whiggism must flutter within me to hear that Ulysses had all *the bad qualities* of the set? Now, how remarkably kind, & liberal this is of you! Craft, I suppose, dissimulation, low cunning, cruelty, & such like little items are to be marked off as the Whig qualities of Ulysses.[2] If these are not "the bad qualities" which you in your charity impute to such an origin, what in the name of simplicity are they? *Do not stab in the dark*, whatever you do: come forth in the stern guise of a patriot, not under the gloomy mantle of a midnight bravo: if the Whigs are to be cried down, let it be in the broad glare of day, by fair argument, & not by covert insinuation. You still harp on the Jacobites, & Tories, & strive to prove studied misrepresentation against me, whilst negligent haste was the inference, I am afraid, which my whole letter presented. I shall not give up my point: remember I spoke of the Tories *as a political party*, & as such I do not hesitate to affirm that their doctrines were an outrage to common sense, & the general tenor of their conduct highly dangerous to society. Disprove this, if you can, by shewing that the professed organs of their party did not hold forth, *The criminality of Resistance, the impiety of toleration, the indefeasible nature of hereditary right*, with many more of the same axioms, as the watchwords, & the glories of their cause. Any man professing these opinions forfeits, in my <opinion> mind, <the> all claim to *sensible politics*: you appear to think otherwise; for this is the sum of what I have advanced, & for this I have been honored with your reprimand. Mind however, that I speak solely here of the Old High Tory, the Tory of Charles II, William, & Anne: those who enlisted under that name against Walpole's ministry held very different *professed* principles, though their practice, their insidious, perfidious,

machinating practice continued the same. But all this "is a piece of blackguardism!" Heaven help me! This it is to deal with a "no party man." Your counter-charges about "moderation" are most singular. If by a moderate man you mean one who sets a guard on his mind, lest it should become the lurkingplace of faction; one, who never stoops to mean, or abusive language, or at least is always prompt to confess it when he has fallen unawares into such an error; one who in all political contests never forgets the great interests of justice, & peace, & humanity amid the exclusive views of party; such a man is indeed one of God's noblest creatures: may such moderation be yours & mine. But if you mean by the word, as I fear too many do who use it, a sort of lukewarm animal, who thinks it his duty to keep his mind in a perpetual equilibrium between two parties, or two sides of a question: a thing of scruples, & doubts, which either does not feel, or cannot enjoy any of those fine chivalrous sentiments which furnish out "the wardrobe of the mind,"[3] & shed the beaming lustre of romance over this dream, which we call life; "Such a man" exclaims Burke, "can be trusted with no cause: for this reason; *he has no cause at heart!*"[4] "I believe," says Fox in one of his exquisite letters, "*the love of political liberty is no illusion*: if it is one, I am sure *I shall never be cured of it.*"[5] Had Hampden been a moderate man (in this sense) he would never have stood between "*the* <tyrant, & his spoil> *dead, & the living, that the plague might be stayed!*"[6] Had John Somers, the mild, the generous, & the good used "*Prodesse, non conspici*"[7] as an excuse for indolence, rather than an exciter to that kind of virtuous simplicity, which "Does good by stealth, & blushed to find it fame,"[8] we should have lost the incalculable benefit of his exertions for the public good. Were I to be "moderate" in a cause which requires unceasing vigilance, & skilful perseverance, which leads not to the path of fashion, or the avenue of power, in a cause, on which the laws & liberties, & happiness of England depend, were I to ask the title of a moderate man in such a cause, then indeed should I hang my head for shame. Now for the charges themselves: & first let me tell you, how glad I am to hear you have not forgotten the good deeds of the Parliamentary leaders; as you never mention them, I supposed you might have done so. So Laud had *palliatory* precedents for torturing, & branding those Englishmen who had still some idea that Magna Charta was a better rule of government than the new system of the

Tudors & Stuarts: he had *palliatory* precedents for introducing the most offensive parts of the Roman Catholic ritual into the English <liturgy> service (this is fact, though you do not seem aware of it: vide Rushworth, Heylin, & even Hume):[9] he had *palliatory* precedents for the innovations in Scotland which amounted to a partial change of the fundamental laws of the kingdom: moreover, his good motives! (I wonder when I should hear the last of it, if I talked of the good motives of the Regicides) his awful punishment, which you quaintly style "worse than that of felons," & the Arminian disputes are to extenuate every crime he committed![10] I will grant you he was a much better man than Strafforde: indeed it would be injustice to compare any except the thoroughly depraved to that great bad man. With respect to my queries: Was Charles not aware of Strafforde's intentions, & conduct in Ireland, when you know the former pleaded the King's authority for his confiscations, his executions, & his military despotism; when letters passed *between them, & some other counsellors*, of the most plain, avowed, detestable purport? As for Glamorgan's commission I assert Charles sent him over with instructions to act separately from Ormonde: this Birch long ago proved against Hume: letters are extant from the King to each of these confidants, containing solemn protestations to the one of favor & protection against Ormonde & Digby, who lamented in common with Hyde (vide his life) the having resource "to such tricks"; & equally vehement attestations to the other that no such separate instructions were intended.[11] "*Upon the word of a Christian*" says Charles to Ormonde, at the same time that he was doing the direct contrary to what he thus confirmed by oath with Glamorgan, & was taking the sacrament from Usher that he would never relax the penal laws. The fact is, after the war began, Charles grew desperate, & scrupled not to accept such aid, as justly scandalized his warmest adherents: read a letter of Lord Spencer's (a zealous royalist) on the intrigues "with papists," & the alarming consequences of the King's becoming victor. Lord Holland, you know, abandoned the King's cause for the same reason.[12] You know the anecdote of C.'s letter to the Queen, intercepted by Cromwell, which asserted: "I am put up to sale to the highest bidder: I have promised Cromwell the garter, & the title of Earl of Essex, but if I succeed, he shall have a hempen garter round his neck, & not a silken one round his leg!"[13] This letter broke off *the treaty*, friend

Gladstone, & decided the unhappy prince's fate. This is enough to shew that, granting for argument's sake, your accusations on the Parliament *during the war*, yet there were *faults on both sides*, & that there was another danger to be looked to besides the violences of the Parliament. The abominable insincerity of Charles blasted every hope of peace. But you say "The Parliament began the war." I grant it: they were driven into it. I utterly deny that "sufficient security had been obtained against encroachment": the <imprisonment> seizure of the 5 members was an act of open defiance to law, & the intrigues of the Queen (who said to the King "Coward, go pull those [rogues ou]t by the ears" meaning the 5 members)[14] fully justified the terror of the Commons, & palliated the *unquestionably unconstitutional* demand of the militia. You say "C. gave up about the time of Strafforde's execution his most offensive prerogatives": remember that Lord Clarendon allows (Vol 2. p. 430 (I believe)) that C. did not conceive a law obtained by violence as binding, & that his practice fully shewed how he interpreted this rule.[15] You grant C. to have violated the Petition of Right in which he renounced all those prerogatives which he fancied his due: & must grant that he violated Magna Charta, the statute "de tallagio" &c. &c.: I hope this little controversy therefore has brought us to as good an understanding as our mutual prejudices will allow us to entertain.[16] I find that Charles in addition to his other crimes has left me no room to enter on other subjects: so I shall conclude with giving you many thanks for the pleasure your letters (or packets shall I call them?), always afford me. Write again, & the longer the epistle is the better. Poor Duke of York! he seems universally regretted; even Sheil made a recantation speech. What a fool Ferdinand is making himself. I have not read Cobbet but can you deny that Canning changes his note marvellously in print?[17]

Believe me,
yrs. very affect:ly

A H Hallam.

Addressed to William Ewart Gladstone Esq.

1. *Aeneid* 2. 774: "I was appalled, my hair stood on end!"

2. See letter 23 nn. 1–2.

3. See Burke, *Reflections*: "All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination . . . necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion."

4. *Discontents*.

5. Fox's 14 June 1793 letter to his nephew, Henry Richard Vassall Fox (*Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, ed. Lord John Russell [1854], 3:40).

6. Numbers 17:48.

7. Proverbial: "to do good, not to be conspicuous."

8. Pope, *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dialogue 1, 135–36.

9. John Rushworth (1612?–90), historian; Peter Heylyn (1600–1692), ecclesiastical writer. The first volume of the *History of England* by David Hume (1711–76), dealing with the reigns of James I and Charles I, was published in 1754.

10. Laud was one of the leading English supporters of the doctrines of Jacobus Arminius (1560–1609), anti-Calvinistic theologian; Laud was beheaded, rather than suffering the usual, more barbarous execution for treason.

11. James Butler (1610–88), first duke of Ormonde, appointed by Charles to conclude peace with the Irish rebels; Thomas Birch (1705–66), divine and historical writer; Sir Kenelm Digby (1603–65), author, naval commander, and diplomat, appealed to the English Roman Catholics to support Charles. Henry Hallam discusses Birch's evidence in *Const. Hist.*, 2:46–47.

12. Henry Spencer (1620–43), first earl of Sunderland; Sir Henry Rich (1590–1649), first earl of Holland, became reconciled to the parliamentary party in 1643, but was later executed for returning to Charles's side.

13. Related in *Const. Hist.*, 2:65 n.

14. On 4 January 1642, Charles led a group of armed followers to the Commons and attempted to arrest five members whom he had ordered to be impeached. The remark of Henrietta Maria (1609–69) is given in I. A. Taylor, *The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria* (1906), 1:250.

15. The 1826 edition of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, 2:428–37, gives several declarations of Charles and the parliament regarding the limitations of their respective powers.

16. Late in life, Gladstone still confessed his weakness for Charles, "although he was unfortunately such a liar!" (*Talks with Mr. Gladstone*, p. 75).

17. See letters 23 n. 12; 22 n. 2. The reference to William Cobbett (1762–1835), essayist, Radical politician, and agriculturalist, and Canning, is untraced.

25. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Hawtrey's: Eton. Tuesday [30 January 1827].

Dear Farr,

Pardon! Pardon! I have not cut you dead, I assure you, though I have been a most wayward correspondent: but, I hope, when you take into consideration the nausea which always attends a return to Eton, & which indisposes one for every thing; the horrors of a four exercise week to begin with; & the more serious business of preparing for a Confirmation which is to take place the day after tomorrow, you will excuse my silence. By Mercury, & all the silver-tongued gods of Eloquence, you ought to have heard our debate last Saturday on the policy of England towards Ireland from the Revolution in 1688 to 1776![1] No one ventured to lift his voice in favor of the atrocious Penal Code: our speeches were all on the same side, but though opposition was wanting, eloquence was not: Gaskell's speech was capital; you should have heard his ingenious method of rousing the indignation of the House against Wood's famous patent, without ever mentioning the inconvenient fact—that Sir R. Walpole sent him over![2] Apropos, Sir Robert in person is debated next Saturday week: now, as you were pleased to inveigh against your humble servant for not whisking into the Union viâ Cambridge mail from London, your humble servant will take the fair revenge of inveighing against you, if you do not make your appearance, to harangue against the father of Corruption, the profligate minister, who ruined the country by not wasting her blood, & spending her treasure in extravagant wars. We shall, I believe, be oddly divided on this question: Pickering of course, your protegè & friend, will support the old Jacobite cause against him with the utmost vehemence; Gaskell of course will give him as unqualified, & determined a support: Law, Gladstone, & myself, though of the most opposite politics, Radical, Tory, & Whig, will agree in keeping an exact equilibrium on his character, giving praise for much, &

withholding it for much more: as far as I know at present, I believe all three of us will *vote* on his side. Selwyn I should guess would either oppose him, or move his portly person behind the chair: Doyle will vote for him: Wilder I cannot decide about, & Durnford (a very bad member, by the bye) will vote as Wilder does. Altogether I am pretty confident that Sir Bob will carry the day, unless your eloquence should burst in in a flash of lightening & scare the Walpolians from their post.[3]

Our question next Saturday is upon the character of Augustus: a good subject which is expected to draw out the latent genius of the Antiques, i.e. those who like no politics but those of Noah's Ark, & others of that standing.[4] What think you of the political horizon? The Duke of York, the prop of the Ultra-Protestants, & foe to Catholic liberties is no more: the Duke of Clarence,[5] Heir Presumptive of the Monarchy, is supposed, nay, known to be favorable to their claims: how great, how important is the alteration, & what a prospect does it open before us? This is the first, & grand topic: interesting, tho[ug]h in a far inferior degree, is the probable result of the Portugue[se diss]ensions: it seems our generals are hated, our troops avoided, o[ur ver]y name abhorred, as a badge of dependance by the best & firmest of the Constitutionalists: this is without doubt a very awkward state of affairs, & if Canning can turn rancour into affection, discord in quiet, he is indeed worthy of the undivided empire of Aeolus.[6] Then the Duke of Wellington Commander in Chief! The Duke of Wellington a Cabinet-minister! The Duke of Wellington master of the Ordnance! The Duke of Wellington wielding so enormous a weapon of influence & patronage from the very citadel of the Ministry! Here is monopoly; here is precedent; here is ambition with a vengeance![7] So much for reveries *περι πολιτικῶν*.[8] Write to me about hunting, shooting, drinking, billiard-playing, Unionising, sapping, anything, or every thing will be most acceptable to

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. W. Farr, Esq. / St. John's College / Cambridge.
P/M 1 February 1827

1. See letter 20 n. 3.

2. William Wood (1671–1730), ironmaster, obtained a 1722 patent for the exclusive privilege of coining for circulation in Ireland; it was surrendered, after considerable Irish opposition, in 1725. The anti-Catholic code was enacted in 1704. Gaskell's speech is printed in *RES*, pp. 31–38.

3. See letter 5 n. 2. All except Selwyn and Pickering voted for Walpole. Edmund Durnford (1809–83) matriculated at King's College, Cambridge, in 1827 (B.A. 1832), was ordained in 1832, and became rector of Monxton. He was openly criticized at a number of Society meetings for not speaking.

4. Wilder alone voted that Augustus deserved well of Rome.

5. William IV (1765–1837).

6. See letter 22 n. 2; Canning was then foreign secretary.

7. Wellington was master of the ordnance, with a seat in the cabinet, 1818–27; he refused to join Canning's cabinet.

8. See letter 12 n. 1.

26. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

[Eton.] [23 March 1827.]

Dear Farr,

I should have answered your letter immediately (the rather, in the hope of infusing a little life into our correspondence, & curing both of us of sending our letters, "like angel visits, few & far between") but I have been prevented by serious illness.[1] N.B. I leave it to your Johnian imagination to extract, shape, & polish a horrid pun, now in embryo, & from which I refrain, about a *valid* excuse, & an *invalid*— Verbum sap. I am hopelessly ignorant about the Corn laws; & as I am scarcely strong enough in my convalescence to train for the tournament yet, suppose we defer the crash of lances to a future occasion. I have not your letter before me, & forget whether you speak ill of Canning's resolutions: it was of course impossible that he should act up to the wishes of both parties, but he seems at least to have not offended the more reasonable part of either.[2] The friends of Free Trade seem to admire his principle, & pardon his timidity: the advocates for a Prohibitory System appear to trust to his caution, & to breathe again from their anticipation of danger. You do not mention the *Catholics*, perhaps from a feeling of chivalrous generosity, as not wishing to exult over a fallen foe! I must confess I had no expectation of that blow: I was taken completely by surprise: not that I was sanguine enough to look for success in the House of Peers, but a majority of 4 against us in the new House of Commons was what I had never contemplated.[3] God grant the question may be settled soon; & *that without blood!* The papers talk of an association amongst the Irish Catholics to stop all communication with England, in the way of trade, articles of consumption &c: this is *precisely what the Americans did*. Indeed the resemblance throughout seems to me awful: your orators think this vote will tranquillise Ireland; I wish I could see tokens of peace, of tranquillity, of social order, & right

supremacy. I do *not* see them. I look forwards; but it is to the dismal, & blackening horizon! I listen; but it is to the low mutterings of the rising tempest! So you are become very orthodox about William Pitt. There are some opinions of that great man, which I wish you would become a hearty convert to; but I am afraid your idea of *Pittism* is much like that of John Bull, & the party which professes to dread a concealed sprout of Jacobinism in every attempt to improve on the wisdom of our ancestors by the wisdom of our own days, or to diffuse the blessings of knowledge amongst the poor, whom it is alike our duty & our interest to protect, & enlighten. I shall be glad if my fears are unfounded. Now then, to send politics at once in malam rem, for Eton news. Our friend Gladstone seems to find a congenial atmosphere in the 6th. form, & is dignified towards lower boys; a species of rigor which is nowadays most rare, as the inferiors are more presuming, & the superiors more lax than I ever reme[mber.] Jack Sandford is not in, which we vote a shame. I [shall] not be in till some weeks of next term have passed over[4] [. . . .] by the bye, weeks have done lately with a [most] am[azing] celerity. In the Society we have had a spirited session: I send you a list of our questions, I mean, such as have been debated, & hope you will do the same in return as to the Union.

1. Has the conduct of England to Ireland from the Revn. to 1776 been right?
2. Augustus, is he to be admired?
3. Sir R. Walpole, did he deserve well of his country?
4. Lord Bute, was his political conduct laudable?[5]
5. Wat Tyler, was his insurrection right?
6. *Mohammed,* is he to be admired?
7. Anne, or Elizabeth, which *literary* period was brightest?
8. Herodotus, or Xenophon, which gives the most credible account of Cyrus?

Carried for the

1. Noes
2. Noes
3. Ayes
4. Noes
5. Noes

6. Noes
7. Elizab.
8. Xenop.

Of all these the most interesting, & novel, was the debate on *Mahomet*: I defended him, because I think the gentleman much calumniated, & a great man for his times, & country: I was however left in a minority of 3.[6] φεν. Next Saturday we discuss whether "Greece excelled most in the drama, or in history": Saturday after, "Was the revolt of the Yorkists under Henry VI justifiable?" I am a Lancastrian.[7] We have one choice Radical amongst us, *Law*: he affords us much amusement, & has spirit enough to raise his voice amidst coughs, & disapprobation <without end> interminable as Mr. Hume, or the National Debt. The other day we fined him for saying "Mahomet selected from every religion what was purest in each: but he imposed no useless liturgies, & every Moslem was a priest to himself!"

Have I any chance of seeing you in London? If you have time, throw away a letter on me before next Tuesday week, when the holidays begin. I suppose Gladstone will be re-elected Chairman:[8] Prime Minister of England not quite so certain.

Believe me,
Ever faithfully yours,

A. H. Hallam.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / St. John's College / Cambridge.
P/M 23 March 1827

1. Thomas Campbell, *The Pleasures of Hope*, 2:378; the phrase first appears in Robert Blair, "The Grave," lines 588–89. AHH was ill with an earache about 13–20 March 1827 (*D*, 1:106–7).

2. Canning delivered a major speech in favor of Corn Law reform on 1 March 1827.

3. Burdett's motion for considering relief to Irish Catholics was defeated 276–272 on 6 March 1827.

4. Gladstone was put into the sixth form on 20 February 1827 (*D*, 1:101); in his 29 March 1827 letter to Farr, he explained the reason for Sanford's—and AHH's—delay: "Poor John Sanford, in his zeal to adopt the classical doctrines of Homer and Horace with regard to wine, became, on Saturday last horresco referens, Qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha deo—or, in plainer terms, bibulus liquidi Falerni. I use circumlocution, you see, to avoid the ill omened words. But the supreme Keate says he will not put him into the sixth form at all, and is incensed; which will be a bore not only for the guilty, but for the innocent, Hallam, Hanmer, and Divett—if Keate acts up to it: which it is not likely that he will do" (*Autob.*, p. 188). Sanford, later a barrister, and AHH were both put into the sixth form on 25 May 1827.

5. John Stuart (1713–92), third earl of Bute, was minister in various offices under George III.

6. On 3 March 1827, Law and Doyle joined AHH in supporting Mohammed.

7. Greek drama was held superior 2–1, with the majority neutral; the Yorkist revolt was held justifiable 4–3, with AHH, Wilder, and Law in the minority.

8. Gladstone was reelected chairman on 31 March 1827, but refused to serve; Selwyn was elected in his place.

27. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole Street. Thursday [12 April 1827].

Dear Gladstone,

I suppose you think a letter due by this time, on which supposition I am going to annihilate a wet day with my pen. Every body here is on the utmost stretch of anxiety about the new administration: &, though it is by no means definitively settled, the idea that Canning is to be at the head of affairs, or rather has been already appointed so, is, I trust, too prevalent to be erroneous.[1] Whether the rumours, which a few days ago obtained general credit, 1. about the duke of Rutland's[2] declaring to the King his determination, & that of the High Tories, not to support Mr. Canning at the head of affairs, 2. about an offer made to the latter of the Premiership, *without the church patronage*, & which his spirit of course rejected with scorn; whether these are true, few probably *could*, & fewer *would* tell: but the currency of all these reports proves the feverish anxiety of the public mind on the subject. I am, as you might guess, a warm Canning-ite *in this matter*. I do not believe an administration of Ultras, under a *Newcastle*, or a *Bathurst*,[3] could hold together 6 months: or rather, not 6 days, for I do not think they could have strength, or confidence to begin. I am not without my fears (but of a far more remote, & doubtful nature), even in the event of Canning's triumph; as long as the surface of the wide ocean is unruffled, as long as his liberal friends (*Huskisson*, in particular) stand by him to counsel, & to stimulate, as long as all parties, & indeed the collective body of the nation consent to applaud him, all will go right: but a time may come, when he will be left more to his own resources, & exposed perhaps to a maligner influence, than he has hitherto encountered. The part, which the King has taken in the present crisis, is not assuredly the least fearful symptom: I hear, that for the first day or two after the late decision on the Catholic Question, he said to everyone who came near him "Give me joy of the majority!" "A

majority *of* 4, I believe, brother": was the reply of the princess Augusta.[4] "No," says his Majesty, "24: remember, how it was carried before by at least 20: *the cause is gaining strength*!" I had this from Rogers, the poet. As for the House of Lords, they really seem to be resolved into a committee of *Game-keepers:* it is to be hoped, the lower House out of constitutional jealousy, won't resolve themselves into a Committee of *Poachers*. I meant to have gone down to hear Sir T. Lethbridge's motion for a united ministry: but unluckily we gave an awful dinnerparty. Pickering I met the other evening, walking with CANNING: he said he had been every day with *Gaskell* to the House. The latter called on me one day, when I was so wedged into solid spheres, & spherical angles that I could not see him: neither did my return of his visit get me a glimpse of him. Hamilton[5] I saw last night; & Doyle I have herded with ever since I returned. I have been introduced to his father, Colonel Doyle, a very pleasant, & well-informed man:[6] he gave me much advice about the Society, which he thinks an excellent institution. A few nights ago I met one Courtenay, a Christchurch man, & a member of their debating society.[7] He spoke with great reverence of our body, & had heard, we were "*very select*" in our numbers. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico"[8] of course ran in my head: & I am afraid I stand accountant for a practical lie at the bar of your severe morality for the little pains I took to undeceive him. They had been debating the Catholic Question, which the right side carried by *one:* at which small majority he seemed much indignant, not having counted on so strong a muster of the Dark School. Puller, & Lewis, are the most promising Etonians there (& this I have heard from more quarters than one).[9] Wellesley I have not seen: but Walpole tells me the Union is worse off than Damocles, & that the violence of the Radicals in it will certainly produce a reaction on the part of the < tutors > higher powers. I wonder what sort of debates we shall have next session: after the Penal Code, I verily believe we shall have exhausted the round of interesting politics, & must become Selwynites in self defence.[10] Gascellius omen avertat! I begin to be seriously alarmed, lest Keate, or his *θεραποντες*[11] should pounce on Citizen Law's speeches, & revolutionise our proceedings, & even our existence quite à la Danton! Poor Townshend's bust, & my penwiper, & Durnford's skull levelled by the guillotine!!! It makes one melancholy to think of it. Have you read De Vere? or Trucklebrough Hall? or the new Vivian Grey? or Crockford House? or

Hamilton's Columbia?[12] The second of these is the life of a young politician, who scorches one, as a flaming patriot in the 1st. volume, accepts a borough from a Whig Lord in the 2nd., & quietly becomes a deadvote for the Treasury in the 3d. I have been sapping in a small way: *Αντιγονη*, a wee bit of *Δημοσθενης*, Spherical Trigonometry, & Sismondi's Italian republics (a capital book by the bye).[13] I have begun Hamond's gymnastics;[14] which I agree with Doyle in thinking very good fun; though doctors, dancing-masters, & mothers, I find, join in a general crusade against their danger. Saturday, I went to the Opera; heard Signor Galli's debut, which was much applauded; but I do not much like his style. Mlle. Fanny Ayton I vote the "sublime of mediocrity."[15]

Will you be so good as to send me in detail what your opinion is, as to the framing of those Resolutions I gave notice of. I had a short conversation with Pickering about it before I came away, who was very decided as to the sufficiency of the present rules on every point concerning <tranquillity> order, & calling question.[16] Write to me soon, & mind to be very interesting, & very communicative: at present,

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 12 April 1827

1. On 17 February 1827, Lord Liverpool suffered an apoplectic fit and proved unable to resume his duties as prime minister.

2. John Henry Manners (1778–1857), fifth duke of Rutland, was a strong opponent of Catholic emancipation.

3. Henry Pelham Fiennes Pelham Clinton (1785–1851), fourth duke of Newcastle, a rigid conservative, opposed to Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, was the author of the famous remark upon turning out tenants at Newark in 1830: "Is it not lawful for me to do what I please with mine own?" Newcastle established a scholarship in his name at Eton in 1829, and brought Gladstone in as M.P. for Newark in 1832. Henry Bathurst (1762–1834), third earl, was then secretary for war

and the colonies; though a Tory, he supported in principle the removal of Catholic disabilities.

4. See letter 26 n. 3. Augusta Sophia (1768–1840), daughter of George III, died unmarried.

5. Probably Edward William Terrick Hamilton.

6. (Sir) Francis Hastings Doyle (1783–1839), first bart. (1828), was a major general. Gladstone concurred in AHH's appraisal (*D*, 1:124).

7. William Reginald Courtenay (1807–88) matriculated at Christ Church in 1824 (B.A. 1828), became a barrister at Lincoln's Inn in 1832, and eleventh earl of Devon in 1859.

8. Tacitus *Agricola* 30: "The unknown is always magnified."

9. Christopher William (Giles-) Puller (1808–64), a member of the Eton Society, matriculated at Christ Church in 1825 (B.A. 1829), earned a double first in classics and mathematics in 1828, became a barrister at Lincoln's Inn in 1832, and M.P. for Herts. 1857–64. Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1806–63), member of the Eton Society, matriculated at Christ Church in 1824 (B.A. 1829), received a first class (classics) in 1828, and became Whig M.P. for Herts. 1847–52. Lewis edited the *Edinburgh Review* from 1852 to 1855 and succeeded Gladstone as chancellor of the exchequer in 1855.

10. On 16 June 1827, the Society voted 8–6 that the penal laws enacted under Elizabeth against Roman Catholics were unjust: AHH, Gladstone, Law, Doyle, Gaskell, and Charles John Canning were among the majority. See also letter 6 n. 3. At the Society's 24 March 1827 meeting, Selwyn complained about the preponderance of political over classical and literary topics for debate; AHH had answered that the choice of subjects was nearly equal, with literary having a slight advantage.

11. "Attendants, accomplices."

12. Robert Plumer Ward, *DeVere; or the Man of Independence* (March 1827); William Pitt Scargill, *Truckleborough Hall* (January 1827); Benjamin Disraeli, *Vivian Grey* (vols. 1–2, April 1826; 3–5, February 1827); Henry Luttrell, *Crockford-House: a Rhapsody in Two Cantos* (March 1827); Colonel John Potter Hamilton, *Travels Through the Interior Provinces of Columbia* (April 1827).

13. *Antigone*; Demosthenes. Jean Charles Leonard Simonde de Sismondi (1773–1842), French historian, published *L'Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen-Age* 1809–18; an English translation appeared in 1827. Henry Hallam reviewed Sismondi's *Histoire des Français* (1821–28), with considerable praise, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* 4 (1829): 1–35.

14. Probably Gustavus Hamilton, *The Elements of Gymnastics for Boys, and of Calisthenics, for Young Ladies* (1827).

15. Rossini's *Pietro L'Eremita* premiered at the King's Theatre with Filippo Galli (1783–1853), bass lead, and Fanny Ayton (b. 1806), English soprano. AHH quotes from Byron's *Beppo*, lines 581–82.

16. On 24 March 1827, AHH moved unsuccessfully that the president of the Society be given greater power to preserve order during the debates; on 8 May 1827, the Society passed AHH's motions to allow voting by proxy for the chairman, and to amend the rules regarding the schedule of questions.

28. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole Street. [19 April 1827.]

Dear Gladstone,

I shall not wait for a wet day, but write while my pleasure at your letter is yet fresh. Short as the interval since I wrote last has been, much has happened of the most interesting nature; & if *then* I described all London as being on the stretch of anxiety, the fever we are in *now*, you may easily conceive. Indeed nothing but the Ministry is talked of in society, as well by Ladies, as Gentlemen, as well by those who before never cared for the concerns of the country, as by the adepts in the mystery of politics.[1] However talking, & guessing by no means advances the matter: & in spite of the newspapers I believe I may safely assure you *nothing* is settled, except the Lord High Admiralship for the Duke of Clarence, the Ordnance for Lord Anglesea, & the Chancellorship for Sir J. Copley.[2] Report gives Robinson to the colonial, & Ld. Granville to the foreign department; the privy seal to Lord Dudley, the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland to Lord Carlisle, with Wilmot Horton or Frankland Lewis under him, & Plunket for Irish Chancellor.[3] The great doubt seems to rest upon the Home secretaryship: there is no question but Lord Lansdown[4] has been applied to, but I believe the negotiation is off. He is said to have demanded of Mr. Canning on what terms the present Cabinet was to go on respecting the Catholic question: the Premier answered, "it was the King's wish, that it should be precisely on the same footing as the last: i.e. that men of both sides were to be admitted, but that the subject was never to be conferred upon, or mentioned in council." Lord Lansdown then said, he must decline accepting place on such terms. I had this from very good authority: but I do not give it you as certain. If true, I suppose you will agree with me in thinking it reflects the brightest lustre on the character of that amiable nobleman: he would have been, I think, excusable in accepting power without

stipulations, & it was fairly signified to him by the leaders of Opposition, that he might consider himself as perfectly free: but he has taken higher ground than that of a questionable expediency, & deserves, what surely he will receive, the esteem of every principled, & liberal man. Is it not painful then to hear Pickering expressing himself in a note to me as follows: "I am not at all sorry that Canning has accepted office: indeed when I consider his great talents, & abilities, &, I may add, experience, I think he is better qualified for his office than any other existing statesman: but much as I may like Canning as he is, I must confess I should not refuse him my disapprobation (& in this opinion I think I carry with me the sympathy of both liberal, &, as you style them, illiberal Tories) should he *condescend* to unite with such a man as Lansdown." I beg pardon for quoting at such length: but P. P.'s style is peculiar, & I chose to give it verbatim: "all the liberal" &c. I presume means Gaskell, & the "illiberal" perhaps may, by a sort of conscientious feeling, mean only himself. I must return to his note by & bye. Canning has more excuse for keeping power on the King's terms: were he & his friends to insist on making Emancipation a cabinet measure they would be forced to resign, & an administration of the Ex-ministers would be hashed up to the utter ruin of liberality. *Now*, probably the Anticatholics will hold by a most slender thread: Lord Bexley,[5] Lord Anglesea, Sir J. Copley; one old woman, one soldier, & one rat, are really next to nothing in efficient force. So let us take comfort: "quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a."[6] But *do not mistake me:* the Premier would have acted *far more nobly* had he "done the right, & feared not":[7] the opposition of such a man, acting in concert with the Whigs, & Liberals must eventually have triumphantly overthrown an Ultra ministry, even with Peel at its head.[8] One word more of politics: they say the old Opposition is to fight hand & glove with the new Ministry, & Scarlet is talked of for Attorney General, Lord Morpeth for a lord of the Treasury, Lord Carlisle for Ireland &c.[9] I am glad of this: I wish above all to see a union between liberal, & moderate men of all denominations: surely it is worse than trifling to inquire what a man's politics would have been 20, or 50, or 100 years ago, or what name he prefers to be called by, if his principles are now of that moderate, gentle, & enlightened cast, which, whether we agree to call

it Whiggism, or Liberality, or anything else, *we both of us* feel to be intimately connected with the glory, & happiness of our country.

I had begun to be a little mollified as to P. P., & his satellites, & perhaps to think we had made too much noise about what little signified: (don't be alarmed at this beginning) but I am now roused like a dreaming lion by a note of his, which how he could write without laughing in his own face, I can't guess. I had asked him "how Canning went on? whether he intended to be eloquent, or only to act man Saturday?" Hinc illæ lacrimæ![10] He sends me in return a vehement <attack> retort on you, Doyle, &c. & myself for voting together, & "makes no doubt that C. will have sense enough to not vote on *your* side (it certainly does not require much!)" he adds "you think the attempting to ridicule *the sense of our side* the only way to excuse the *want of it on yours*!" He then proceeds to taunt me with always being in "a happy minority," & talks of "illiberal insinuations" &c. at a rate which makes me seriously fear for his wits. To be sure I should have known P. P. could not take a joke: but really I thought we were now sufficiently amicable again to admit of so slight a raillery on a subject at which he has often laughed, or affected to laugh himself. I have not room to expatiate on this at present: I shall say more by word of mouth when we meet; & shall preserve the note as a sort of literary curiosity. As to the Society, I shall support Selwyn, if he behaves well, as I hope he will; I shall make little, or no stir about rules, & motions, unless Pickering provokes such a discussion, in which case we shall have nothing left for it but to unite *in self defence* as we did last session, & try to prevent the Society from becoming the *spoutingclub of a faction*.[11] My wishes however like Lord Falkland's are sincerely, Peace! Peace![12] As it will be the last half I shall spend at Eton, I shall exert myself de tout mon possible in debate; as it will be the last I shall spend in your society, I hope I shall have you with me oftener than I have done. The Penal laws &c. would do finely.[13] Au reste, believe me, the loss of you, & your society, & your conversation will be the bitterest experienced on leaving "dulcis Etona," by

Your affect: friend,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Write very soon.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 19 April 1827

1. See letter 27.

2. Sir Henry William Paget (1768–1854), first marquis of Anglesey, lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1828, favored Catholic emancipation; John Singleton Copley (1772–1863), baron Lyndhurst (1827), was master of the rolls in 1826 and lord chancellor 1827–30.

3. Frederick John Robinson (1782–1859), viscount Goderich (1827), chancellor of the exchequer from 1823 to 1827, was secretary of war, commissioner for Indian affairs, leader of the Lords in 1827, and prime minister 1827–28 (following Canning's death). George Granville Leveson-Gower (1758–1833), first duke of Sutherland, ambassador to Paris from 1790 to 1792, supported Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform; George Howard (1773–1848), sixth earl of Carlisle, became chief commissioner of woods and forests in Canning's cabinet and lord of the privy seal from 1827 to 1828. Sir Robert John Wilmot Horton (1784–1841), undersecretary for war and colonies from 1821 to 1828, served as privy councillor in 1827 and supported Catholic emancipation; Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis (1780–1855), member of the commission on Irish education from 1825 to 1828, joint-secretary to the treasury in 1827, became vice-president of the board of trade and privy councillor in 1828; William Conynham Plunket (1764–1854), baron (1827), the foremost champion of Catholic emancipation, briefly master of the rolls, was appointed chief justice of Irish common pleas in 1827, and served as lord chancellor of Ireland from 1830 to 1841.

4. Sir Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice (1780–1863), third marquis of Lansdowne, liberal politician, brought about the coalition of Whigs and followers of Canning; he entered the cabinet without office in 1827 (resigned in 1828), and served as president of the council intermittently from 1830 to 1852. A close friend of the Hallams, Lansdowne was godfather of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam. He married Louise Emma Fox-Strangways, daughter of the earl of Ilchester, in 1808.

5. Nicholas Vansittart (1766–1851), first baron Bexley, was chancellor of the exchequer from 1812 to 1823, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster 1823–28.

6. Quoted in Madame de Sévigné, *Correspondance*, letter of 23 May 1667.

7. Apparently proverbial.

8. Peel resigned as home secretary because of his opposition to Catholic emancipation in April 1827; he later helped Wellington carry the measure.

9. James Scarlett (1769–1844), baron Abinger (1835), was attorney general from 1827 to 1828 and from 1829 to 1830. George William Frederick Howard (1802–64),

viscount Morpeth (later seventh earl of Carlisle), was M.P. for Morpeth from 1826 to 1830 and Irish secretary under Melbourne (1835–41).

10. Proverbial: "hence these tears." "P. P." is Percival Pickering.

11. See letter 27 n. 16.

12. Lucius Cary (1610?–43), second viscount Falkland, attempted to negotiate between Charles I and Parliament; his death in battle was a virtual suicide. During the siege of Gloucester, he would "with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word Peace! Peace!" (Clarendon's *History*, 7:233).

13. See letter 27 n. 10.

29. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole St. Saturday [28 April 1827].

Dear Gladstone,

I delayed writing till the ministry was settled, which I fancy it now is, at least for the present. The following list of the principal offices is I believe correct.

1. First Lord of the Treasury. Chancellor of the Exchequer.	Mr. Canning.
2. Secretary for the Home Dept.	Mr. Bourne.[1]
3. Secretary for the Foreign Dept.	Lord Dudley.
4. Secretary for the Colonial Dept.	Lord Goderich. i.e. Robinson.
5. Lord High Admiral.	Duke of Clarence.
6. Lord Chancellor.	Lord Lyndhurst. i.e. Copley.
7. Privy Seal.	Lord Carlisle.
8. Master of the Mint.	Mr. Tierney[2] with a seat in the Cabinet.
9. Attorney General.	Mr. Scarlett.
10. Judge Advocate.	Sir J. McIntosh.[3]
11. Vice-Chancellor.	Mr. Shadwell.[4]
12. Master of the Rolls.	Sir J. Leach.[5]

By this list you will see that the anxiously expected union with the Whigs has been effected. I am surprised at Lord Lansdown's not accepting office, as all public difficulties seem to have been quite got over by him: but it is generally supposed he is to come in a few months hence in lieu of Bourne, or Dudley, but that he is prevented

by urgent private business at present. He has acted with admirable firmness, & moderation throughout this long, & troublesome negotiation: & the esteem he has gained *here* from all parties is his best reward. There are of course two different parties with respect to the propriety of his stipulating for the Catholic questions being made a cabinet measure as a sine quâ non of his accepting office. On the one side there are those who assert that by not making such a stipulation he is doing his utmost to perpetuate the unnatural state of things resulting from a divided cabinet, not at liberty to open its lips on the most important question, which for a long time has agitated the state: that he is, for the sake of power to himself & his friends, burying in oblivion the constant censures which he has thrown on Mr. Canning for not making the welfare of six millions of Catholics a cabinet measure: that this union, in short, is not an honorable coalition, but a dereliction of principle for place. But while these arguments are enforced with eagerness, though *with respect;* a far more numerous body support the opposite side of the question: they urge, that the only rule which ought to govern a statesman, is to seek the public welfare by those means, which he judges will most easily attain it: that the more Lord Lansdown is convinced Catholic Emancipation is a beneficial measure, the more he should <beware how he> endeavor to strengthen the Cabinet by an infusion of all the talent, & patriotism over which he has any influence, the more he should remember that the eagerness of the King to form an Anticatholic interest can only be effectually controlled by the undivided strength, & mutual concert of the Emancipationists: that the blame which he cast on Mr. Canning was for *not* doing, *what he now is doing,* i.e. effecting an union with the Catholics in opposition to weaken, or destroy the No-popery faction; & with regard to the cabinet measure, that the King's opinions were not then so generally known, & his zeal for them certainly not so great: last not least, they confidently urge, that the test of every coalition should be *public opinion;* that now that opinion has been strongly pronounced in favor of the union, & by none so strongly as by the *Irish members,* & even BY THE CATHOLICS THEMSELVES: "*volenti*" therefore they conclude "*non fit injuria!*"[6] I am upon the whole decidedly in favor of the latter arguments: & am very much pleased that the Whig interest of England is likely to be preserved by a new combination of men. Brougham[7] has acted with

great magnanimity, & is said to refuse every office, knowing, as he says, the great personal dislike which the King bears him. Abercrombie[8] too has behaved very well: & indeed altogether it is pleasing to compare this crisis with those of the same nature in the early part of the last reign, & observe how much higher all parties now stand in the balance of disinter[est]edness, & public virtue. Canning, I fancy, is perfectly secure, & will lead the Commons with a silken thread. It certainly shews great confidence in his new allies that he sends his best orators Plunket, & Robinson to the Peers. I hear Croker went round to all the < public > newspapers, & secured them all in 24 hours, save [& except] the Herald, which was voted *too despicable:* acc[ording]ly Gaskell's favorite alone has stood out against the Premier.[9] I confess, I have great hopes of the new administration: many persons think that, positive as his Majesty is, & madly as he talks to the Bishops about the Catholics, he will in the end, if Canning behaves cautiously, come round. Tindall[10] has behaved *nobly* in giving up the Attorneyship to Scarlett, though he might have had it himself for asking: I hope he will get Cambridge, for he deserves it. I am glad Macintosh, & Tierney have places. So much for politics.

Have you seen the new Edinburgh? An excellent article on Machiavelli by Macauley: & a witty one on the Catholics by Sydney Smith.[11] I do not however like it so well as the last number. Have you read De Vere? or Allen's reply to Lingard? The former is prosy, clever, & tiresome, with a few pleasing parts: but I like it better than Tremaine, for this reason, that it is better to be bored with *imaginary politics,* than with *religious metaphysics.* Allen has the whiphand of the priest decidedly.[12] Apropos, I went the other night to see King John, but the No-Popery men did not muster strong; & the famous lines about the *"Italian priest"*[13] produced not above one or two rounds of clapping. One *gentleman* however in the next box to me signalised himself by hollowing most lustily: "Bravo! No Pope!"

I have had a conciliatory letter from P. P., but am afraid he has taken offence at my answer: though, how that is possible may I spend the Election half in purgatory if I know: for I was as sweet as some of your best Demerara sugar[14] to the vagabond. But P. P. can't digest anything which is not set in rounded periods, & pompous nonsensical rhetoric.

P.S. I forgot to say that, thanks to Lord Lansdown's firmness, the Irish

government is to be Catholic. I am afraid you have no time to answer this, but never mind: &, if you find myriads of mistakes in it, lay them to the account of a ball, where I danced till a late hour this morning.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 28 April 1827

1. William Sturges-Bourne (1769–1845) served first as home secretary and then as commissioner of woods and forests in 1827.

2. Tierney resigned as master of the mint with Goderich in 1828.

3. Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), philosopher and politician, who published *Vindiciae Gallicae* (1791) in response to Burke's *Reflections*, was a privy councillor under Canning, commissioner of the board of control in 1830, and a personal friend of Henry Hallam.

4. Sir Lancelot Shadwell (1779–1850) was the last vice chancellor of England.

5. Sir John Leach (1760–1834) was master of the rolls and deputy speaker in the Lords in 1827.

6. Legal maxim: "To a person who consents, no injury is done."

7. Henry Peter Brougham (1778–1868), baron Brougham and Vaux (1830), one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* and a frequent contributor, served as attorney general to Queen Caroline and defended her during her 1820 trial. Brougham founded the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in 1825, proposed reforms of the legal system, founded London University in 1828, and served as lord chancellor in 1830.

8. James Abercromby (1776–1858), representative of Scottish business interests, M.P. for Calne 1812–30, served as judge-advocate general under Canning in 1827.

9. John Wilson Croker (1780–1857), essayist, privy councillor, M.P. 1827–32, refused office under Canning to further Peel's career. On 18 March 1827, Gaskell voted with the Eton Society majority to subscribe to the *Morning Herald*.

10. Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal (1776–1846), solicitor general in 1826, M.P. for Cambridge in 1827, declined the attorney-generalship again in 1828.

11. Article on Machiavelli's works by Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859), and review of several pamphlets on Catholic emancipation by Sydney Smith (1771–

1845), essayist and philosopher, in the *Edinburgh Review* 45 (March 1827): 259–95, 423–45.

12. See letters 27 n. 12; 21 n. 7. Robert Plumer Ward's *Tremaine, or The Man of Refinement* was published in 1825.

13. 3. 1. 153–54.

14. Gladstone's father, John Gladstone, owned extensive estates in Demerara. See also letter 28 n. 10.

30. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Hawtrey's; Eton. Sunday Evening [6 May 1827].

Dear Farr,

In obedience to your command I sit down to answer, & hope to keep up a pretty brisk discharge of correspondence this term, as I shall be "over the hills, & far away"[1] soon after Election. In a word I am going abroad then—ay, abroad—& may I spend the Election half under a chaldron of the Pope's best, if I envy the fattest of your country squires, while I revel in the sunny plains of Tuscany, or repose beneath the majestic ruins of the Eternal City! O che bel riposo![2] However to drop things future for things present, I have been doing little else since this morning when I received your tirade against Canning, than laugh at it even to bursting. I agree, the aspect of affairs is marvellously queer: & what may happen two months hence, perhaps "his dark complexioned Majesty"[3] (as someone calls the Devil) may know, but I can't conjecture. I was at the House of Commons last Thursday, when I had the good fortune to hear Canning, Brougham, Peel, & Burdett,[4] & was highly delighted. The Whigs certainly look curious on the Ministerial benches: & Messrs. Dawson, Knatchbull,[5] Lethbridge, & the rest of the Opposition "*numeri*" seem as surprised to find themselves raised to the dignity of a party, & smarting under the lash of ministerial talent. It was the appointed night for General Gascoyne[6] to make his motion on the Shipping Interest, & consequent attack on Huskisson: but scarcely had the gallant general got beyond "Mr. Speaker, I rise"—when the juvenile ardor of the new Opposition leader burst forth, & Mr. Dawson requested permission to ask a question of the First Minister: poor Gascoyne courteously gave way, little expecting what followed. Instead of a question only, Dawson brings a motion! head & shoulders into the middle of the Opener's speech!! He moved "that copies of the commissions of Judge Advocate, & Master of the Mint be laid on the table," & not content with Canning's assurance that

those offices were about to be filled, launches into a tirade against the "unnatural coalition" that had taken place, reckoning up with the minutest care every division in which the Whigs had voted against government, & unfolding a long list of questions on which they still differed, *Parliamentary Reform* being first in the list. Well—up rises Brougham, & doubtless to the great dismay of the defeated *general,* makes a beautiful speech at Dawson of an hour long: really I do not know a better model of oratorical delivery than Brougham; never having heard him before, I was prepared to expect very fine speaking, but his eloquence went beyond my expectation. He reprobated the introducing a factious debate into the middle of an another: severely satirised the virulence of the new Opposition; & defended himself, & his friends for joining the Premier, on the ground of their general agreement on all great points of Foreign, & Domestic Policy: Reform, he said, never had been a party question, & its various shades & uncertain nature effectually precluded its being one. *Peel* now rose from the bench under the gallery, & made a capital speech—full of much able reasoning, & not a little bitter invective—as different from his first exposè as open attack always must be from professed neutrality. He could not, he said, give his confidence to such a provisional government as the present, & therefore could not give it his support: why was this *coalition* made? Was it because *Prerogative* was endangered? "This" said he "may be a good ground for your sacrificing the Catholics, & Reform to rally round the Crown; but if this is your ground for coalescing, why *don't you put it on that ground?* [Loud Cheering.] Why do the leaders of that honorable party the Whigs, shrink from active support, & leave the offices of state to be filled up by *fugacious* ministers? [Loud Cheers.] Is it because there are some inconvenient questions in that *notice book?* [Cheers.] The Repeal of the Test Act, for example! For my part I wish to see the Whigs excluded from *power,* but I do not wish to see them lowered, & dishonored in the eyes of the country." Burdett answered Peel very cleverly: why, he asked, did that gentleman retire, but because he thought *Cannings* advancement would promote the Catholic Emancipation: "& that" said Burdett, "is *my* reason, & *my* vindication for joining him!" *Knatchbull* then rose, & asked "why Canning dared not answer the Exminister *himself,* but left it all to such men as Burdett, & Brougham?" On this the Premier got in a rage: & treated the "*spes altera*"[7] of the Country Gentlemen very uncourteously: he then said,

"I am asked what I mean to do, if Reform is brought forwards. OPPOSE IT! If the Test Act? On that point, though it has never in my time been before the House, I entertain a decided opinion. I WILL OPPOSE IT, because I think that repeal would injure the cause I have most at heart, *Emancipation!* It has ever been the aim of my life, to redress *practical*, & not *theoretical* grievances." Lord John Russel then spoke a few words, & Sir George Warrend[er] stated, that what he had seen that night of faction in the opposition was such, as to determine him to give up all, even *hot dinners*, to attend every evening in support of the Premier!![8] Daws[on's] motion was put, & negatived *by acclamation:* & the unhappy general, foaming with his disappointment (& really he had some right to be wroth, after so cruel an illustration of the proverb "between the cup & the lip & c."), postponed his luckless motion.

I don't agree that the Whigs have scrambled for place: no man with an honest heart, or a sound pair of eyes, could say so *seriously:* more disinterested conduct *on all sides*, & *from all parties* has seldom, I should think, been known: but I do agree with you, that it is very odd Lord Lansdown, & his friends, should delay coming in: nor do I believe any good reason *can* be given. That they are not "afraid to identify themselves with the Premier," as you suppose, is pretty clear. I heartily wish well to Canning, & am not without vivid hopes, as well as anxiety about the future. Are you an amateur of *the Watchman?*[9] Write soon—if you do, or if you don't, I shall certainly write again quickly.

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / St. John's College / Cambridge.
P/M 8 May 1827

1. Traditional: see for example Gay, *Beggar's Opera*, 1. 13, air 16.
2. "Oh what a beautiful repose!"

3. Unidentified.

4. Sir Francis Burdett (1770–1844), M.P. for Westminster from 1807 to 1837, was a strong advocate of Parliamentary reform in the early 1830s, but after the 1832 bill generally conservative.

5. George Robert Dawson (1790–1856), M.P. for Londonderry from 1815 to 1830, was secretary of the treasury from 1828 to 1830.

6. Isaac Gascoyne (1770–1841) was M.P. for Liverpool from 1802 to 1830.

7. *Aeneid* 12. 168: "second hope."

8. John Russell (1792–1878), first earl, a strong advocate of parliamentary reform, M.P. for Bandon from 1826 to 1830, moved successfully for repeal of Test and Corporation Acts in 1828; Sir George Warrender (1782–1849), M.P. for Sandwich from 1807 to 1832, was commissioner of the board of control from 1822 to 1828. According to *Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow 1810–1860* (1900), 2:2, Warrender "was styled by his friends Sir George Provender, being famed for his good dinners."

9. An anti-Canningite London weekly tabloid (subtitled *Protestant Guardian*), published 11 March 1827–25 May 1828.

31. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Eton: Hawtrey's. Sunday [20 May 1827].

Dear Αππα, [1]

Really in this hot weather I can find nothing to say: & as I have not begun bathing yet, I find the "solem iniquum"[2] rather inconvenient. But bathe I must, & that soon; for it would be very provoking to sit, & hear cuckoos, & hornets, & longboats, & other accompaniments of summer, with the consciousness of never having swum across the river, or even jumped in at Upper Hope,[3] "Sev capite immesso, sev juvet ire pede!"[4] Keate has been away the whole of last week on account of his fatherinlaw's death:[5] he returned on Friday, & went off again Saturday for the Eton Anniversary, which we expect will procure us three holidays, one for the day itself, another asked for there, & a third for Canning's Premiership, as he is generally there. Last week we had for subject, "A field of battle," on which I did long & short. Keate must evidently read me over before he puts me into the 6th. Form, so I am in daily, & hourly expectation, as I don't suppose he can keep me long out. The first great plague of getting in will be the sending round *Almonds & Raisins* to all the 6th Form:[6] the second will be the being tormented into good, or rather bad speaking by Keate: the first great pleasure will be the exercising penal rigor towards the unfortunate lower boys: the second—Oh I have no time, or patience to go on to the second, & perhaps there is no other. I get on with Sismondi, though I am afraid I shall not near finish him before Election. I am reading *Ανδρομαχη*, not *Ορεστης*,[7] as I am sharing the pleasure, & trouble thereof with Doyle, who has read the latter. Aunt is very well; pleased with her papers, though one day Boosey forgot them; & very communicative with Mrs. Barrow.[8] It is too hot to say any more, so goodbye.

Your affect: cub,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 22 May 1827

1. "Father."

2. *Aeneid* 7. 227: "tyrannical sun."

3. A reach of the Thames, extending from Gravesend to Hope Point.

4. "Whether it would be pleasing to go with the head plunged in or the foot" (source unidentified).

5. Sir Charles Brown (1747?–11 May 1827) was physician general to the king of Prussia; Keate married his daughter Frances in 1803.

6. A traditional Etonian custom.

7. Euripides' *Andromache* and *Orestes*.

8. Boosey was a servant of the Elton family, perhaps a footman or the butler; Mrs. Barrow is unidentified.

32. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Eton: Hawtrey's. Saturday Evening [26 May 1827].

Dear Farr,

You may well wonder at my not answering your letter, after my many solemn protestations of punctual intention. But, out upon it! "*Hell is paved with good intentions!*" & unpunctuality in letter-writing is a sin, of all others, against which the strongest resolutions are oftenest made, & for which, the strongest resolutions have, time out of mind, been broken. However, as you are so fond of accusing me of not telling you enough about Eton news, I hope to be able to redeem my character by communicating to you a scheme, which has been lately set up here, & which is going on in the most prosperous manner. To come to the point at once—a periodical paper is, *I may say, in the press*, intended as a successor, perhaps not an unworthy one, of the *Etonian*, & *Microcosm*, and to be published under the name of the "*Eton Miscellany*" on the 4th. of June.[1] Selwyn is our prime man: Gladstone, Doyle, Hanmer, Rogers, Gaskell, your "chèr" Pickering, & several others whom you know less of, are in the list of our club. Now, whether you, having so long left the precincts of Eton, would chuse to "*cast one longing, lingering look behind,*"[2] or whether, in the full flush of Johnian dignity you look down on us poor citizens of a lesser world, I cannot of course presume to determine, till you answer this letter. I dare say, being a somewhat whimsical fellow, it will depend on the peculiar humor in which you receive this: but remember, *the honor of Eton is at stake;* the *Eton Miscellany* will go forth to battle in the name of all the Etonians of the rising generation; nor do I understand, how a man of your plain, staunch, old-English, *Tory* principles can hesitate to throw what weight he may possess into the scale, in which the talent, & industry of *Alma mater* are balanced! Don't sneer at this, coming from a Whig: & don't quote *Timeo Danaos* &c.,[3] because it is so horridly hacknied: but just sit down & think fairly, whether you have time, & patience, & steadiness enough

to be of use to us (which of course we are all most desirous you should be): & tell us at once, if you think it a bore. With regard to the nature of the work, as far as we can judge from the first number, which is *finished, & in Ingalton's hands*, it will consist of miscellaneous articles, some in the shape of essays (à la Spectator, or Microcosm), some in that of reviews, or humorous pieces (of which latter we have one instance so exquisite, by Selwyn,[4] that, if it does not make people laugh, when printed, as much as it has us, in manuscript, I shall be very much out of humor with the invention of printing); interspersed with poetry &c., & the whole got up under the supposed superintendence, & editorship of Mr. *Bartholomew Bouverie*, who, we hope, will ere long take his seat by the side of *Peregrine Courtenay*, & *Gregory Griffin*. At any rate, I suppose we may depend on you for procuring us an extensive sale at Cambridge, & for spreading the intelligence far & wide over the habitable globe. Remember, the 4th. of June, Mr. Bouverie makes his appearance in print, & thenceforward, should he meet with success, publishes every fortnight. I will only add about this, that I should have mentioned it to you before, but that I thought it better to wait, till it was tolerably matured, & till things could safely be left "aller son train!" I did however speak of it to Frere, in the very outset of the business, as wishing to secure Tennyson,[5] & others, who were friends of his, & by no means untried in composition. Frere however decidedly threw cold water on the thing: & so did Puller, to whom I applied at Oxford; but away with such cold, calculating spirits! and let me have a letter soon to assure me of what I am already convinced, that William Windham Farr is made of better stuff!

The Society, although at the present moment Mr. Bouverie has a little distracted our attention, has gone on [with a] remarkable spirit. We have been regularly organise[d into parties that sit?] on different sides of the House. Gask[ell . . . . Treasury] men, as we call them, consisting of Pick[ering, J]elf, Wilde[r, &] Canning:[6] on the opposition benches sit Wentworth, Doyle, Law & myself: on the neutral, or half & half bench, Gladstone, & Durnford fix their solitary reign, while Selwyn is in the chair, & votes with the Treasury generally, though he keeps aloof from their intrigues. Our hostility is now much more personal, than it used to be: I don't mean that we quarrel, but that the division is much rather *Gaskell* & *Anti-Gaskell*, than *Whig*, & *Tory*, though the Opposition have certainly a Whig cast of politics, & Law is a Radical. Our questions this term have been:

I. *Hampden*, or *Lord Clarendon*, which deserved best of his country? Carried for the latter.
II. *Leo X*, or *Lorenzo de Medici*, which most benefited the fine arts? Carried for the latter.
III. *Marquis of Montrose*, did he deserve well of his country? The Ayes had it.[7]

I suppose you are crying your eyes out over the list of the *glorious minority of sixty-three* who were defeated in the Lords on Canning's Corn-bill.[8] What is to be the next yell of the new Opposition, now they can no longer carp at a Provisional Government? Lord Lansdown & his friends have acted perfectly right in coming in now: but I cannot make out, nor can any one else, why they did not come in bef[ore.] We take in the St. James's Chronicle, & a queer concern it is: as far as impudence, & No-poperyism compensate for argument, & clear reasoning, this paper certainly deserves admiration. I am particularly amused with a gentleman called "*Cyrus*," but who might just as well have signed himself *Demetrius Poliorcetes*, for any reason that I can discover, & who coolly assumes an equality with *Junius*, in order to consign the names of *Grafton* & *Canning* to "*equal* infamy"![9] I rather like though the motto of the St. James's *twin imp*, the Standard. "Signifer statue signum &c."[10] So you see, I am an impartial foe at least.

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P.S. Write soon; & give us an answer—about Bouverie. Adieu.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / St. John's College / Cambridge.
P/M 28 May 1827

1. The first mention of the *Eton Miscellany* (June–November 1827) apparently appears in Gladstone's *Diaries* on 15 May 1827: "Two rival plans communicated to

me of revivals of the Etonian—one by Gaskell—the other by Hallam." Two days later, Gladstone had effected a coalition of the groups, and was elected chairman both of the general committee (to receive or reject their own or others' compositions) and a select committee of four (to superintend and order revisions). In addition to those AHH mentions here, the twelve-member board included Wentworth, Wilder, Law, and Walker Skirrow (1809–90); Selwyn, Gladstone, Gaskell, and AHH made up the select committee (*D*, 1:115–16; *Autob.*, p. 192).

Initial plans were ambitious; on 3 July 1827, Gladstone wrote to Farr that "Doyle and I mean to carry it on till Christmas" (*Autob.*, p. 194). But the *Miscellany* received few contributions (nothing from Farr) from former Etonians, and most of those, as Gladstone wrote to his father on 22 July 1827, were poor (St. Deiniol's). With the graduation of AHH, Gaskell, Selwyn, Pickering, Law, Wilder, and Wentworth in July 1827, the burden of continuing the magazine fell principally on Gladstone. By October 1827, the decision had been made to cease publication with the tenth number (Gladstone's 26 October letter to his father, St. Deiniol's).

The *Microcosm* (1786–87), the first Eton magazine, was published under the *nom de plume* of "Gregory Griffin" by Canning, John Hookham Frere, et al.; the *Etonian* (1820–21) under the name of "Peregrine Courtenay" by Walter Blunt and Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802–39). See Maxwell-Lyte, pp. 356–58; 406–8. Gladstone wrote to his father (14 November 1827) that "if you were to read the Microcosm *especially*, and also the Etonian, with the same eye of favourable prepossession with which you have looked upon us, you would immediately come to a conclusion at which I have long ago arrived—a determined opinion, that we were inferior both to the one and the other—to the former especially—and not worthy successors of them" (St. Deiniol's). Most commentators have agreed with Gladstone's appraisal.

2. Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," line 88.

3. *Aeneid* 2. 49: "I fear the Greeks."

4. "The Eton Dull Club," pp. 14–20.

5. Frederick Tennyson (1807–98), who attended Eton from 1820 to 1826, was a member of the Eton Society and captain of the school. He matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, at Michaelmas 1826, migrated to Trinity in May 1827, and won the 1828 Browne medal for his Greek ode. Rusticated for three terms in 1828–29 for refusing to perform penalties for non-attendance at chapel, Frederick was readmitted in February 1830 (B.A. 1832). Frederick inherited property near Grimsby in 1833, married Maria Giuliotti, daughter of the chief magistrate of Tuscany, at Florence in 1839, and lived in Europe most of his later life, where he could afford to indulge his passion for music; he published several volumes of poetry. References in letters of Pickering and Gladstone in 1828 suggest that Frederick was not a part of AHH's circle of friends at Eton. See also *Reminiscences*, pp. 76–77.

6. William Edward Jelf (1811–75), who contributed prose and verse to the *Eton Miscellany*, matriculated at Christ Church in 1829 (B.A. 1833); he subsequently held various academic posts, and published a Greek grammar and theological tracts. Charles John Canning (1812–62), earl Canning (1859), third son of George, matriculated at Christ Church in 1829 (B.A. 1833), was M.P. for Warwick in 1836 and governor general of India from 1856 to 1862.

7. Debates of 12, 19, and 26 May: AHH voted for Hampden, Lorenzo (1449–92), and remained neutral on James Graham (1612–50), first marquis of Montrose, who for a time led the Scottish Covenanters, supported Charles I and II, and was defeated

and executed in an attempt to reestablish his authority in Scotland. AHH's unpublished speech, favoring the age of Leo X (1475–1521) over that of Augustus in the arts, for the Society's 6 May 1826 debate is at Rylands.

8. Canning's bill for sliding-scales of duties of foreign wheat, having passed the Commons before Easter 1827, was carried (120–63) by Goderich in the Lords on 25 May 1827.

9. Selwyn had moved to take the *St. James Chronicle*, a strongly anti-Catholic newspaper, into the Society on 8 May 1827. "Cyrus," whose two letters appeared in the 3–5 and 10–12 May issues, is unidentified; AHH's description of his style and presumption is mild. Cyrus the Great (600?–529 B.C.) was founder of the Persian empire; Demetrius Poliorcetes (337?–283 B.C.), king of Macedonia, destroyed the Egyptian navy in 306 B.C. Augustus Henry Fitzroy (1735–1811), third duke of Grafton, nominal and then actual head of the Chatham administration in the 1760s, was attacked, apparently unjustly, by Junius.

10. In its May 1827 numbers, the *St. James Chronicle* announced the publication of a daily evening newspaper, the *Standard* (continued as the *Evening Standard*), "to be conducted upon the same principles that have obtained for us a patronage of which neither gratitude nor pride can allow us to be insensible": its motto was "Signifer Statue Signum, Hic Optime Manebimus": "Plant here the Standard, Here we shall best remain."

33. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Eton: Hawtrey's. Sunday [27 May 1827].

Dear Nell,

As I have not yet gratified your impatience with a letter, peculiarly addressed to your Nellish self, I shall take the liberty of doing so now: or, to speak more appropriately, I should say I < allow > give you *the liberties* of reading it, & answering it—for I was put in the *Sixth Form* last Friday.[1] Keate has not yet set me a speech, so, I suppose, I shall not hear the sound of my own voice in that way, till *next Tuesday week.* Sandford of course is put in too; but Hanmer, & Divett will not be in, till near Election.[2] Keate has one of his especial grudges against the former. The Π[3] is mistaken about construing at my tutor's: as he always construes himself, & so saves each, & all of us the trouble. But I have been called up already in school in *Callimachus.*[4] As for the "*classical custom*" of almonds & raisins, I don't intend to send them round till Monday. Think of five-&-twenty monsters, all gorging, & glutting themselves at the elevation of their fellow-creature!! O horrible! I know you are a sort of animal, that likes to know about the Society: so I will announce to you, that we had a bad debate yesterday, & a bad debate the Saturday before: & that we anticipate bad debates for the two next Saturdays. The subject yesterday was: "Did the *Marquis of Montrose* deserve well of his country?" Saturday before was: "*Leo* X, or *Lorenzo de Medici*—which did most good to the fine arts?" The two future ones are: "Was the *Athenian government* a good one?" &, "*Peter the Great*, or *Charlemagne*, which the finest character?"[5] You may give me your opinion on these two, if you please. Tell Mott I have only bathed once, so she need not be *very uneasy.* I have no time for more: goodbye.

Your *sextile* brother,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Eleanor Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 28 May 1827

1. See letter 26 n.4.

2. John Divett matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A. 1832), and served as commissioner for tithes. Elections were held 28–29 July 1827.

3. I.e., Henry Hallam.

4. Poet of Alexandria (b. ca. 305 B.C.).

5. See letter 32 n.7. AHH was neutral regarding the Athenian government, which was voted undeserving of admiration; he voted with Doyle and Law in the minority for Charlemagne.

34. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Windsor. Sunday [1 July 1827].

Dear Nell,

I am extremely obliged to you for your moving appeal: it moved my laughter very powerfully, I assure you. A pretty sort of person—to be going to Rome—and not to have enough of the Roman in you to endure one short month's delay, before my name is disclosed. Till then you may ask for the key in vain: I shall open no lock. You are right, you little quiz, in thinking the Extract in the Review too long: but you will find, that for lack of your advice, the author has made longer extracts in the Third number.[1] In that number, I think you all ought to like *Malek*, though the continuation is hardly equal to the beginning[2]—also Utopia—Art of conversation—the introduction, with Jermyn's character[3]—and one or two more. Perhaps *you* "in propriâ personâ" will take a fancy to that new writer, Roland,[4] who is certainly not worth much. Peter puff I recommend to your good graces.[5] Altogether I don't vote this forthcoming number to be as good as the last; or as the embryo fourth. Let me hear from Mot, whether Scott's Napoleon is positively out. I have seen scraps in the papers.[6] The next is a regular week. I did all long last week. Apropos when does Uncle Henry return to town? Pray do not let the next letter forget to tell me; as I want particularly to write to him. If gone to Cheltenam, let me know his direction. Adio.

Your affectionate brother,

The little Unknown.

Addressed to Miss Eleanor Hallam / 67 Wimpole Street / London.
P/M 2 July 1827

1. AHH's "Remarks on Gifford's Ford," *Eton Miscellany* 1 (no. 2):61–68; continued in nos. 3 (pp. 124–33) and 4 (156–62); approximately half of the first two installments were devoted to extracts from Gifford's commentary and from *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* respectively. The edition of the works of John Ford (1586?–1639?), ed. William Gifford (1756–1826), was published in March 1827. See *Writings*, pp. 303–4.

2. Doyle's "The Prediction," *Miscellany* 1 (no. 1):32–39; concluded in no. 3 (pp. 118–24). Six of Doyle's contributions to volume one were signed "Malek," the name of a prize horse belonging to his maternal grandfather, Sir William-Mordaunt Milner. In volume two, Doyle wrote under the name "Francis Jermyn."

3. Selwyn's "On Utopia" and "The Art of Conversation," 1:133–36, 108–13. Gladstone composed the introductions to nos. 2–4 and 6–10.

4. AHH's *nom de plume* for his poems "The Battle of the Boyne" (no. 3, pp. 136–37) and "The Bride of the Lake" (no. 5, pp. 215–20); see *Writings*, p. 304.

5. "Peter Puff," whose sole contribution was "Advertizements" (no. 3, pp. 117–19), is unidentified, perhaps an ex-Etonian.

6. See letter 21 n. 8.

35. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

Hawtrey's. Eton. Tuesday [17 July 1827].

Dear Farr,

I have not the slightest conception, in what part of the habitable globe you are summering. Sometime ago I heard you were at the Land's end, or thereabouts: but as I suppose Cornwall has no such wonderful attractions for you, that you are still sojourning where

> The mighty vision of the guarded mount
> Looks towards Namancos, and Bayona's hold.[1]

I thought there could be no harm in addressing a letter to Iford-House; especially as in another fortnight I shall have left Eton for ever, and, in another after that, shall be crossing the seas to Calais. I shall not come back for a year. I should be sorry therefore to quit England for so long a period without hearing again from you. I shall come up to Granta[2] next October year; by which time I am afraid I shall have ingrafted so many slips of foreign coxcombry on my native stock, that none of my friends will know me. Dî melius faciant![3] What do you think, as to the propriety of going into the Union—is it really, what some people represent it, very plebeian, or is it the thing? I know my father will want me to sap; so I shall probably be obliged, when I start freshman, to abjure the sweet sin of politics altogether. I should be loth however to let Radical, and Tory go on perpetually at loggerheads without throwing my foolish Whig body into the jostle. So you see Lord Lansdown has the Home secretaryship at last; and poor Bourne has dropped into a commissioner of woods & forests, with a good sinecure, and three thousand a year for this three months job! I think Canning has the whiphand of the opposition now, and hope he will keep it; only the sooner he gets rid of Lady Conyngham,[4] if indeed rumour speak true of that lady's influence, the better for his dignity, and the integrity of the national government. They say he is to be down here at Election; and I know some of the sixth form, who

have speeches set them about Catiline, Cethegus,[5] and such like rascals, mean to nail the poor Premier most unmercifully. Indeed the feeling against him is so strong throughout the school, that I verily believe, if we were polled, there would be three to one on the Tory side. At one of the match dinners, "The King" having been proposed, some one, who in the heat of wine had somewhat lost the temperature of reason, added "Down with Canning!" Mark the result: out of five and twenty there were not six, who did not drink the toast with acclamations! A confounded bad omen this of the principles of the rising generation![6] The Society is going on in the most flourishing state imaginable: there are now eighteen members, which if your memory can penetrate so far into the dark abyss of your schoolboy years, you may remember would have been reckoned a famous number. We have good debates; & good speakers. But a thing far more interesting to us has been the *Eton Miscellany*, which we have now carried successfully to as many as five numbers. I hope you have taken us in; and have occasionally whiled away a leisure hour in guessing, and puzzling out the identity of this and that author. The verdict of some competent judges has been, that we surpass the Etonian: but I much fear, we neither have had, nor shall have any thing so good as Gog and Godiva were in their manner.[7] The fifth number comes out on Election saturday i.e. next saturday week; and it will be resumed after the holidays, when however none of any weight, except Doyle & Gladstone, who are indeed a host in themselves, will remain to support it. I remember, when we used to talk over the idea of a new Etonian, little dreaming one would be started in our lifetime, we used to set poor William Ewart down for nothing but Methodist hymns. Let me tell you however,

> "there are more things in heav'n, and earth, Horatio,
> than are dreamt of in your philosophy."[8]

Gladstone has shewn a great deal of sound sense, and a great deal of powerful talent in this publication. But enough of this—it is too bad to worry you about what perhaps you have never read—I mean, our miscellany: so, hoping to have a letter from you soon,

I remain,
Your most faithful friend,

A H Hallam.

Is there no chance of seeing you at Election?

P.S. There have been some exquisite matches here on the water. First of all, six of Chapman's[9] pupils pulled the school, and beat them. Secondly, the tenoar pulled the ten of the rest of the school—which made a magnificent race. Thirdly there was a very good skiff sweepstakes—very cleverly won. The sixes are not yet pulled. Vale.

Addressed to W. W. Farr Esq. / Iford House / Christchurch/ Hants.

1. Milton, "Lycidas," lines 161–62.

2. Traditional name for Cambridge, from the old name of the river Cam.

3. "May the gods grant a better outcome!"

4. Elizabeth Denison (1769–1861) was the wife of Henry Conyngham (1766–1832), first marquis, lord steward of the royal household. Mistress of George IV, Lady Conyngham lived at court with her husband from 1820 to 1830, and exerted great influence over the king.

5. Gaius Cornelius Cethegus, Roman politician involved in the Catilinian conspiracy, was executed in 63 B.C.

6. Gladstone's 3 July 1827 letter to Farr related a similiar incident: "Last week we had a dinner in celebration of a boat-match, at which Selwyn proposed 'Down with Canning'—which was opposed by some on account of the sentiment, by others on account of the unfitness of such an occasion for politics—and it failed" (*Autob.*, p. 193). Gladstone wrote to his father on 22 July 1827 that Canning was "astonishingly unpopular among the Eton fellows" and that if his continuance in power depended on their vote, he would lose by eight or ten to one (St. Deiniol's).

7. Praed's "Gog: A Poem," *Etonian* 2:207–16, 307–14, and "Godiva—A Tale (in 48 stanzas)" by John Moultrie (1799–1874), *Etonian* 1:149–62.

8. *Hamlet*, 1. 5. 166–67.

9. James Chapman (1799–1879) was assistant master of Eton from 1822 to 1834.

36. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

[Eton.] [27 July 1827.]

My dear Gladstone,

Perhaps you will pardon my doing by writing, what I hardly dare trust myself to do by words. I received your superb Burke yesterday: and hope to find it a memorial of past, and a pledge of future friendship through both our lives.[1] It is perhaps rather bold in me to ask a favor immediately on acknowledging so great a one: but you would please me, and oblige me greatly, if you will accept this copy of my father's book.[2] It may serve, when I am separated from you, to remind you of one, whose warmest pleasure it will always be to subscribe himself,

Your most faithful friend,

A H H.

P.S. I am going to breakfast at Roberts's with my father. Will you come out after 12?

1. Gladstone sent leaving books on 25 July 1827 (*D*, 1:129). The copy of Burke's *Works* (6 vols., London: 1823), now apparently lost, was inscribed "A. H. Hallam from his friend W. E. Gladstone. Eton. July 1827. Donum et Exemplar."

2. Gladstone consulted *A View of Europe* on 22 April 1826 (and occasionally thereafter) in preparation for debates; he began reading *Const. Hist.* on 24 September 1827 (*D*, 1:43, 138). His notebook devoted entirely to *Const. Hist.*, dated "Sept. 1827," is in the British Library (Ad. MS. 44802E). Gladstone's *Diaries* do not record receiving the copy from AHH.

37. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole Street. Monday evening [6 August 1827].

Dear Gladstone,

I leave England next Monday week—a fortnight from the present day. I hope to be able to write to you again, to give you some information, as to my stay at Paris, Florence &c. with a view to letters. I have been doing my duty tolerably by the Miscellany—and am deep in a series of letters on the Lake poets from Francis Jermyn to Bartholomew Bouverie, which I hope to be able to accomplish before I go.[1] Doyle to my certain knowledge has not yet put pen to paper. Dun him well. Make him pay well for his idleness in postage, if he has not strength to vanquish it by writing. I gave his father, and sisters due notice that he was taxed at thirty pages: and they promised to do, all they could. I am afraid they might as well do—nothing! London is dull, hot, and desolate in the extreme. The King's palace is growing progressively more hideous every day.[2] There is a large egg at the top, instead of a cupola—like the roc's egg in Aladdin, says Doyle—or as someone else of my acquaintance says, "His most sacred Majesty is become the goose with the golden eggs!" What an awful thing, to come to sober sadness, Canning's illness is? Good God! That he should die now, in the very zenith of his power, and the very fervency of England's hope! Death is a fearful thing, in whatever shape, or mould it is envisaged: but, when the destinies of Europe are staked on the life of one man, how momentously terrible an aspect the agonies of dissolution assume! I trust it is not all over; the last account was, that "it was not quite hopeless."[3] Should the Tories come in, it will be time to pack up one's things, and be off to America. What a curious fatality would in that case attach to the Whigs: for the last eighty years they have been called in on few, very few occasions, and the fruit of their ambition has been always dashed from their lips.[4] Yet perhaps the glory of the "Slave Abolition" is sufficient to illumine one

century. I dare not think what is to become of us all, should Canning (which God avert!) be taken from us, and the Whig party dislodged from power. Just think slowly in your mind of France, Spain, Portugal, America, IRELAND, and ENGLAND: and what ideas do not those names call up! There is however no use speculating on such a crisis; and the storm may yet be weathered. Lady Conyngham is said to be a good Whig, and to have great influence: in a more ordinary time, "Non tali auxilio &c."[5] might be apt to rise on the tongue, but when the question is, Are we to be preserved? or ruined for ever? common sense forbid, that we should hesitate as to the means. Perhaps you are frowning at this, but n'importe! I hope you intend reading my father's book.[6] You will frown at many a part of that, with a vengeance! I know you cannot stomach liberal principles, when they fillip King Charles: and you have too great a regard for Lord Clarendon's authority to give him up easily. Methinks Agar Ellis gives the latter a hard knock, or two. Have you read him? The Edinburgh review too! What think you of the pious Martyr's neat "case of conscience"? To call the man who wrote that letter a martyr!! to the church of England!!! does, I confess, seem to me to argue great effrontery, or great stupidity, or great carelessness. There is a very good article on Venice by Ugo Foscolo; and an interesting one on the Society for the diffusion of knowledge: but I don't think much of the number, as a whole.[7]

Tuesday morning.

I just take up my pen again in a hurry to say that I have this moment seen Dr. Holland,[8] who says poor Canning is hardly alive. What a lingering death it is! I am afraid I must conclude my letter in the middle of the third page without saying half I wished to say: but throw myself on your mercy.

Believe me,

Yours most affectionately,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 7 August 1827

1. See letter 34 n. 2. As subsequent letters show, AHH abandoned this composition.

2. Buckingham Palace was not completed until 1837, when Victoria had the dome removed.

3. Canning's final illness was traced to a chill caught at the duke of York's funeral (19 January 1827), though Gladstone had reported to his father that "Mr. Canning would not sacrifice so imprudently to etiquette as to walk without proper covering, & . . . therefore went in a cloak" (21 January 1827; St. Deiniol's). Canning's condition was made public on 5 August 1827.

4. See letter 22 n. 3.

5. *Aeneid* 2. 521: "The hour calls not for such aid, nor such defenders."

6. See letter 36 n. 2.

7. *Historical Inquiries Respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England* (June 1827) by George James Welbore Agar-Ellis (1797–1833), baron Dover, M.P. *Original Letters, Illustrative of English History* (1827) by Sir Henry Ellis (1777–1849), librarian of the British Museum, was reviewed by Henry Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review* 46 (June 1827): 195–217; the work included a letter from Charles to William Juxon, archbishop of Canterbury, acknowledging Juxon's "worth and learning . . . in resolving Cases of Conscience," and soliciting his opinion about a change from Episcopal to Presbyterial Government, which Charles saw as politically expedient, but "directly against my conscience." The same issue of the *Edinburgh Review* contained articles on the history of the democratical constitution of Venice by Ugo Foscolo (1778–1827), Italian scholar and patriot living in England, and on the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge by Brougham (pp. 75–106 and 225–44, respectively).

8. Sir Henry Holland (1788–1873) was physician to many eminent nineteenth-century Englishmen, including the Hallam family.

38. TO WILLIAM WINDHAM FARR

MS: Rylands

67 Wimpole St. Thursday [9 August 1827].

Dear Farr,

I suppose this letter, for the shortness of which I throw myself on your mercy, will reach you at Iford. If it does not, tant pis—as I am afraid I shall not in that case hear from you before I start; which I purpose doing next Monday week. Are you exulting, and triumphing in poor Canning's melancholy fate?[1] I hope not—for the honour of human nature. As a man, and as a man of genius, all parties can hardly help lamenting him; unless indeed those who are irremediably blinded by the bad passions of bigotry. I trust however, and hope, that the decided majority of rank, and talent in the country grieve for his loss, as a minister; as one, whose principles were sureties to the nation at large for his political integrity, and practical wisdom; who by the administration he formed, and the just, necessary, and spirited coalition which he effected, separated at once the good, and the bad, the just, and the intolerant, the constitutional, and the factious, by a broad line of demarcation. He shewed the King to the commonalty, as a faithful guardian of that peace, and security, those rights, and franchises, which he is trusted in his high office to protect: he shewed to that King a confiding, and patriotic people, who wished for nothing more than what they had then obtained, a national government. Short as his administration unhappily proved, it was long enough to devise the Treaty for pacifying Greece,[2] and to plan many a scheme of retrenchment, and reform. His situation, as regards the Catholics, was unpleasant: but there was vigor, and address enough in him to have surmounted the difficulty. What is to become of England, or it may be said, of Europe, is a problem too difficult for solution. The coming in of the Tories is too fearful to be thought on: things already seem advancing with rapid strides towards a revolution in France; and what effect the convulsive writhings of England under

a Tory administration would have, is rather to be imagined, than described. All this, I suppose, is Hebrew to you. You of course would like nothing better, than a neat set of fellows, who would hurl us into war with Ireland, and throw down the gage of defiance to Whigs, and Liberalists. I hope your aspirations will not be realised however; and that the King's wisdom will < let > raise up Lansdowne, or Goderich to be our defenders.

Did Gladstone send you the Miscellany? If he did, let me know your opinion thereof.

Leaving Eton is a horrid bore just at the moment. The "antique towers"[3] look more agreeable, than they ever did before: and the Playing-fields, one finds out, are very pretty, pleasing, and inviting, just, when one presses them for the last time. Keate was civility personified, and asked me for my picture.[4] My tutor too grinned as gracious a grin, as his native ugliness permitted. I shall be in London, till I go: and a desolate, dreary place it is, in August. Dî meliora[5] &c. I hope to be very happy abroad, unless a revolution happens, and they hang me for a Carbonari. Should I be taken up to the mountains by the banditti, you may expect a letter, containing one of my ears, and imploring you to collect a ransom, for the sake of "Auld lang syne." But I see I am running into sad nonsense (and how can London in August supply one with anything better?); so I must cry "Hold, enough."[6]

P.S. Write soon, if you receive this. If you should be absent, and do not—why then I won't press you to write! Vale.

Addressed to [W]. Windham [Farr Esq.] / [If]ord House / [C]hristchurc[h] / Han[ts].

1. Canning died on 8 August 1827.
2. Signed by England, France, and Russia on 6 July 1827.

3. Gray, "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," line 1.

4. AHH's portrait in the Election Chamber at Eton shows him, in Benson's words, as "a rubicund, good-humoured, almost beery-looking young man, with a sly and sensual cast of the eye" (*Fasti Etonenses*, p. 345, which reproduces the portrait).

5. Ovid *Metamorphoses* 7. 37: "God forbid."

6. *Macbeth*, 5. 8. 34.

39. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole St. Monday [13 August 1827].

Dear Gladstone,

I received your very welcome, though somewhat snappish letter the day before yesterday, and hasten to answer it, in the hope of obtaining another before next Monday, which, according to our present resolution, is our day of departure. I do not however think it at all out of the question that we may be delayed, as both my father, and myself are unwell, and any illness would of course protract our going. I have been suffering much from headaches; and sometimes, when in low spirits, anticipate being laid up at some informal posthouse, among strange faces, and stupid doctors, so as to realise the "rapidi vicinia leti."[1] If I die, before I see you again, I give you leave to print this in the Morning post, as a marvellous coincidence. Have you any commissions in Italy? Would you like a handful of mud from the Forum, or an atom of stucco from Pompeii? Or would your present love for the (so called) Martyr, and your extinct love for his respectable descendants, prompt you to wish for a fragment of their tombs. There they lie—James, Charles, and Henry[2]—with royal monuments, and inscriptions, telling of a glory that never existed, and acknowledging a title, which there only could be submitted to without murmuring. That too is quite at your service. I really am ashamed to say I cannot yet tell you how to direct to me at Paris: your letters will be very cheering to me, when far away, and when the contrast between my actual enjoyments, and those walks to Salthill of ours, will be greatly to the disadvantage of the former: yet do not trouble your kindness to write to me, while at Paris, unless anything particular should occur, because I shall be there next Friday week probably, and shall leave it the end of the week following, so you would scarcely have had any interval of time between your letter thither, and your last one to London. We shall reach Florence, the

next safe place, about the end of September, and remain there a month. Now I do not exactly know the distance, or the time the post takes in its transit from England to the Arno, but I cannot be wrong in saying you may write securely to Florence up to about the 8th. of October. Direct "Poste restante." As for Rome, I can tell you hereafter.

What affecting accounts the newspapers gave of poor Canning's death! I have heard from Dr. Holland that the story of his fearful shrieking was exaggerated: but in all cases of internal inflammation, the pain is of the most horrible nature. The dying man was conscious of his danger, sometime before: he said to Dr. Holland, *"I have struggled with this for a long time; but it has got the better of me, at last."* I was at Westminster Abbey yesterday, and saw the preparations for laying him in his grave, by the side of Pitt, and Fox.[3] A worthy third! I suppose you are aware of the <curiou> striking coincidence of his fate, with that of Fox: both dying in the same house (though not, as the papers said, in the same room); and both after but a few months' possession of supreme power. But you are probably not aware, that Lady Holland,[4] at a dinner given to the Premier some weeks before, said, "Mr. Canning, are you superstitious?" Upon a negative answer being given, she said, *"If you were, you would not go to Chiswick."* Whether Canning remembered this enough to alarm his nerves, after his illness had begun, I do not know: but he certainly remembered it enough to mention it to the King, a little before he went to the Duke of Devonshire's.[5] But there is another melancholy coincidence, which has not, that I know of, been noticed. He died, *the same day of the year*, and nearly *the same hour of that day*, on which the late queen expired.[6] Are these things chance? or are they not rather to be considered, as proofs of an overruling moral government; as warnings to awaken the thought of futurity within us, and to make us more tremblingly alive to events of sorrow? I take it the loss of Canning is entirely irreparable. Since lord Chatham, there has never been such a name on the continent. We are lowered in the scale of nations by his death. The principles of his administration may be preserved, and I trust they will: the very policy which he would have pursued, may be followed up; yet is his loss irreparable; because the terror of a mighty name has ceased to influence. It has been the *Canning ministry*: and that word alone has made Metternich quake,[7] and Ferdinand take

refuge in his cowardice. It will be long, I fear, before *Goderich* will have as much weight. But, though this loss cannot be repaired, the next thing in our hope should be the preservation of his government, animated by his spirit, as far as possible, and based upon his principles. And here, my dear Gladstone, I must say I do not like that part of your letter. I do not like the tone of it. I say it not in the least in anger, but much in sorrow: because there is no one, whose opinion I value more than yours; no one, with whom it is more my pride, and pleasure to agree. Surely that Jesuitical turn, about being in *place*, but not being in *power*, was unworthy of you. You know what Farr would have called it. If you mean that there exists any jealousy between the old Whig party, and the friends of Canning, you are, I believe, completely wrong. I should think (you will pardon me, if I am mistaken) that the intelligence which I [have] been in the habit of hearing in London from individuals concerned in the late changes, is more authentic than you are likely to have obtained: and I judge from that intelligence, that the two connexions in the ministry *understand each other perfectly*; that there is the most intimate concert in their measures, the utmost identity in their views, the same <conviction to> devotion in all <of> to the paramount importance of the cause, in which they are engaged. It is extraordinary to me how you can so wilfully blind yourself to the necessity of their forgetting former badges of dissension in order to give up heart, soul, and strength to the preservation of our rank among nations, and of the liberty, which we are bound in honour to protect amongst others, as we have secured it amongst ourselves. The Whigs have *not* "obtained place by compromising some of the most momentous questions of the day." If you really think their difference of opinion, as to the Test Act—a grievance which surely of all others, is the least pressing—as to Reform—which you know is passed away from the minds of most men like a feverish dream, or a tale that is told, and which it would have been equally wicked and infatuated, to have thrown in the way of union—as to Colonial policy—which existed, I incline to think, always more in declamation, than in argument, but to which no one in his senses would surely think of giving himself up in preference to our *national policy*—if you sincerely think a good man, should have sacrificed the cause of his country to his party-spirit on such differences as these, although he agreed with Mr. Canning on the

tolerably momentous questions, of 1. the government of Ireland, Catholic emancipation in all its bearings included 2. Economical Reform, which was already in full progress to completion 3. Foreign Policy, the importance of which, in our present position *cannot be calculated too high:* for on that policy our future destiny, and that of the world depend: if you still can talk of consistency, as if it would not have been scandalous inconsistency with all their principles, had the Whigs not accepted the pledge of generous concert which was offered them; then I can only express my hope, that far from all English statesmen may such bastard consistency ever be found, and that you, my dear Gladstone, may yet recognise the truth of that line in Euripides, 'Αι *δευτεραι πω*[ς] *φροντιδες σοφωτεραι.*[8] How strange, by the bye, in you to suppose I wanted to get into a controversy about Charles I. I am no such fool; for I believe you impracticable on that head. You must have been in a very bad humour, malgrè the feast, to suppose I meant to *taunt* you: but as I see, you are too sore on the subject of poor Charly to bear any raillery about it, I will only say for your satisfaction, that Charles's conduct was flagrantly immoral, in wishing to regain his power by deliberate perjury, such as in Caesar Borgia, or Tiberius *you* would shrink from in horror. I do not deny a palliatory plea of circumstances may be put in: but the proof of his laxity of principle, as to good faith, and the consequent danger to our free constitution, seems to me clear.[9] Satis superque. How goes on the Miscellany? I will write again Saturday, or Monday. Believe me,

Yours very affect:y

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 13 August 1827

1. Adapted from Ovid *Metamorphoses* 8. 225: "the swift proximity of death."

2. James Francis Edward Stuart and his two sons, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir (1720–88), the "Young Pretender," and Henry Benedict Maria Clement (1725–1807), Cardinal York, were all buried in St. Peter's.

3. Gladstone visited Canning's grave on 22 September 1827 (*D*, 1:138).

4. Elizabeth Vassall Fox (1770–1845), wife of Henry Richard Vassall Fox (1773–1840), third baron Holland, presided over the Whig circle at Holland House.

5. William George Spencer Cavendish (1790–1858), sixth duke of Devonshire, was lord chamberlain from 1827 to 1828 and from 1830 to 1834.

6. Caroline Amelia Elizabeth (1768–1821), queen of George IV, apparently died on 7 August; Canning died shortly before 4:00 A.M.

7. Prince Klemens von Metternich (1773–1859) had opposed liberal movements throughout Europe.

8. *Hippolytus*, line 436: "How second thoughts for men are wisest still."

9. See letter 37 n.7.

40. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole St. Sunday [19 August 1827].

Dear Gladstone,

I thank you de tout mon cœur for writing again. We will, if you please, as this is my last English letter, and as I shall assuredly drop all thoughts of politics, at least Society politics, when I touch the French soil, leave in the background our threadbare discussions on Charles Stuart.[1] But I will just take the liberty of remarking that my belief *that cases are imaginable, which might justify falsehood,* is surely no reason why I should vindicate the attempt of an arbitrary prince to *entrap more than half the nation by deliberate perjury*: neither can I admit your exculpatory phrase of "saving our religion"—Charles might be a very *conscientious bigot* to a particular form of church-government; but it is this strange sort of conscience, which allowed him to sacrifice *great moral principles* to *speculative doctrinal, or even disciplinal points,* and which his subjects, in my opinion justly, regarded as incompatible with constitutional royalty. I have been very much amused for some time with your exulting tone in these arguments; but as I am not so fond of worming charges of vanity out of hasty phrases, as you seem to be, I have been amused in silence: however, when you go so far, as to prescribe to me, what I ought to be politically sorry for, I will tell you in perfect good humour, that I never can regret having been slow in making up my mind on a question of so intricate a nature, as that of a civil war, and especially *that* civil war. You have an unquestionable right, my dear Gladstone, to make up your own mind unhesitatingly to calling that contest, The Great Rebellion, and to sitting down contented with Lord Clarendon's authority: but *you have no right whatever* to call me over the coals, because I am more cautious in framing my opinion, and come to conclusions, different from your own.[2] You are smiling perhaps at my ill keeping of the promise I made in the beginning of my letter: but when one writes to

an intimate friend, one would be sorry not to explain, what may need explanation. Adieu to the subject for a year at least. I won't detain you about the Whigs; because I am sorry to say, we differ too essentially, for any chance of approximation. It is with me, a clear case of moral right, and wrong. Had the Whigs, either as individuals, or as a party, refused the means of doing good to England, because of Colonial Policy, they would, pace tuâ dixerim, have acted wickedly as men, and factiously as adherents to a great party. If you mean to assert that Lord Lansdowne, and his friends, believing that their peculiar views of ameliorating the condition of the West Indian slaves were of more importance than the Catholic question, pledged themselves to *sacrifice* these views, as a condition of power—but it is impossible you could mean to assert anything so flagrantly false! I am firmly convinced they never thought them of *half the importance:* and have the most rooted faith, that they never would yield anything essential to our happiness for any price. As to the Origin of Power!!! Were you asleep, when you wrote that part of your letter? I had thought, that for a century at least, that point had never been evoked from repose. Who dares, in defiance of common sense, and the Statute-book, to derive all lawful power from any source, except "*The Nation, under God?*" None could be so absurd, as to rank the creature, above the creator; to think that any people decided, who should be their magistrates, before God had willed that government should exist; or that subordination, and civil society was not a necessary consequence of that order of things, which the Supreme Being has created. None surely in this country think, that any form of government can be lawful without *national consent:* or that any magistrates are not trustees for the community at large. What can you mean by thinking Whigs, and Liberals (as you invidiously, I trust erroneously, would distinguish them) differ on this abstract point? Perhaps you have mistaken a passage in poor Canning's Reform speech about the Parliament of 1648.[3] Let me refer you, if you are ignorant of it, to an excellent, and decisive chapter in Paley's Philosophy, on resistance, and the text in Romans.[4] Now, having kept my second promise, just as ill as my first, I will say a word on subjects, much more important to us. First, and foremost, The Miscellany! You say it goes on poorly, as far as you are concerned. I really think you should reflect a little, before you irrecoverably pledge yourself to continue it. Rogers had

not written a syllable *yesterday:* Doyle was in the same plight, when he went to Brighton a few days ago. The latter talks of a tale: the former of serious poetry. For my own part, I had, as I already told you, engaged in a sort of critical essay,[5] which however, when expanded to 12 or 14 pages, I found fault with more, and more, every time I read it over, and finished by committing it "emendaturis ignibus."[6] I have a small piece of poetry by me, not quite finished, but which I shall certainly send from Paris, probably to Rogers at Blackheath. I submitted the first part to his approbation, which was flattering: so I hope it may do for some odd corner.[7] I will not omit here, to thank you very heartily for having cut about my Bride of the Lake so unsparingly, while in its first wretched state: had it not been for your criticism, I shou[ld] never have taken the trouble of altering it so much. I have [had] a good deal of praise for it—from some fair ladies, and some votaries of Parnassus, old *Botherby* in the number. (I cannot say I think much of his "approving good" however; for he does not like Malek's prediction).[8] I have told you this, not out of vanity, to which you will charitably assign it: but because there is a real pleasure in communicating to those, whom we love, the circumstances, which we are naturally pleased with ourselves. If you still shake your head at this splendid maxim, I must give Cerberus his sop, by telling you I have lately seen a friend of mine, who votes your Virgil the best thing in the book.[9] I hope you will not take offence at being called Cerberus, <even> metaphorically: for if I can at all guess the state of your mind, you should be in raptures at the very idea of having three sets of brains for the service of the Miscellany! Seriously, if you doubt having strength for the whole of next term, give it up at once. Nothing would be more lame, than a breaking down after your second, or third number: nothing so unworthy of ourselves, as to carry it on feebly, and prolixly, and languidly, and with no zest, or spirit. The first volume is very fair, but it is not, I think, all that we could wish. What a failure then it would be, if we, or rather you, were worse on the whole in the second? Now do you think there is a reasonable hope, that you can stand this ordeal—if you do not think so, why run the hazard? I do not say this to discourage you in the least. I am quite for going on, if you can go on with honour. I should personally be glad to contribute in a small, and occasional way, from Italy. But *look, before you leap.* I have heard from Gaskell, who is not

going till the 5th. of September, or thereabouts: and from Farr, who has been very ill, and says "Canning died a victim to remorse for having admitted Whig traitors to power!" And now then, Gladstone, for that uncomfortable word, farewell. (How prettily, by the bye, the French disguise the thing by their "Au revoir," which mixes the sweetness of hope with the bitterness of separation!) It is a melancholy thing to leave England for any length of time: and though you used to accuse me of want of feeling on the subject, I assure you I was very uncomfortable, when I took my last walk round the Playing-fields an hour before I left Eton. Remember to direct to Florence till the eighth of October; you may send me two, or three at intervals before that time, but it will be hardly secure after, as we may be gone before the letter comes. We shall not stay long enough anywhere earlier in our tour to be able to fix with correspondents; but I will write to you from Geneva.

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Remember thin paper, and paying English postage, when you write to me. Tell Doyle also.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 20 August 1827

1. See letter 39 n. 9.

2. AHH's 1830 Trinity prize-winning declamation argued that the Independent party was justified "in seizing the government and putting force on the legislative body, in the year 1648" (unpublished copy at Trinity); his first speech at the Cambridge Union (24 February 1829) opposed Charles I's execution.

3. AHH apparently means 1688; in his 25 April 1822 speech, Canning had asserted: "There cannot indeed be the slightest doubt that had the nation been polled in 1688, the majority would have been found adverse to the change that was then effected in the Government: but Parliament, acting in its higher and larger

capacity, decided for the people's interests against their prejudices. It is not true, therefore, that the House of Commons is necessarily defective, because it may not instantly respond to every impression of the people."

4. Book 6, chapter 4—"The Duty of Civil Obedience, as Stated in the Christian Scriptures"—in *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785) by William Paley (1743–1805), archdeacon of Carlisle, philosopher and theologian, author of *Evidences of Christianity* (1794). The text is Romans 13:1–7.

5. See letter 37 n. 1.

6. See Ovid *Tristia* 4. 10. 61–62: "What I thought defective I gave in person to the flames for their revision."

7. The poem is unidentified. Doyle and Rogers, together with Gladstone, were the major contributors to volume two of the *Miscellany*; AHH contributed nothing. On 14 September 1827, Gladstone confided to Farr: "We were generally disappointed in Hallam" (*Autob.*, p. 196).

8. See letter 34 nn. 2, 4. Ellen Hallam's transcript of "The Bride of the Lake" (Yale) shows only minor variants from the printed text. William Sotheby (1757–1833), author and poetaster, was a close friend of Henry Hallam; Byron refers to him as "bustling Botherby" in *Beppo*, line 575; see also line 586.

9. "Appearance of Virgil in the Upper World," no. 4, pp. 179–83.

41. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Genoa. Wednesday. September 26th [1827].

My dear Gladstone,

I am but a faithless correspondent—but if you knew the enormous difficulty of finding a moment's leisure, when travelling, & above all, when remaining at any place, you would not, I am sure "look the gift horse in the mouth." I hope you have not waited for this letter to write to Florence—if you have, I fear it will be too late. Here I am at *Genoa*—in tolerable health, & spirits—after a safe, agreeable, & beautiful journey. It seems a century already since I landed on Calais pier. He spoke true, who said—"Travelling—constant travelling is the only way to prolong life."[1] To have crossed the *Jura*—the *Savoy Alps*—the *Cenis*—the *Apennines*—To have whiled away hours on the mirrored stillness of the *Leman*—To have breathed the fragrance of an Italian atmosphere, & gazed on the glory of an Italian evening—to be sitting at this instant in full view of the Mediterranean, the richness of its blue being chequered by the tall masts of the Genoese navy, and the boundlessness of its waters relieved to the right, & the left, by the dark line of the Apennines—why, what a space must all this occupy in the brain—& when the mind's eye is arrested by so magnificent a vista of the past, & present, is it wonderful, that the duration of the last 2 months should be lengthened almost indefinitely before it? I shd. like to convey to you some idea of what I have seen—but I well know Italy, & the Alps are as impossible to describe graphically as to conceive without description. We spent ten days at *Paris*—where *nobody*, who is *anybody*, was at so unfashionable a season. All the plebeians were run mad after the Girafe, & the Osages, a wild tribe of Indians, on a visit to his Gallic majesty. We saw the former, which is a pretty animal, but evidently dying by inches.[2] I was much pleased with the Louvre. From Paris we took the Dijon road to Geneva. The *Val de Suzon* near *Dijon* is the first morsel of fine country one meets with, & is no bad

preparation for the ascent of Jura, which however maintains its superiority over that, & most other mountains by the sublimity of its forests. It is one thing to ascend amidst bold rocks & fearful precipices, to the summit of a lofty range; and another to make the same ascent amidst the added beauties of innumerable pinetrees, enveloping in one black mass the crags around us, scarce deigning to move their foliage to the blast, that sweeps thro' their recesses, & standing in such still, erect, changeless sublimity, that they would seem to have experienced no alteration since the first hour of creation. I broke my way into one of these forests; & had the satisfaction of being for some minutes remote from everything human, even from every sound; with nothing but the ceaseless buzz of the forest-flies, who reigned there undisturbed. Yet even in the centre of the *Jura* wildness, there are some little valleys—specks of intruding civilisation on the unwrought mass of nature—so sunny, & riants, & pleasing, that I should have liked of all things to live there. I have a vast mind to try some fine morning of a long vacation. Confound that word! it recalls mathematics, & mopishness, & misery—so let us back to the Jura. The first view of the pretty valley of Geneva—with that dear, exquisite lake—and Mont Blanc himself in the distance—is striking in the extreme. It breaks upon you on turning a point in the descent. I had never seen the "Monarch of mountains" to such advantage, as this time. He always wore his "diadem of snow"; & rarely wrapt close his "robe of clouds."[3] After staying a few days at *Geneva*, we set off for *Turin* by way of Savoy. The country from *Chambery* to *Lansbourg* at the foot of *Mt. Cenis* is peculiarly fine—more so to my mind than that pass itself. I allude especially to the *Valley of the Arc*, a tributary stream of the *Isère*, & as delightful a torrent, as one could wish to see. The Alps that encircle it, though not of the highest, are more terrific than any I remember. The huge masses of rock, strewed by the road side, & frequently curbing the whirling flood below, directs one's mind to the pleasant occupation of thinking, how little chance of escape there would be should one of the ponderous gentlemen on high think proper to imitate the example of the ponderous gentlemen below. Thanks to Napoleon, the pass of *Cenis* is short, & good. The sudden change from the most Alpine cold at the summit to the most Italian warmth in the valley of Susa, is curious.[4] With all one has heard about the climate of Italy, I

was fascinated by the appearance of the trelliced vineyards, the luxuriant maizefields, the varied tints of the foliage, & the softened grandeur of the Apennines. This latter we crossed by the new road from *Turin* to *Genoa*, which presents a beautiful approach to this city, & a splendid view of the Mediterranean. Turin is little worth seeing—but its regular, rightangled streets, have a good effect—& the Mausoleum of the Sardinian kings, at *La Superga*, 5 miles from the city, is very fine.[5] Genoa is highly picturesque in situation—its marble palaces are proverbial—but their beauty is somewhat impaired by the excessive narrowness, & dirtyness of all the streets, except 3, or 4. There are some good collections of pictures here—to which, with some churches into the bargain, I owe the being well tired off my legs every day for the last week. We had the singular good fortune to light upon a strange, but very amusing procession, which takes place about as often, as our Montem, here, & the sums that are spent on it are incredible. To describe it would be rather difficult—as the inhabitants themselves scarce know its origin, or true charac[ter,] but they call it *Casacci*[6]—& it consists in carrying imm[ense] crosses of massive silver, images &c. with innumerable lights & grotesque dresses thro' the streets at night; which, as you may imagine, has a striking effect. The ancient nobility of *Genoa* are said to pay largely to its continuance. Poor wretches! It is well for them to be amused with mummeries, & frivolities—in the very city, where their fathers legislated for a free people, & influenced the destinies of Europe. The Dorias, & Spinolas,[7] are totally excluded from the Sardinian despot's councils; Piedmontese menials are daily thrust over their head; the hall of the old Senate is become a ball-room!! and two years ago, as if to add mockery to tyranny, the Emperor of Austria[8] gave a grand festival in that very hall. But the statues of the old Doges were spared this insult: they had been broken in the revolutionary wars—luckily: for the dumb, cold marble might have felt *such* dishonour! Was it just, or generous in England to sacrifice the independence of the Italian republics in 1815? Would she have done so, had *Canning* then sat at the helm? Surely not. The present king[9] is universally disliked: at Turin there is a street called, that of Misery, from the fact, that from that single street, *thirty-six* families have been driven to exile, beggary, & starvation in a foreign land. Such is the cleaving curse of absolute monarchy.[10] Do not fail, whenever you are kind enough to write to

me, to let me know the state of things at home. The last news I heard pleased me much—I mean, young *Stanley's*[11] being appointed Huskisson's undersecretary. I was afraid from what I saw in the papers that the mishap about *Herries* would have unhinged the government: but everything seems now settled, at least for the while.[12] I hear the King has behaved excellently, & by no means aimed at forcing ministers on *Lord Goderich*, as the papers of the *Out faction*, with their usual quantum suff. of falsehood, rung in our ears. But as I know you do not agree with me in wishing well to the present government—at least not in the same degree—I will say no more of my own notions, but only repeat my prayer for good, long, frequent letters from you, as soon as I am once settled. I cannot manage to write to all my friends of course often; nor is it necessary, when you are all at Eton; so shew this letter to *Doyle*, & *Rogers*. I will write to Doyle from Florence; where I hope to find an account of Malek's winning the St. Leger from him.[13] Does the Miscellany go on? I am conscious I have not behaved well towards you on that score, by not writing: the fact is, I did write at some length, but burnt it not liking what I had written,[14] & postponed further employment foolishly to Paris, where I found, as I might have expected, no spare time, besides not being altogether in health.

Believe me,
Your most affect:te friend,

A. H. Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Eton College / Windsor / Angleterre.
P/M 8 October 1827

1. Perhaps Seneca *De tranquillitate animi* 17. 8: "vectatio iterque et mutata regio vigorem dabunt [voyage, travel and change of place impart vigor]."

2. A gift to the king of France from Mehemet Ali, as Gaskell noted when he saw it in early September 1827: "There are only two in Europe; the other was presented to

the King of England. It is not generally expected that they will live through the winter. Everything in Paris is à la Giraffe" (*RES*, pp. 93–94).

3. Byron, *Manfred*, 1. 1. 60–63.

4. The Mount Cenis road, 23 miles between Lanslebourg, a small town near the Italian border, and Susa, was constructed between 1803 and 1810.

5. The royal burial church, constructed between 1718 and 1731.

6. Originally a procession of the order of flagellants, dating from the thirteenth century.

7. Andrea Doria (1468?–1560), Genoese admiral and statesman, "Liberator of Genoa," and Ambrogio di Spinola (1569–1630), Italian general in Spanish service, were among the better-known members of these ancient families.

8. Francis II (1768–1835), last Holy Roman emperor, was emperor of Austria from 1804 to 1835.

9. Charles Felix (1756–1831) was king of Sardinia from 1821 to 1831.

10. See Milton, *Of Reformation Touching Church Discipline in England:* "He that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations."

11. Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley (1799–1869), Whig M.P., was undersecretary for the colonies under Canning and Goderich (appointed at the insistence of Lansdowne) and Irish secretary from 1830 to 1833. Stanley supported the 1832 Reform Bill and carried the abolition of slavery (1833) and the 1867 Reform Bill.

12. John Charles Herries (1778–1855), M.P. for Harwich from 1823 to 1841, privy councillor in 1827 and chancellor of the exchequer (at the king's desire) from August 1827 to January 1828, quarreled with Goderich and Huskisson over appointments; the incident ultimately led to Goderich's resignation.

13. See letter 34 n. 2. The race was held on 18 September 1827; Malek did not place.

14. See letter 40 n. 5.

42. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Florence. Oct. 30th [1827].

My dear Gladstone,

I should certainly have answered your excellent letter as soon as I had received it,[1] had I not been prevented by that destroyer of all strength, and damper of all happiness, ill health. I have been miserably unwell, since I have been at *Florence*, i.e. for the last month, and am now taking advantage of a day or two's rallying to write to you. As I have no right however to plague you with my own low spirits I will cut short this unpleasant subject, & proceed to thank you without further delay for having written to me in this foreign land. Did you but know the comfort of receiving an English letter! The delight with which it is torn open, & perused! The assiduity with which it is read, & almost spelt, over & over again! The deep sigh with which it is at last replaced in the pocket! But all this is trifling—what you wrote to me, was very sensible, & rightminded throughout, & I assure you it made an impression on me, which I hope not to forget. If there was really anything in those foolish letters of mine before I left England, that could cause you pain for a moment, I am deeply sorry for it. I thank you for having borne with me, as you have. I am very sensible, that I have not profited from your friendship as much as was reasonably to be expected from the excellence of your character: but should it please God that we should ever be intimate again, as we have been intimate, I hope I may prove more worthy of such a friend. Do not suppose I am grown a flatterer, because I have been occasionally a snarler. I am in no humour for varnishing the truth; but speak from the heart, & weigh what I say. Three days ago I heard from Rogers, who told me the first number of the Miscellany was just come out, & that there was a good article by Selwyn against the London University.[2] Of course I cannot judge at this distance; but was not that bad taste for the sort of thing? Rogers did not tell me half enough; really a

letter to Florence is a different thing from a letter to London, & he might have eked out with extracts from the number. But it was very good in him to remember me at all. A friend at hand, & a friend 1500 miles away, are two essentially different things. Who on earth are the pillars of the Society? He says, there are "some new members, of whom I probably know little, or nothing!" Can it be *Dark*, or *Tarver*?[3] To speak seriously, I hope the consummation devoutly to be wished, which he intimates in his letter to be nearly brought about, viz. his becoming a member himself, is long ago effected.[4] I think he would be good for the Society, & the Society good for him. Not that the benefit of our favorite institution appears to me so clear, & so unalloyed, at present, as it used to do, while under its influence. I believe, the habit of studying politics, & much more the habit of speaking upon them, before they are well matured by the reflection, is injurious, inasmuch as it gives a dogmatic turn to the character: & the impressions received in early youth are so fearfully profound! But this might in a great degree be avoided by taking care. The main thing to be guarded against is the forming crude & hasty decisions, & contending for them with equal impetuosity, till the thinking, & discerning part of us becomes a slave to the fancy, & animal spirits. I am afraid we too often forgot, at least I am sure I did, that the end, & aim of such historical inquiries, as fell in our way, should be the ascertainment of *Truth*; and that the surest way either of attaining a right conviction ourselves, or impressing it, when attained, on others, was to have a *dispassionate temper of mind*. But he must be unfortunate indeed, with whom any harm derived from the Society should counterbalance, either in intensity, or duration, the enjoyments which it discloses, the development of faculties which it occasions, & above all, the friendships, & assocations which are formed, matured, & cemented by its influence. I dare say you are laughing at me, for sitting down in the Etrurian Athens to write about home affairs, instead of sending you news: but I have not yet so much estranged myself from Eton, but that my thoughts on some subjects connected with Alma Mater will occasionally run away with me, especially when I light the train by renewing my intercourse with you. I hope, though you have not yet acknowledged the receipt of it, that my letter from Genoa reached you safely. It gave you some faint notion probably of what I had seen. I would now, were it possible, describe the exquisite beauty of the

new road, across the Apennines, from Genoa to Pisa. But you can have no idea of the rich outline of the distant hills, the bold forms of those more near, the delicious clearness of the atmosphere, which gives a magical effect to Italian, & especially Tuscan scenery, the luxuriant vegetation of olives, & canes (a plant of singular beauty, & very common in this country) intermixed with pendant festoons of vines from tree to tree, the picturesque villas, & still more picturesque towns, studding the whole coast from Genoa southwards, & above all, the glorious Mediterranean, bounding, relieving, enriching, harmonising, this fairy scene. It is a country one would wish to crawl thro' in a waggon rather than gallop with posthorse rapidity. The Val D'Arno has no Mediterranean—& the Arno is somewhat too dingy to answer to one's expectations, although in the evening it reflects all objects with wonderful clearness—but the general aspect of the valley is that, which we may suppose Eden to have worn before the fall. The presence of the Venus di Medici would seem to have impregnated nature with all loveliness. You must come here to conceive it rightly. As for me, I have wanted nothing, but the great want of all, health, & happiness, to have echoed Milton's

> *O ego quantus eram,*
> *gelidi cum stratus ad Arni Murmura* &c![5]

It is still more difficult to give an absent person any interest in the works of *art* one has seen, than of those of nature. The Gallery, and the Palazzo Pitti, i.e. the Grand Duke's residence, are exhaustless treasures of painting, & sculpture. There is a certain set of painters of the very highest order, whom it is very rare to see in England, & who are here in all their glory—I mean amongst others *Andrea del Sarto*, a painter of great tenderness, & sweetness of style, sometimes called the Tibullus of the arts—*Fra Bartolomeo*, of an exalted, & sublime character, & said to have much improved the style of *Raffaëlle* himself.[6] The Venus never, I believe, disappointed any body: no print, or cast can image her perfect grace; how much less any description? Surely Byron in his stanzas, Childe Harold, Canto IV, has mistaken the character of this statue; there is every trace of divinity, but none of voluptuousness about her: contrasted with the *Titian Venuses* in the same room, she seems like the "icicle on Dian's brow."[7]

I have not yet fallen in with Gaskell: but heard from him while he

was at Milan. He seems in good spirits; & to like his new sphere of action pretty well. He is to be here in a day, or two. *Coxe*, & *Lord Alexander* are in the same hotel with myself; Antrobus, Trench, & Balfour are also here.[8] We hope to start in a day or two for Naples, through Rome, without staying in the latter, to which we shall return in about a month. Write as soon as convenient, & let your second letter be as agreeable; it cannot fail to be as welcome as your first. Direct, *Poste Restante, Rome, Italie.* Has Doyle quite forgotten me, & his promised letter, or did he direct wrong in his frenzy about Malek?[9] Remember me to him, & Rogers. I will write to Rogers, or you from Rome, when I hope to be somewhat recovered.

Believe me,
Yours most affect:ly,

A. H. Hallam

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Eton College / Windsor / Inghilterre.
P/M 13 November 1827

1. Gladstone had written a long letter to AHH on 20 September 1827 (*D*, 1:137).

2. "The London University; or, The March of Intellect," *Eton Miscellany* 2 (no. 6): 43–48. See also below, letter 56 n. 10.

3. Dark does not appear in the Eton lists; it may be AHH's nickname for some unidentified person. Charles Feral Tarver (1820–86), chaplain in ordinary to Victoria, was in the first form at Eton in 1826.

4. Proposed by Gladstone, Rogers was unanimously elected to the Society on 13 October 1827 (*D*, 1:142). AHH alludes to *Hamlet*, 3. 1. 63–64.

5. "Epitaphium Damonis," lines 129–30: "Ah, what a man I was when I lay beside the cool, murmuring Arno."

6. The Uffizi Gallery contains a number of pictures by Andrea Del Sarto (1486–1531). Albius Tibullus, Roman pastoral poet, was a contemporary of Virgil and Horace; Fra Baccio della Porta Bartolommeo (1475?–1517) developed parallel to Raphael in the high Renaissance style. AHH's two sonnets, "On the Picture of the Three Fates in the Palazzo Pitti" and "On the Madonna Del Gran Duca, in the Palazzo Pitti," were published in *Poems* (*Writings*, p. 3).

7. The Medician Venus, discovered in Rome, was brought to Florence in 1680. In his 25 December 1829 letter to Donne (Miss M. Barham Johnson), Trench expressed the same disagreement with Byron's description (lines 433–77). Gladstone's cautiously favorable reaction (20 March 1832) appears in *D*, 1:454–55. The Tribuna of the Uffizi also contains the *Venus of Urbino* and *Venus and Cupid* by Titian (1477–1576). AHH quotes from *Coriolanus*, 5. 3. 65–67.

8. Charles Cox, colonial officer; James Dupre Alexander (1812–55), viscount before succeeding his father as earl of Caledon in 1839; Edmund Antrobus (1811–84), who matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge in 1828 (B.A. 1832), and was later a chaplain at Acton, Middlesex; Henry Trench, who attended Edinburgh University; and John Balfour, of Balbirnie, all were AHH's Etonian companions.

9. See letter 41 n. 13.

43. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

No. 43. Via de' Greci, Rome. Saturday. Dec. 15th [1827].

Dear Gladstone,

I would certainly have answered your letter sooner, not only to express to you the pleasure I received from it, while the sensation of that pleasure was still fresh in my mind, but also with a view to obtaining a speedy renewal of it in the shape of a [secon]d letter to Rome, had I not thought it would be [more] satisfactory to you, if I waited for Gaskell's arrival, especially as he had promised to introduce me to your brothers as soon [as] he came. I do not mean that a formal introduction was necessary; but he had fallen in with them at Florence, and knew where to find them here, which I did not.[1] It is now near a week, since I had the delight of seeing Gaskell. I call it delight, because though to you in England the word may seem strong, to me the moment of meeting one, with whom I had been intimate at Eton, was a moment of inexpressible feeling. Besides the obvious causes for this, I had others of a more gloomy, though not on that account of a less powerful nature. Did you but know the precarious state of health I had for two months, or more been depressed by, & the occasional despondencies which, maugre all philosophy, and what is worth more than philosophy, would sometimes take hold of my mind, you would understand, what I mean. Gaskell's coming has given an impulse to my spirits, which has nearly made me, what I used to be. He has been as good as his word, & has brought me acquainted with your two brothers, whom I am to meet at his house to dinner on Tuesday. Neither they, nor he, know ought of the Miscellany, excepting a short extract, contained in a letter of Pickering, from what, if we may judge of the tree by so small a branch, was a beautiful, & feeling tribute to an occasion well worthy of the best feelings of the heart. I mean of course your composition on the death of poor Canning—for yours we were told it was, and from the tone of

deep sentiment easily <guessed> believed it to be.[2] The only thing, that staggered me, till Gaskell's arrival, who settled the matter, was, how anything political found its way into your work. Of course I see the evident distinction between such an occasion, as that was, and every day politics, but I hardly gave the higher powers of Eton credit for seeing it in the same light. I am impatient to the last degree to get a sight of your Numbers, and hope Cadogan[3] will be kind enough to bring them here at Christmas, as I know he is coming. Even if a list of names should not accompany them, I think I should not be much puzzled to discover most of the authorships. I feel somewhat sorry not to have been able to support the Miscellany to the last with you, especially as I am heartily ashamed of the trash of which by far the greater part of my contributions to the first volume consisted. And to say the truth your remark on Law's having deserted you, made me question my conscience, whether I was not liable to the same censure.[4] Conscience however is disposed to bring in a verdict of acquittal, provided you, the fairest judge probably of the two, agree in it. Her plea is, that I prepared before leaving England a bulky bit of prose, the wisest feature in which preparation was unquestionably the committing it to the flames, on a re-perusal: that after I left England, the vortex of continual occupation, and the more silent, but also more disabling progress of illness, plead for me sufficiently. I am very much pleased to hear of the prosperity of the Society. Who on earth is *J. Bruce*?[5] I will confess, I begin a little to laugh at my former anxiety, and pertinaciousness for musty questions of Plantagenet politics. I rather wish we had handled ancient wisdom a little less irreverently, and not left Athens, and Rome so completely in the background. It seems to me, as much sound political knowledge is to be gained, as much useful political discussion is to be elicited, from the various constitutions of so many ancient states, the moral causes of their rise, and the course of events, which prepared their ruin, as from the Norman Conquest, the wars of York, and Lancaster, or even the deposition of Richard. Yet how much did we all prefer these to those![6] Can you forgive me for not having yet told you anything Italian? I assure you to others I do not write in so homebred a manner: but there is a something, when I communicate my thoughts with yours, that irresistibly runs away with them to all those well remembered scenes of boyish rapture, which you have but just left, and which

neither of us will ever forget. I have now been here more than a month, and am familiarised with the dirty, & illpaved streets, the elegant fountains, the desolate, but richly bounded environs, of modern Rome. The seven hills are hillocks indeed; the Mount at Salthill would vie in height with the Viminal, and far surpass the Capitoline in steepness. Most of the antiquities have little, or nothing in them, beyond the association: some not even that, for who can sympathise with two feet of broken wall, or the separated base of an unknown column? The Forum is choaked up nearly with mud, disfigured with hovels, and deprived of all effect by piles of dirty linen, hung out to dry!! Excavations however are going on which may if properly conducted, restore it to something like its original state. A few columns, and three fine antique arches are the only remnants of that memorable shrine of Roman majesty.[7] At the further end of it stands the Coliseum—a glorious relic! the only one, which thoroughly pleases me. In a different part of the city is the Pantheon, formerly a temple of Agrippa, now a Christian church, and wonderfully preserved. After all how little remains of those times, which alone give us an interest in Rome—how much comparatively of that period of degradation, and tyranny, when a licentious soldiery invested a series of the worst of men with the most absolute of dominions. As to modern Rome, I wish you were but here to enjoy it. Grand, & imposing churches—superb collections, "Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies"[8]—open before us with endless profusion, till the brain reels with the intoxication of beauty. I must conclude with the earnest hope of soon hearing from you again. Your letters are a balm to me, when I am in sickness, and a doubling of cheerfulness, when I am in health, and spirits. Believe me,

Yours most affect:ly,

A H Hallam.

P.S. Direct either Poste Restante, or to our house, which we have taken for five months. Gaskell desires me to say, that your letter dated Nov. 8th. only reached him today, and that he has not received any other, since he left England. The post is very uncertain here.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool / Inghilterra.
P/M 31 December 1827

1. Gladstone had written a "very long letter" to AHH on 14 November 1827 (*D*, 1:148). His two eldest brothers—Robertson (1805–75), later a Liverpool merchant, and Thomas (1804–89), who attended Eton and Christ Church (B.A. 1827), served as Tory M.P., and became second bart. in 1851—left for Europe on 28 September 1827 to spend the winter at Naples. On 8 November, Robertson Gladstone wrote that they had seen both AHH's and Gaskell's names in the traveling books at Genoa (Gladstone to his father, 21 November 1827, St. Deiniol's). As Gladstone's 12 December 1827 letter to Thomas makes clear, the brothers met Gaskell early that month:

> I am extremely glad that you have seen, and like the Gaskells. The son will improve as you know more of him. And I am very glad to be able to conjecture from what you say that going abroad has already done him great good in one respect—and that is, I guess that his ideas are not now running all in one channel—that of politics—for I think if it had been the case you would have mentioned.

Gladstone was less certain about their reaction to AHH:

> Have you heard or seen any thing of Hallam? I very much hope that you will—as I think you will like him much. He has some vanity, though not of a gross, vulgar, or intrusive kind, and that I think is almost his only fault.

Gladstone's 21 January 1828 letter to Thomas proves that his fears were justified:

> I am sorry to see by yours of the 31st. ult. Hallam has not pleased you. I have always known him to be vain, but I must confess I know of no other fault in his composition. The vanity may indeed have become a prominent feature now; & brought forth among other fruits that of affectation; at Eton, as you well know, qualities of that kind have not *fair play* (St. Deiniol's).

2. Gladstone's eulogy concluded his essay "Ancient and Modern Genius Compared," 2 (nos. 6 and 7): 7–16, 52–64.

3. Henry-Charles Cadogan (1812–73), then in the fifth form at Eton, became fourth earl in 1864; he married (1836) Wellesley's third daughter.

4. Law, whom Gladstone described as "one of our most active and hardworking men," resigned from the editorial board shortly after the completion of no. 6, 26 September 1827, when he left Eton for Cambridge (Gladstone to Thomas Gladstone, 12 December 1827, St. Deiniol's; *D*, 1:138). See also letter 40 n. 7.

5. James Bruce (1811–63), elected to the Eton Society on 6 October 1827, matriculated at Christ Church in 1829 (B.A. 1833); he became eighth earl of Elgin in

1841 and served as governor general of Canada and India respectively. Lord Ernest Augustus Brudenell Bruce (1811–86), third marquis of Ailesbury, had been elected to the Society on 16 June 1827. On 23 January 1828, Gladstone wrote to Gaskell: "Both Hallam and you are totally and marvellously in the dark about J. Bruce. J. Bruce, Sir, was only one remove below the Upper-Division in your time, and he is now in it. . . . He speaks very well. I am happy to say that the Society flourished exceedingly during last term, by far more so than I could ever have expected it would do, immediately after the loss of such a numerous body of members as that which left us at Election—that body too containing within its ranks two such speakers as yourself and Hallam" (transcript property of James Milnes Gaskell). Gladstone ranked Bruce "as to the natural gift of eloquence at the head of all" he knew at Eton or Oxford (*Letters and Journals of James, Eighth Earl of Elgin*, ed. Theodore Walrond [1872], p. 3).

6. See letter 27 n. 10.

7. On entering Rome 29 March 1832, Gladstone found "that it had been correctly described to us, as presenting to view a singular mixture of splendour poverty and filth. When we had advanced further, and seen something of ancient Rome, other elements of a higher character were added to complete the notion" (*D*, 1:461; 30 March 1832 entry).

8. Byron, *Childe Harold*, canto 4. 543.

44. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

43. Via de Greci. Casa Sebastiani. Rome. Jan. 2d. 1828.

My dear Gladstone,

Somehow or other, I feel a great desire to give a zest to a listless, and unoccupied evening by talking to you. In somewhat less than a fortnight I hope to receive an answer to my last letter, as I know you are too exact, and kind a correspondent to delay long an answer, when letters are seventeen days coming, and going. At the time I wrote my last, I had just seen Gaskell for the first time: since that period I have been scarce one day out of his society. You will remember that at Eton we were neither of us the very highest in each other's books: a circumstance which, for my own share of it, I attribute principally to our respective positions in the Society (which, however much we then used to protest to the contrary had certainly some influence on our confidential intercourse), & partly also, to the circumstances which were connected with his first introduction to our acquaintance.[1] Since I have been here, I have had more opportunities of discerning, and appreciating Gaskell's character; and have no hesitation in saying that I think his removal from the Society, where he was far too much flattered, will develop, in a higher degree than before, the amiable parts of his nature. Not a little quiet good sense, real good nature, and unaffected simplicity are to me as evident, as agreeable in his disposition: there is talent too, though certainly not of an extraordinary kind: nor can any thing, I should conceive, be more pernicious to Gaskell's success in future life, than teaching him to consider himself as a prodigy. How many have been ruined by that infatuation? There is a young man here, named Dallas, whose portrait, & poems you may remember to have seen in the Percy Anecdotes: the latter were published by his foolish father, when the boy was 13: and more recently a collection has been made of all the letters ever written about his son, from childhood to the University;

in which is also inserted a precious speech on the Catholic Question in the Oxford Debating Society; on the strength of which the said father declares Dallas to be nearly as great an orator, as Canning! having previously declared him a greater poet than Byron. N.B. The verses are said by those, who have read them, to be something worse than execrable.[2] I am however perfectly convinced that our friend is made of better stuff than to be so puffed up: I only mentioned the above, as a case in point. Mr. & Mrs. Gaskell are as perfectly opposite in character, as it is possible for man, & wife to be! nor was there ever to my knowledge a more decided instance of "*the grey mare being the better horse.*"[3] The one, a quiet little man, very goodnatured, & simple, almost, as a child; with very little conversation in him, and much laudable desire of seeing everything that is to be seen, & doing everything that is to be done, to the last iota. The other, a remarkably pleasant, and wellinformed, but withal most singular person; both as to her conversation, and other points; not without a wish to be listened to, and admired, yet rather shy, than otherwise, and therefore more effective in a tete a tete, than in a large party. More civil people—more overflowing with real kindness of heart—I do not recollect to have ever seen. They have a vast Catholic acquaintance; among whom is a certain Dr. Gradwell,[4] head of the <Jesuit> English college, and one of the higher powers here. I have also struck up an acquaintance with Mr. Rothmann, a very agreeable young man, who reads Laplace, and yet has no mathematical stupidity, or affectation in his talk.[5] Now remember, all I have told you as yet is purely confidential; & written, because I thought you would like to have a hasty sketch of the Gaskell family, of whom we have heard so much. There are now near 1000 English here. Our chapel is crowded to excess every Sunday. We have a very eloquent preacher, a Mr. Burgess,[6] who is to be Cadogan's tutor, when he comes here. The season has not been very gay hitherto, as the period preceding Christmas is a sort of Lent here—theatres closed—balls prohibited—but now the latter are beginning to thicken apace, and magnificent they generally are.[7] There is a tolerable array of English beauty; which, as far as I have seen hitherto, far outshines that of Italy. In the lower ranks of life it is, I believe, the other way. In Christmas week we had grand festivals—superb illuminations of the Churches—the Pope officiating—and relics of the *Holy Manger* carried about in a golden censer. For the last month too

an English Catholic sermon has been delivered at a small church near us, which has been occasionally made the vehicle of reprehensions of the conduct, which the English too often pursue here. I me[an] their disrespect to the Catholic worship, & consequent wounding the feelings of the inhabitants of Rome. Nothing can be more right, than that such heedless flippancy should be interfered with. The Pope[8] is very much disliked here on account of his arbitrary conduct, and strengthening the power of the Jesuits. The doctrines held by these reverend inquisitors are highly ultramontane: the infallibility of all popes stoutly laid down: & I suspect C. Butler[9] would be in little better odour here for his revised, & amended Catholicism, than Robert Peel himself. All however that I have here observed, while it tends to confirm me in the strongest dislike to that religious system, which not only allows but enjoins so much superstitious frivolity, and intellectual degradation, at the same time demonstrates the error of those, who deem either the Pope to possess any dangerous influence on distant countries, or Catholicism itself to be not susceptible of modification, according to the different manners, institutions, and opinions among which it exists. I have taken much pain, since I have been here, to learn Italian, a more difficult language (from its extreme copiousness) than many people are aware of. I can now speak it with tolerable facility. Gaskell is lazy about that, and other things: retaining his old hatred of exercise, and adding to it an almost equal aversion to sightseeing. I have not left myself room to expatiate on politics; but what a pretty imbroglio the Ministry are in? Lord Goderich, we now hear, has resigned: he has tried, it seems, to ride the King in a snaffle, and found it impossible: that Royal Animal requires a strong curb, and where in the present dearth of men of commanding talents, and weight of character, where is the man, that can fit one to his mouth![10] There is much that I do not like in the whole of this last business, but one may talk, & talk for ever, so "basta."[11] I have had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance, not, I hope, to be <entirely bro> without a renewal at some future time, with your two brothers, who left Rome yesterday for Naples.[12] They have not yet received the Miscellany, which we are all most anxious to see. I have been much better lately in bodily, & mental health; towards which Gaskell's arrival, and pleasant society has not a little contributed.

Believe me,
Yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool / Inghilterra.
P/M 22 January 1828

1. On 8 July 1827, shortly before leaving Eton, Gaskell wrote to his mother: "You say you are sorry that I do not see quite so much of Hallam as I did. I still see a good deal of him; but he and I together have raised the party spirit and party feelings of the Society very considerably" (*RES*, p. 83). The circumstances of their first meeting are unrecorded.

2. Sir Robert Charles Dallas (1804–74), youngest son of Sir George Dallas (1758–1833), attended Oriel College, Oxford (B.A. 1825); his *Ode to the Duke of Wellington and other poems . . . written between the ages of eleven and thirteen* was published in 1819; the second book may be *Poems in Youth*, published circa 1825. *The Percy Anecdotes* (20 vols., 1821–23) were compiled by Thomas Byerley and Joseph Clinton Robertson.

3. Benjamin Gaskell married Mary (d. 1845), eldest daughter of Dr. Joseph Pilkington Brandreth, of Liverpool, in 1807. The expression is proverbial.

4. Robert Gradwell (1777–1833), rector of the English College of St. Thomas at Rome in 1818, was created D.D. by the pope in 1821, and served as vicar-apostolic of the London district in 1828. In his 18 February 1829 letter to his father, Richard Monckton Milnes relayed a story, doubtless derived from AHH: "When the Gaskells went to Italy, Mrs. G. got letters to the heads of the Jesuits of Rome, who in hopes to convert her paid her particular attention & showed her all their relics—amongst other holy things was a leg of St. Ignatius—she went in raptures over it, but Mr. G. quietly asked, after hearing the date, 'How did it *keep*?' as if it were a piece of bacon, whc. so horrified the holy college that they took no more notice of them" (Houghton papers).

5. Richard Wellesley Rothman (1800–1856), who attended Trinity (B.A. 1823), served as registrar of London University and foreign secretary and wrote a history of astronomy. Rothman was Gaskell's private tutor during his European trip. Marquis Pierre Simon de Laplace (1749–1827) was a French astronomer and mathematician.

6. Richard Burgess (1796–1881), biblical scholar, was Anglican chaplain at Geneva (1828) and Rome (1831), and later rector of Upper Chelsea.

7. In his 3 February 1828 letter to Sotheby, Henry Hallam complained about their situation: "To enjoy the utmost [?] Rome, one should exclude the modern—but above all, one shd. exclude English society—he who comes hither with a true Roman

feeling shd. keep his countrymen at a distance, even the number (this year a very small one) of those who can distinguish between the eternal city, & Brighton. This tiresome & unprofitable disposition [?] occupies every one—even the great objects of curiosity can only [. . .] as means of bringing parties together—dinners, balls, morning rides, are alone [. . .] & at these you may be sure, every thing Roman is kept out. It is therefore a very bad place for a young man, & tho' no one can behave better than Arthur, he is of course not free from the contagion" (Huntington).

8. Leo XII (1760–1829) assumed office in 1823.

9. Charles Butler (1750–1832) was a Catholic lawyer and author.

10. See letter 41 n. 12.

11. "Enough."

12. See letter 43 n. 1.

45. TO MRS. BENJAMIN GASKELL

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library

Via Greci. Saturday [5 January 1828].

My dear Madam,

Will you allow me to ask a conference with you early this morning on the subject of my dress for Mrs. Starke's.[1] You let drop something about character last night, which I am the more induced to remember, as your equipment of me for Lady Compton's has had marvellous success.[2]

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mrs. Gaskell / 2 Via de la Croce.

1. Gaskell's private journals, property of the Gaskell family, describe the "fancy ball" given by Miss Mariana Starke (1762?–1838), writer of guidebooks, who lived occasionally in Italy, on 10 January 1828. There were two tableaux—Parnassus and the Sibyls: Anna Wintour played Thalia in the first. Gaskell was dressed as a Venetian, and AHH wore an astrologer's costume; Gaskell told him he looked like an old fool in it.

2. Margaret Maclean Clephane (d. 1830) was the wife of Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton (1790–1851), second marquis of Northampton, who resided in Italy from 1820 to 1830, where his house was a center of English society. The date of her fête is unknown.

46. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL[1]

Text: *RES*, pp. 106–9

43, Via de' Greci, Rome. March 6th, 1828.

My dear Gaskell,

I obey your orders with as much readiness as Lord Hill[2] will Lord Wellington's, and am about to write to you an answer which I will endeavour to make as long as my host of avocations will permit me. You will, I hope, pardon a little extra stupidity when you hear, which I know you will do with regret, that I had a fall the other day from Andrea's bay,[3] which all but demolished me. I had joined a riding party to Veii, or Isola Farnese, as it is now called,[4] and never remember to have had a more delightful Campagna excursion as far as scenery and adventure are concerned; though this pleasure would certainly have been much heightened had you been of our party. When within a mile—as far as a rational guess could be made from the contradictory assertions and provoking "Non son capace's"[5] of that sottish race, the Roman peasantry—we had occasion to alight from our horses on crossing a somewhat difficult piece of rocky ground. Colonel Cheney's steed,[6] whose idea of the "carte de pays" seemed to be pretty correct, set off on being let go for a moment, and made for Rome at full speed. As it would have been rather too bad for the gallant colonel to have walked home eleven or twelve miles to dinner, the rest of us set off likewise, at a similar rate, in the not very sanguine hope of catching our "Cavallo Sciolto."[7] In the performance of this necessary but hazardous duty (for it was as tremendous a ridge-and-furrow field as a Leicestershire foxhunter could wish to exhibit in), my horse, being blind of one eye, and probably not seeing too well with the other, missed his distance in crossing a contemptible grip, and precipitated himself on his head, and me over it on mine. It was not the most agreeable thing under the sun to ride home a matter of ten miles with twenty candles before one's eyes, and one's frame jarred out of all natural consistency. But thank God, here the matter

ended, for Peebles[8] voted it not worth the letting blood for, and I have been quit for one night of double-distilled wretchedness, which, my poor fellow, your toothache will easily make you sympathize with. This reminds me what a selfish being I am showing myself in telling so long and rigmarole a tale about me, me, me, without even alluding to your delightful letters. But to vindicate myself partially, I must needs say I have so little to tell you of news, that I can disdain nothing to replenish my letter. I have not yet seen Miss Wintour[9] since the receipt of anxious interrogatories, but have no reason to believe her health otherwise than good—much less any one of the "perfezioni" diminished in their influence and brilliancy. Thursday last I walked with her and Mrs. Wintour to Thorwaldsen's[10] studio, a most favourite spot with me, and which will not be less so now from such an association. I pointed out to her the likeness which Beresford[11] and myself had fancied in a certain Amorino; but what chance has the most exquisite beauty that chisel has produced when compared with "the smiles that win, the tints that glow"[12] in the real life of nature? What sculptor can give effect to the eye? How much less to the play of feeling which lightens over the countenance of *expressive beauty* (the only kind to my taste)—when, as old Doyle phrases it—

> "The splendour of the changing cheek
> The eye's dark lustre seemed to speak,
> And every gesture served to tell
> What varying passions rose and fell."[13]

Thank you again and again for your extracts, which have pleased me much. There seems to be a sameness in the style of the *characters* in all the work, which arises principally from their being with two exceptions Gladstone's composition; and indeed, he seems to have had so much to do with this second volume, that a general and perhaps somewhat tedious uniformity of expression on all subjects must naturally be the result. I am anxious to see Doyle's poetry. It is a pity you should not have the last numbers, as I believe there was more about ourselves in them. The *bud* compliment I am equally conscious of not deserving, and sensible of Gladstone's kindness in bestowing it. Whatever may be our lot, I am confident *he* is a bud that will bloom with a richer fragrance than almost any whose early promise I have witnessed.[14] I cannot talk so much as I would about the

"Miscellany" and appertaining subjects, as I really have no time. The same reason must apologize for my leaving politics untouched, just hinting I am not quite so easily satisfied as Mr. Thomson.[15] I wait with impatience for your next, and remain,

Yours very affectionately,

A H Hallam.

P.S. Remembrances and wishes of all good from all to all. Adio.

1. The Gaskells left Rome in mid-February for a five-week stay at Naples.

2. Rowland Hill (1772–1842), first viscount, was a general in the Napoleonic wars.

3. Andrea is unidentified.

4. Site of ancient city of Etruria, about twelve miles from Rome.

5. "I am not capable."

6. Lieutenant Colonel Edward Cheney, who fought at Waterloo, was a frequent companion of the Gaskells and Hallams in Rome.

7. "Loose horse."

8. An English physician, apparently traveling with the Robertsons.

9. Anna Mildred Wintour (b. 1804?), daughter of Henry Wintour (1777?–1804), who was a contemporary of Henry Hallam at Christ Church (B.A. 1800) and prebendary of St. Paul's, was wintering in Italy with her mother and maternal aunt. AHH may have known her through their mutual friends, the Robertsons; Gaskell met her through AHH. As a letter to Gaskell's mother in 1830 makes clear, Gaskell and AHH were only two of the young men who fell under Anna Wintour's spell: "Mr. Brooke, a fine young man, was sent to Europe to be cured of his love for her, and a few years ago, all Cambridge was set on fire by her beauty. The Italian polish which she has acquired during her residence abroad must have made her perfectly irresistible." On 12 April 1828, Gaskell and Anna read from the many poems addressed to her by her admirers. AHH's eleven poems to or about Anna are printed in *Writings* (see p. 78 for list: the "Fragment" of 1828 [p. 5] is by Gaskell; the sonnet "Oh, deem not" [p. 27] is to Anne Robertson). Gaskell's private journals of his Italian tour are devoted almost entirely to Anna, and confirm the intensity of his adoration. Anna Wintour married a Yorkshire squire, Colonel George Healey, in 1834; she had ten children, none of whom survived to maturity. Mrs. Henry Adams's account of the involvement offers a terse and tonic alternative to the youthful romanticism of the Etonian comrades: "[Hallam] and Mr. Gaskell were both desperately in love with the same woman, who refused them both and made a new bond of friendship between them. The woman, who was utterly commonplace, married a boozy Yorkshire yeoman. Hallam got over his love and died at twenty-two,

but Mr. Gaskell, though he married very happily, never lost his feeling and has left her a nice pension" (*Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams*, p. 126). Isabel Milnes Gaskell, James's daughter (b. 1 June 1833), married Fitzgerald Thomas Wintour (1829–98), rector of High Hoyland, Yorkshire, and Anna Wintour's nephew, in 1855.

10. Bertel Thorwaldsen (1768–1844), the Danish sculptor, lived in Rome from 1797 to 1838.

11. Henry Browne Beresford (d. 1869), contemporary of AHH at Eton, was in the Bengal Civil Service. On 20 March 1891, Beresford's daughter wrote to AT that her father and AHH "spent the winter together in Rome—& though my Father was a good linguist, Arthur Hallam far surpassed him—for at the end of 6 weeks when [he was] only translating, Arthur Hallam was reading Dante in the original. Papa always spoke of him as the most lovely character, most loveable & always associated him in his own mind with what was 'angelic' "(TRC).

12. Byron, "She Walks in Beauty," line 15.

13. Doyle's "The Prediction," lines 57–60 (*Eton Miscellany* 1:33). See letter 34 n. 2.

14. In the conclusion to "On Eloquence," *Eton Miscellany* 2 (no. 8): 107–15, Gladstone wrote that the Eton Society "has, within no very long time back, exhibited buds of very great promise within its walls" (p. 114). Nearly a third of the contributions to the second volume were by Gladstone.

15. Probably Gaskell's Yorkshire neighbor, Paul Beilby Lawley Thompson (1784–1852), lord Wenlock (1839), Whig M.P. for Wenlock from 1826 to 1832, who married (1817) Caroline Neville, Catherine Glynne's aunt. The Thompsons were companions of the Gaskells in Rome.

47. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 109–13

43, Via de' Greci, Rome. March 15th, 1828.

My dear Gaskell,

I ought to begin with apologizing for not answering your letter as you desired me by return of post; but I have had so much on my hands that even the real pleasure of communicating with you by writing was unavoidably postponed. The spirit and pathos of your last amused me much. If your pen really writes what your heart prompts, there can be little doubt indeed as to what is *nearest* that heart. A more decided case of "over head and ears" I do not remember to have witnessed.[1] Were I Mercury, or whoever has the honour of presiding over British politics, I should undoubtedly consider myself bound in honour to demand satisfaction in the most peremptory manner from Cupid for his having so unexpectedly and perfidiously supplanted him in his legitimate sovereignty over your affections. But, raillery apart, I have that to communicate which will make you bite your lips through with envy, ay, and perhaps give you over to the "green-eyed monster" for a long space of "damned minutes."[2] Wilson and myself, by dint of persuasion, obtained from *La bella Stagione*[3] a promise to join our riding party—which promise has been most amply and delightfully redeemed. In a word, I have had two rides to which all others, even the most pleasant, are as the dull and noxious weed to the brightest floweret that freshened the bowers of Eden with its primeval fragrance. There's rapture for you! But not a whit too high. Had you been with us enjoying the most exquisite scenery in the most balmy atmosphere—for certainly never did the eye of man rest on anything more lovely than those hills that bound the Campagna, illumined as I have seen them this day by the most delicate and yet the most magnificent tints of the declining sun—enjoying this, I say, in the company—but out of compassion to you I forbear to heighten the effect of my picture. That it admits of such heightening, no one is

more aware than myself. How much, now, would you sacrifice to be with us on Saturday, when I believe (Deo volente) we take our next excursion? I can fancy your eyes glistening at the very idea; and methinks I see you at this moment, clapping your hands in your pockets, looking sentimentally first on the beautiful prospect you describe of the deep blue, boundless Mediterranean; secondly, on the now abandoned "Galignani"[4] which lies on your table; thirdly (and that indeed a longing, lingering look), on the road that leads to Rome, and sighing out in your best Tuscan, "*Fossi pur io colà!*"[5] However, seriously speaking, I presume your time for returning is near at hand; but I sincerely hope it will not arrive until I have been at Naples at least two or three days, for I should be very sorry not to have an interview with you before we part for (what in all probability will be) a length of time. We start *next Monday*, and shall most likely stay a day or two at *Albano*[6] on our way, so as to be at Naples before the end of the week. However, we have as yet got no answer about lodgings; so that may derange our plans. I leave Rome with much regret, having passed a most delightful winter here, and formed several friendships the renewal of which hangs on a thread of fortune too frail not to inspire me with uneasiness and regret. I shall besides feel much sorrow on quitting this delightful Italy, which, I know not why, I look upon at most as my second country, and should be deeply afflicted could I cherish the thought that I never should visit it again. I could run on for hours and quires on this theme, but must curb my sentiment to tell you how much I have to thank you for giving me the means of admiring that exquisite gem of poesy, "There is a magic in thy smile." I am quite mad about it. "The Crusader," too, I like much; though not nearly so much, because it is more like his former productions.[7]

I expect your new packet with impatience. And now, hoping I have pretty well discharged the duty you impose on me, that of writing entirely or mainly with reference to *one subject*, I have only to implore your indulgence for the nonsense I may have written, and subscribe myself, with good wishes from all our party to all of yours,

Your affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.

P. S. As for politics, je m'y perds. The best part an honest man can take in these times seems to me to keep clear out of the way and hazard no opinion; for each new morning may and does give the lie to the last. Poor Abercrombie, I hear, is ruined by the change; he had given up his profession and all such chances, and staked all upon the great cast, which failing, he is left a wreck upon the waters. What think you of the manifesto, and the murders, banishments, and confiscations set on foot by the Grand Signor? I hope the barbarians may soon be taught what it is to exasperate Christendom.[8] *Basta.* Adio! Felice notte!

1. See letter 46 n. 9.

2. *Othello*, 3. 3. 166–69.

3. "The season's beauty": AHH's and Gaskell's description of Anna Wintour. John Wilson (1809–83), AHH's Etonian contemporary, was the illegitimate son of John Fitz-Patrick, second earl of Upper-Ossory; M.P. for Queen's County, Wilson married Augusta Douglas in 1830 and became first lord Castletown. In some doggerel verses dated 1 September 1829, composed at Glenarbach, Gaskell described Wilson as made of "Gossip's spittle, / and all that's little" (Brown University Library).

4. *Galignani's Messenger*, a daily European paper in English, begun by Giovanni Antonio Galignani (1757–1821) and continued by his sons, John Anthony (1796–1873) and William (1798–1882).

5. "Would that I were there!" See also letter 32 n. 2.

6. A resort 14 miles southeast of Rome.

7. Doyle's "To a Young Lady Coming Out" and "The Dying Crusader's Song," *Eton Miscellany* 2 (no. 7): 84–85, 73–74.

8. The manifesto of Mahmud II (1785–1839), sultan of Turkey, to the pashas of the Turkish provinces, declaring that the forthcoming war with Russia (declared in April 1828) was purely religious and an attempt by infidels to destroy Islamism, was made public early in January 1828. On 5 January, the sultan ordered several hundred English, French, and Russian citizens to be banished from their settlements in the Turkish empire. Greek independence from Turkey was finally secured nearly two years after the allied treaty (see letter 38 n. 2).

48. TO ANNA MILDRED WINTOUR

Text: Miss Isabel Wintour's transcript

[Rome.] [23–24 March 1828.][1]

Perhaps you will consider it impertinent in me to remind you, that you are bound by a promise, given Saturday, on the Pincian, to do me a favour, which you may remember I did not then name, but reserved to myself the privilege of doing so at my own time. As your plighted word is of course irrevocably sacred I may hope you will accept this pocket Dantino[2] from me, as I have another edition with me—and although such a little old ugly book is but a contemptible offering, considering only its appearance, it is, I trust, not so when considered, either as regards the greatness of the poet comprised in it or the sincere intention of your humble servant. Basta Cosi![3] I likewise send the song,[4] because a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, & why put that off for three weeks (before which time I may be drowned in the Bay of Naples) which can be done today. I am at a desperately low ebb of spirits this morning, & am at this moment breakfasting on your exquisite music of last evening, which if I live to the age of Methuselah, will still glitter like the morning star on the misty horizon of my early years.[5]

Adio—stia felice, et si recordi di

A. H. H.[6]

Addressed to Miss Wintour / 33. Via dell' Umilta.

1. See letter 47 for dating.

2. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Editione Formata sopra quella di Comino del 1727* (Venice, 1811), owned in 1935 by Miss Isabel Wintour. The other edition is perhaps that from which volume four, *Canzoni e Sonetti* (London, 1809), survives at

TRC; it is inscribed "A. H. Hallam, 1828," and was apparently given to AT after AHH's death.

3. "Thus enough."

4. Doyle's "To a Young Lady" (see letter 47 n. 7), transcribed as "Stanzas by F. H. Doyle" and included with this letter.

5. Compare Burke's description of Marie Antoinette in *Reflections*: "I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

6. "Farewell—remain happy, and remember your AHH."

49. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 113–19

Naples. April 14th, 1828.

My dear Gaskell,

On my return yesterday from Paestum I found your letter, which had been some days waiting for me, and hasten to thank you for all the pleasure it afforded me. I have had since you went a good deal to annoy me, and my spirits were of the blackest and gloomiest cast when I broke open your seal with an expectation of reviving them, which has not been disappointed. The state of a person's mind is generally to be gathered from his letters, and this even when some pains are taken to conceal it. But your heart is on the tip of your pen, and I give perfect credence to your assertions of the happiness you are enjoying. I wish you joy of it with all my heart. There is no pleasure so pure as that which springs from the unstained freshness of early love; and though you are decidedly the last person—*literally the last*—that six months ago I should have fixed upon as likely soon to experience the influence of the archer god, I freely confess my error of judgment, and will learn from it never to hazard a prediction in a matter so far beyond mortal control. I shall be sorry, however, if you have allowed the arrow to penetrate too deep. While indulging in the actual delirium of that enjoyment which for the first time seems to make a paradise of earth, you will not—you cannot bear to think how soon the picture must be reversed. Yet that reversal is about to take place—that absence which is now only an anticipation will become an unchangeable reality; those eyes which now beam on you in all the light of their loveliness, will be far, far removed from your ardent gaze; the silver tones of that voice will no longer fall like angels' music on your ear; and this change will be wrought upon you within a few fleeting hours from the time at which this letter will arrive at its destination.[1] Then you may, perhaps, repent that you have striven to rivet the chain which was so soon to be snapt for ever; then may come

the consciousness that the sweetest cup is not so sweet but that exquisite bitterness may abide in its dregs!

In short, I hear so much of your desperate state of love-sickness at present—(for remember, "*L'amor e la tosse non si nasconde*,"[2] and more than one eye is upon you)—that I am in sober sadness afraid you are laying up for yourself a store of future discomfort and unavailing regret; much do I hope, however, that you will have sufficient firmness of mind not to let this get the better of you; and though far be it from me to advise you not to *admire*, not to *feel*, not to *appreciate*, I should not, I think, be dealing rightly with you did I not urge you to moderate a little the vehemence of that adoration which may (I speak advisedly) tend to make you a butt to those whose esteem you ought to command, and even (which is upon the cards) to *one* whom of all others you would most wish to look upon you with regard. What I have written may, perhaps, grate upon your feelings; but it has been written in the calm sincerity of friendship, and as such I know you will both excuse and appreciate it. For Gaskell, I am firm in hope that, however superficial our intimacy at Eton may have been, we are now real friends for ever. We have been thrown together for the last few months in a way that cannot but cement unto durability that friendship. Community of pursuits, community of society, community of feeling—three potent links to make a binding chain! "*Idem Velle*," says the historian, "*atque Idem Nolle ea demum est firma amicitia!*"[3]

But you will think, should I continue my letter in this tone, that I am grown a regular proser; and I am afraid that your thoughts, which of late have been in the habit of requiring a very powerful stimulant to divert them for one half-hour from their end and aim, will have been roaming far and wide while your eyes have been perusing my two pages. Now, then, for a rattling peal of thunder to recall you to yourself! What the deuce is become of your wits, that you never mention Miss Wintour's picture?[4] Have you been so taken up with the original that you had no scrap of homage left to pay to the copy? I charge you, as you hold dear the reputation of being a true knight, to enlighten me on this head. I am duly sensible of your extreme condescension in conveying "my foolish flower"; but, my good friend, suppose we were to strike an account of mutual obligations—would there not be one that *you* owe to *me*, far outweighing not only

all that has been, but all that can be done on your part? The delightful smile you mention has wrapt me in "measureless content."[5] Oh! that I were worthy of a smile so precious, so graceful! Do not for one moment suppose from what I have said in the other page, that I do not still look back to the happy days I have spent in her society with feelings much stronger than words can express. They are the brightest days in my life—they were the principal means, under God, of rescuing me from a drooping state of mental misery, a return to which I should look upon as the worst thing that could happen to me. I have certainly made other friendships at Rome that I value highly—the dissolution of which I could not look forward to without long and deep regret—but there was a charm in *her* conversation to which "*Non viget quicquam simile, aut secundum.*"[6] That conversation, after once or twice more, I shall *never*, perhaps, hear again; but I have a precious shrine in my memory, where its recollected sweetness shall be tabernacled until that memory itself be no more! May that ever dear remembrance be a powerful amulet to preserve me from evil! For where the thought of her is treasured, thence, surely, should all impurity fly. But I must positively use the curbrein; I never can stop when writing to you on subjects mutually interesting; "plane acquiesco," as Tully says; "quum scribens ad te tum legens tua: video enim te, et, quasi coram adsis cerno *συμπαθείαν* amoris tui!"[7] It is not altogether impossible that we may leave Naples next Thursday, in which case I might catch half an hour's conversation with you, were it even as you were dressing for your departure on the Monday morning. But I doubt we shall stay on a few days longer; at all events, write by return of post. Your letters are always as welcome to me as they are excellent in themselves. Your commissions I will, of course, discharge; your debts may well stand over till we meet. I shall answer your next letter to *Florence*, where I also hope to rejoin you, as we give but *three days* to Rome.[8] Tell me in it where Wilson is gone, and other news of the same kind. I suppose if Beresford's letter had been Poste Restante you would have forwarded it. Will you tell the postmaster to forward no more, as we are so soon returning? The Robertsons are here—delightful people![9] I am truly pleased to find you have made Miss Robertson's acquaintance. You do not tell me what number the Wintours' house is. I fear the situation, though lovely in the extreme, is ill chosen as to heat and mosquitoes.[10] Mrs. P [. . .] has determined

to leave the Chiaia on that account, and to look out for lodgings at Sorrento.[11] I think the Temple of Neptune magnificent—so much for your taste in ruins! and the accommodations at Eboli very fair—so much for your taste in inns![12] Kind regards from all of us to all of you. Do not forget to remember me to "La bella Stagione," and desire from me that her guitar may not be out of tune when I return. Ask also if there is anything I can do for them at Naples. Adio caro—ti voglio proprio bene—credimi sempre, il tuo fidelissimo, e divotissimo amico.[13]

A H Hallam.

1. See letter 47 n. 1. Gaskell bid farewell to Rome and Anna Wintour on 23 April 1828, "in a violent flood of tears. . . . 'God bless you' was the last word I uttered. She had said to me, 'Remember, I'm your mammina' " (Gaskell's private journals).

2. Proverbial: "Love and a cough are not to be hidden."

3. Sallust *Bellum Catilinae* 20. 4–5: "Agreement in likes and dislikes—this, and this only, is what constitutes true friendship."

4. The picture is untraced, though a locket portrait of Anna Wintour is reproduced facing page 130 in *Eton Boy*.

5. *Macbeth*, 2. 1. 17.

6. Horace *Carminum* 1. 12. 18: "Nor doth aught flourish like or even next to [it]."

7. AHH has combined quotations from Cicero's *Letters to Atticus* 7. 11 and 5. 18: "It soothes me to write to you and read your letters" and "You are always in my mind's eye, and I understand your affectionate sympathy as if you were standing there." Gaskell described AHH's letter as "most beautiful and affecting" (private journals).

8. AHH left Rome on 28 April 1828.

9. Robert Robertson (1775–1845) of Prenderguest, Brownsbank and Gunsgreen, co. Berwick, who in consequence of his marriage (1804) to Anne, daughter of Robert Glasgow, acquired the estates of Montgreenan, co. Ayr, and Glenarbach, co. Dumbarton, and eventually assumed the name of Glasgow. Their children included three daughters and one son, Robert Robertson (1811–60), who, though he was admitted to Trinity in November 1828, did not matriculate until 1830. Called to the Scottish bar in 1835, Robertson was J.P. for Ayr and Renfrew. His sisters were Philadelphia Jane, Anne (who married George Airey, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, after 1833), and Charlotte Mary Cecilia (born in Rome in 1827). Most of the family remained in Italy through 1833, with brief trips to Scotland. Henry Hallam's close friend and contemporary at Christ Church, Oxford, Lord Webb John Seymour (1777–1819), was the previous resident of Glenarbach (see *Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P.*, ed. Leonard Horner [2 vols., 1843], Appendix A:

"Biographical Notice of Lord Webb Seymour," by Henry Hallam), and thus the Hallams had certainly known the Robertsons before meeting them in Rome in 1827. Motter (*Writings*, p. 5) describes AHH's feeling for Anne Robertson as one of "deep friendship," but a conversation between Gaskell and Anna Wintour and her mother on 8 April 1828 suggests the relationship at one point may have been more intense: "I asked how they wished me to behave. Anna said, 'So as my other Admirers do.' I remonstrated that as Hallam himself owed a divided allegiance, it was too much to expect me to follow anyone's example" (Gaskell's private journals). Seven of AHH's published poems deal with Anne Robertson, her family, or her Scottish home (see *Writings*, pp. 52–53: "To an Admired Lady" is addressed to the actress Fanny Kemble, but "To—" [p. 27] is to Anne Robertson, rather than Anna Wintour). Gaskell spent much time with the Robertsons at Geneva in July and August 1828; he described them as "delightful people; at least Miss Robertson is; one of the most agreeable and highly informed persons I have the pleasure of being acquainted with;" and he found "Hallam's warm and merited eulogies" amply justified (private journals).

10. Anna Wintour's 28 July 1828 letter to Anne Robertson confirmed AHH's fears: "[At] a small house in the bay (Via Vittoria) . . . we had dust & sun & insects without end, but a delightful view" (transcript in Gaskell's private journals).

11. Mrs. P. is unidentified. The Riviera di Chiaja bounds the Villa Nazionale in Naples; the Strada di Chiaja was one of its busier streets.

12. Neptune's is the largest of the three temples at Paestum; Eboli is a small town 16 miles east of Salerno.

13. "Farewell, dear one—I really wish you well—believe me always, your most faithful and devoted friend."

49a. JAMES MILNES GASKELL TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

Text: James Milnes Gaskell's private journals

[Rome.] 22 April 1828.

She is a perfect being . . . all I can consent to do is to regulate the affection that I feel; that she may be a steady and a shining light to guide and direct my course, instead of a shining meteor to dazzle and mislead. . . . I could not if I would, and would not if I could. . . . I will guard with pious gratitude to her the flame of genuine affection; that fire from heaven, of which she is the holy depository: it never can become more radiant, it never can become more intense; it can be released only with those holds which grapple me to life: its extinction can never be hazarded; and its purity can never be impaired.[1]

1. See letter 49 n. 1. On 26 August 1828, Gaskell enclosed a note, with a copy of Petrarch, with Anne Robertson's letter to Anna Wintour: "Pray accept this as a gentle little reproof for having told me that the lapse of four months would blot out from my heart feelings which, as their nature is neither evanescent nor capricious, it is out of the reach of time or circumstances to lessen or destroy. . . . The consciousness that I possess your good opinion shall be the stimulus to all my future exertions, and to that source I will trace the actions of my life, and the acquisitions of my mind—this is not idle—it is a sacred engagement, my dearest friend, that you shall always be present to my thoughts" (Gaskell's private journals).

50. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 120–28

Dover. June 25th, 1828.

O dulces tuas mihi, jucundasque litteras![1] It is such a comfort to me to hear good tidings of my friends when barred by hundreds of miles from all personal intercourse. I have been in almost continual vexation of spirit, my dearest Gaskell, since I lost your society, and with it the beautiful land which I have some right to hail as the country of my heart. No longer possessing a friend who could share what I feel, in whose affections I could find a faithful echo to my hopes, my fears, my regrets, and my enjoyments, I was driven back upon myself. What you have said of silence, that "its only effect is to bring nearer to the heart what is dearest to it," is, I believe, philosophically true. I feel now as if I had never known what it was to think or to feel till lately, so fearfully have the energies of our spiritual nature been developing themselves within me. To you only would I venture to write thus; though our characters are somewhat dissimilar, our hearts, I trust, are alike.[2] Should my letter, then, appear strange and unsuitable, forgive the effect for the sake of the cause: "On peut se faire tant de mal," says Madame de Staël, "par ses propres réflexions!"[3] Hélas, c'est trop vrai!—but yet I cannot but hope all this comes of good; I cannot but hope that as the ceaseless stir of the ocean preserves unharmed the pureness of its waters, so it may eventually be with the turmoil of my thoughts. There are moments when I feel lifted above myself, when something speaks within me that is worth more than myself; when I burn with the intense longing to make the name I bear honoured in a second generation—to create something—to find something in the mingling, combining, colliding fantasies of my brain, that may be a worthy and a public offering at the altar of Truth. In such moments as these I write poetry—or it would be more modest and more correct to say, I try to write it; for the "sisters of the sacred well"[4] must be served with humility and patient watchings, or they vouchsafe not the ray of heavenly light

which becomes in the gifted poet an essential intelligence of the soul. Rare, indeed, are these moments, and from them I sink into deep and mournful thoughts of what has for ever gone by; the sweet days of dear Italy, cheered as they were by the calm sunshine of friendship, and the brighter but far more fleeting sunset of love. I try to form a mimic life to my imagination out of that which I knew in its reality. I shut my eyes, and closing as much as possible every avenue to my mind, I compel the phantoms of the past to pass before me in mental light. Again I ride by *her* along the bank of the Tiber—turn to catch the sunset over St. Peter's—see the Monte Mario with its crown of cypresses, and the Ponte Molle, with each of the roads meeting there, vividly distinct, even to the grips in the path, and the gates of the field—again I enter Torlonia's gaily-lighted rooms—press through the crowd, make my way to *her*, take my place with *her*—view each and all of my friends passing to and fro, grouping together, asking questions—in the ghastly life of memory![5] Again I listen to her conversation, trembling on the musical sounds of that voice which fell on my ear, "*Si dolcemente che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona*";[6] occasionally looking up and inhaling from that aspect where goodness draws a delicate veil over splendour, an infinite of rapture, till at length the happiness becomes too intense for our frail mortality, and I lower my eyes once more that I may abate my delight to the standard of my weak capacities. All her glances are evoked before me—her look of soft and graceful mirth—her look of heartfelt sympathy—her look of melancholy and alienation from the world—her look of dignified character—of attractive but commanding innocence. Oh, Gaskell, why is it that these last creations of imaginative memory, though by far the most enchanting, are also the least clear? Why do I find a difficulty in presenting her face to the mind's eye, her tones to the mind's ear? Why do other forms and voices fling their importunate presences across me, when I should be most free from all external intrusion? Perhaps the nature of things offers a simple solution; perhaps the mind revolts from portraying, by what it feels to be mere delusions, the objects of its most intimate affection. It is one thing to recall from the blank gulf of time scenery, or spots, or ordinary forms, and another to clothe with apparent reality the image of *her* to whose spirit my own is knit by those bonds of mystery whose formation none can comprehend, because they are framed and fashioned in the

depths of the heart which few dare to sound, and none have ever fathomed. Again I say, to you alone would I pour out all this. Enthusiasm, the noble birth of the soul, is irritable by nature, and wonderfully evanescent. A sneer may chill it with the icy cold of death. But from you I fear no disdain—I hope every sympathy. You have doubtless your day-dreams also, and can understand Dante when he bursts forth—

> O Immaginativa, che ne rube,
> Talvolta sì di fuor, ch'uom non s'accorge,
> *Perchè d'intorno suonin mille tube!*
>
> O fond imagining, that stealest us
> At times so from ourselves, that our rapt thoughts
> Would take no impress of sensation
> From ringing of a thousand clarions.[7]

Gaskell, I have read "Corinne," and I shed tears over its pages—insomuch that I was obliged to read the most powerful parts in solitude, that my emotion might not be observed. Are such tears childish? Alas! if the freshest feelings of the heart be childish—feelings which we seem conscious are immediate emanations from the primary source of our being, what is existence but a mockery? But it is not, and cannot be thus; the aim of all genuine poetry is to ennoble and sublime the soul; the poet has attained this aim when our sensations awaken to their natural energies, as though it were things not words that moved them. Our deep, chained-down interest, our noble indignation, our tears—these are the tributes which he has earned, and which we should never be ashamed to pay. "Corinne" is for the most part poetry of the highest order—that which deals with the foundations of our being, and never subordinates the thought to the diction. At least, so it appears to me; but I am a somewhat prejudiced judge in this matter; for there is so much in every page that throws light upon my own peculiar circumstances, that I may be pardoned, surely, for sounding too high a key of admiration.[8] I pleased myself in tracing every resemblance between Anna and Corinne. Was this idle? I fear so; for I ought to seek to chasten, and temper, and subdue my affection, in lieu of heightening it again into a consuming flame. I trust I shall soon attain this end. Solitude and a long journey

through a comparatively uninteresting country had worked up my thoughts to a state of fever. But repose may do much, and I shall fling myself headlong into study, in order to modify, at least, if not to change my present constitution of mind. It is a fearful thing for one who has lived in the richness of present enjoyment to have his being merely in the past and in the future! I will create for myself a present, and, assigning an impregnable citadel to my recollections of Italy, will allow them to moderate and to soften, but never to tyrannize over my other pursuits. I will learn to think of absence after the fashion of the majestic Platonism of Landor, who says, "Absence is not of matter, the body did not make it; absence quickens the heart, and invigorates the affections; absence is the invisible, incorporeal mother of ideal beauty."[9] Meanwhile, I shall look forward to meeting you with eagerness, though I know too well we cannot be together again as we have been, either as to time or circumstances. But write to me—write as often as you have leisure; you can hardly want materials. I shall be delighted to hear more about the Robertsons. Miss Robertson has a sweet character; the more you know of her the more you will like her. I hope she will continue me her friendship; though I may never see her again, it will be a comfort to me always. You will not fail to discover many traits of resemblance to Anna in the suavity of her manners and flow of her conversation: yet I never think of the one but as a valuable friend, and I cannot yet hear the other's name even casually pronounced without feeling a thrill in every vein. And yet Miss Robertson denies the existence of love! Oh! illusion stranger than any of the wildest romancer. I had a letter yesterday from her brother, who reproaches me for regretting Italy when I am returning to my country. I am proud of being born an Englishman, but if patriotism is a Moloch to which we are to sacrifice all the first-fruits of the heart—all our sympathies with the wondrous creations of man, and those yet deeper sympathies that yearn within us when we trace the footsteps of God amid the beauties of His creation, then would patriotism be a bane rather than a blessing. It would be a foolish arrogance to think England unites on her island shores every blessing under the sun; yet the soul of man is formed to love every species and mode of good; and if we can find beneath a Southern sky that species and that mode which most accords with the dispositions that strike the deepest root in our nature, why rebel against that nature, instead

of thanking God for opening to us a newer and more copious source of pleasure than we had before known? But would you forget, would you depreciate home blessings? Oh, no. Least of all should I say so, whose dearest link to Italy is the English friendships I formed there, and whose only hope, however faint, of renewing them, is attached to this shore. Robertson speaks darkly of a strange plan of yours, which, by bringing you straight to England, might give you a chance of returning to Rome next winter. What can he mean? Were you not to go to Geneva you would miss this letter, which I should be sorry for, unless it procured me the happiness of seeing you.[10] Answer this, as soon as you receive it, to *Ramsgate*. On reviewing what I have written, I am quite ashamed of writing anything so egotistical. I have spoken of nobody and nothing but myself. Pardon me, Gaskell; my heart was full, and I wrote from its impulse. I will not again write in the same way, and this shall not be a vain promise. Remember us all to your own party, and to the Robertsons. If you see Wilson, tell him I wrote to him at Milan, and have got no answer. Believe me, now and ever,

Yours most affectionately,

A. H. Hallam.

1. Cicero *Letters to Atticus* 12. 4: "How glad I was of your delightful letter!"

2. See AHH's description of his friendship with Gaskell in his sonnet "To A. T." (letter 90a n. 1).

3. Anne Louise Germaine Necker (1766–1817), baronne de Staël-Holstein, French writer, fled France during the Revolution, but returned after the fall of the empire in 1815. In 1807 she published the semi-autobiographical *Corinne ou l'Italie*, which became virtually required reading for travelers to Italy. AHH quotes from chapter one: "Il est si facile de se faire avec ses propres réflexions un mal irréparable!"

4. Milton, "Lycidas," line 15.

5. Both the Ponte Molle (over the Tiber) and the villa Monte Mario were in the immediate environs of Rome. The Torlonias, who lived in the Palazzo Albani, were an eminent Roman family: Giovanni (1754–1829) owned a bank much used by English travelers (*D*, 1:470 n. 5). Gaskell's private journals record a number of dinner parties at the Torlonias's during the winter of 1827–28.

6. "As sweetly that sweetness still sounds to me."

7. *Purgatorio*, canto 17. 13–15.

8. Although he disagreed with its treatment of religion, Gladstone acknowledged *Corinne's* affective power: "It is as regards power over the feelings indeed a masterly work—I at least felt it to be such, as it was vain to resist" (*D*, 1:571; 8 September 1832 entry). Corinne is the spiritual and emotional embodiment of Italy to the Scottish nobleman, Lord Neville, with whom she falls in love.

9. From "Kosciusko and Poniatowski" in *Imaginary Conversations*, vol. 1 (1824) by Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864), then living in Florence.

10. Gaskell returned to England in mid-October 1828 and stayed a week in London, when he "was constantly with Hallam, and could not find comfort but in his conversation, and not much even in that" (Gaskell's private journals).

51. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

14. Albion Place. Ramsgate. Thursday [3 July 1828].

My dear Gladstone,

I was very sorry to find from your Naples letter, that all communication between us was interdicted for such a length of time, and, to tell you the truth, I felt rather surprised that you seemed to preclude so decidedly my writing at a venture to Seaforth House, as I should have thought the letter might have learnt your address there, & followed you; but as there was no remedy, I submitted to a reciprocal silence, which was the more provoking as I knew the house in Wimpole Street was let till October, & I therefore feared your plan of writing thither in June might fail of its effect, & leave me as letterless as before.[1] Fortunately however yours of the 24th. found its way to Hatchett's Hotel, where I have been staying for two days on my way to final repose in this hermitage. London is awfully hot—not the genuine, pure, plainspoken heat of an Italian sun, but a condensation of impure vapours, the fetid caloric of which drives me nearly mad, after my habits of existence for the last ten months. The glorious King of light, whose sovreignty in the South is supreme, unimpaired, & unquestionable, whose least emanation of splendour would there be more than sufficient to hurl into nothingness all the children of the Clouds, here abdicates his high command for the exclusive benefit of a dirty pack of manwrought cloudlets, whose origin is as base, as their audacity is notorious, and their character shameless! I felt a load taken off my spirits, when the Ramsgate hoy took me out of that dead atmosphere to an air somewhat more fresh, and a sky somewhat more azure. There's patriotism towards my own old land of Cockaigne![2] But, I fear me, there is truth in it. Thus much, half in jest, half in sober sadness. But *to myself* I cannot joke about myself. I feel much more on leaving Italy, and entering on a College system of life, than I dare trust my pen with. But there is one subject connected with both,

which I would fain mention, because it weighs the heaviest on my own mind. It is my destiny, it would seem, in this world to form no friendship, which when I begin to appreciate it, & hold it dear, is not torn from me by the iron hand of circumstance. The friends whom I loved at Eton I shall not see at Cambridge. Those who endeared to me my sojourn in Italy are scattered to the four winds of heaven—and the chance of enjoying more hours of their conversation, & society is more unstable than the very breath of those winds. For it is in the nature of English society abroad, that its cement is but for a day, & when once its brief hour of existence has passed over such a fabric, the dissolution is as sudden, as it is thorough; and few are the instances in which one stone is left upon another. I am well aware that a man may arm himself with soi-disant philosophical maxims against the inutility of regretting what is in the natural course of things; and if these mean, how wrong it is to repine at Providence, beyond a shadow of doubt they are most true, & have a right claim on our obedience; but there may be, I hope, an honest regret, which strives not with Religion, but bows to, & is blent with her meek holiness—a regret which tends to make us better, by constantly <recalling to us> keeping alive within us the fresh, & early affections of the heart. I must not however be too serious in this renewal of my correspondence with you. I have been, I believe, somewhat changed since I last saw you; I have snatched rather eagerly a draught from the cup of life, with its strange mingling of sweet, & bitter; all this should rather have come after my three years of College, than before, but nothing can cancel it *now*, and I must on in the path that is chalked out for me.[3] I have no aversion to study; I trust, quite the contrary: though my ideas of the essential do not precisely square with those of the worshipful Dons of Cambridge. But I have no time now to explain what I think about this latter subject; volumes might be written on our baneful system of education—and they will be written, before the world is fifty years older.

Gaskell, when he was at Naples, and I at Rome, was so good as to write out for me copious extracts from the Miscellany—and afterwards I obtained from the kindness of your brothers a perusal of the whole. There seemed to me more good things in it than in the first volume; but there was a certain monotony in the general spirit of the articles, which must very much have destroyed the effect of the better

portion. Changes are rung upon the same key from No. I to No. X: and people who laughed at the one, are but too apt to yawn at the other, simply from this reason, & not for any intrinsic fault. Your eulogy on Canning I liked very much; I mean that in prose; the verse you must pardon me for not liking at all. Gaskell tells me that in a letter to him you declare the compliment of the buds to be meant for us two: if it be so, I thank you for it warmly; though I am afraid it is too friendly, to be true, as far as I am concerned.[4] Doyle's poetry is glorious; it has [a] hundred faults; but the presence of the sun is manifest [in the] surrounding mist, and should he but exert his energies, a[s he] ought, and as we who have witnessed his rise have a right to call on him to do, he will burst on the world in full splendour. He should remember that it is not the mere impulse that makes the poet: the "sisters of the sacred well" must be served with humility, & patient watchings, that the Vestal flame may be kept alive in power, & permanence.[5] He had better not read Byron for the next year, or so, methinks. Rogers's Brocas is admirable.[6] With regard to the sale of the Miscellany both Doyle (whom I have seen in London), & myself are decidedly opposed to a reprint of any of the first numbers. If there be *any* hope of a sale, the whole will sell: but I cannot bring myself to think you could sell five copies of any separate number. I wish you would explain succinctly in your next, whether it is the first volume that hangs on hand, as well as the second, for by your intimation of an appeal to my organ of Fork-out-iveness it would seem to be so. I shall of course be ready to answer all fair claims.[7]

As for politics, I have taken a disgust to them of late; and plead *not guilty* to the charge of having corrupted Gaskell, with whom I have scarcely ever talked on such subjects. He too is somewhat weaned, but by no means quite.[8] Strange things have been working since I left England: and public men seemed entirely at one time to forget the advice of Syeyes to the Constituant: "Depuis qu'on nous rassasie des principes, c'est bien etrange que personne ne s'avise, que la *Stabilitè* est aussi un principe de Gouvernement!"[9] Nobody however need blame our actual Premier for not *standing*, & *intending to stand*. One of the strangest features of the time is his having grown into a statesman. Meanwhile I have hopes of the *Catholic Quest* & I suppose I am far from single. The Catholics, you will see, are coming forwards with sword, & olivebranch: Dan's election and Doyle's letter. The latter is

very cunning, but I suspect it won't do. The Concordat with the Pope seems to me the only way: and the Irish Priests knowing His Holiness would bind them in chains of iron, if he could, to please England, and gain an English resident Minister to his Court, naturally writhe about a little, & try to parry the impending blow.[10] They cling fast to that dangerous power, which we for fear, forsooth, some Irish Noblemen & Gentlemen should sell us to the Vatican, have delegated to them in their independence, & to their well-ridden mob. I hope you have found your brother's health improved, in which I need not say I took much interest, & whose acquaintance I had great pleasure in making.[11] Remember me to them—and always

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 3 July 1828

1. Gladstone had written to AHH on 22 March and 24 June 1828; on 5 May, he wrote to Farr that "Hallam has not written to me very lately, for in truth I could give him no direction" (*Autob.*, p. 204). Gladstone was traveling in Scotland in late May, and did not return to Seaforth until 10 June 1828 (*D*, 1:184).

2. AHH may be punning on his birthplace in "Cockney" London. See letter 19 n. 3.

3. Doyle wrote to Gladstone on 16 November 1828: "I am rather afraid that Hallam will not do a great deal at Cambridge. He cannot recall his spirit from Naples to Trinity, from the Tiber to the Cam. The fire of my wrath burns fiercely against that old constitutional clod for taking Hallam to Italy before he sent him to Cambridge" (B.L.).

4. See letters 46 n. 14; 43 n. 2. As letter 54 makes clear, AHH refers unfavorably to "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," *Eton Miscellany* 2 (no. 7): 79–81; Gladstone's verse "Fragment" on Canning (written, as he noted, in January 1825) appeared in no. 8, pp. 141–42. See also letter 39 n. 3. On 6 September 1828, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that "I like the 2d volume of the Miscellany *rather better* than the first" (B.L.); as Gladstone wrote to his brother Thomas on 12 December 1827 (St. Deiniol's), this seemed to be the general consensus.

5. See letters 47 n. 7; 50.n. 4.

6. "The Brocas," *Eton Miscellany* 2 (no. 9): 181–84.

7. All numbers of the *Etonian* had been reprinted in a two-volume, fourth edition (1824), with a friendly dedication to Keate; Gladstone apparently felt obligated to dedicate a similar reprint of the *Miscellany* to the headmaster. See letter 54. However, remaining costs for the issues already printed, amounting to £ 40, ultimately had to be paid by the contributors, and they proved unwilling to sponsor any reprinting of the early issues. In his 18 November 1829 letter to Gladstone, Selwyn reported receiving at least 1,500 unsold copies of the *Miscellany* from its publisher, Thomas Ingalton, after the original printing debt had been paid (B.L.).

8. Gaskell wrote to Gladstone on 30 October 1828: "My politico-mania, I do assure you, has very much worn off; and many causes have conspired to produce this change in me. . . . The infinite variety of interesting objects in Italy has quite weaned my mind from any thing like an *exclusive* attention to politics." But parts of this letter, and most of Gaskell's other letters to Gladstone, were highly political; as Gladstone wrote on 23 July 1828 to Philip Handley, an Etonian friend, "the quantum of Politics which he puts in his letters is really quite overwhelming, & almost tempts one to agree with him for the sake of peace." Apparently neither Gaskell nor AHH mentioned Anna Wintour to Gladstone, but on 5 May 1828 Gladstone reported to Handley that "Pickering says [Gaskell] & Hallam have been rivals for the affections of a pretty Miss Winter!! & have been taking lessons in dancing" (all letters in B.L.).

9. Emmanuel Joseph Sieyès (1748–1836), "Abbé Sieyès," the French revolutionary leader, was author of *Qu'est-ce que le Tiers Etat?* (1789); the source of AHH's quotation has not been traced.

10. Sir Francis Burdett's motion for removal of Catholic disabilities passed the Commons on 12 May 1828. Wellington became first lord of the treasury in January 1828, and sought throughout the year to resolve the issue through a concordat with Rome. But the reelection of O'Connell over William Vesey Fitzgerald, then president of the board of trade and a supporter of Catholic claims, at co. Clare on 5 July 1828, proved the continued strength of the Catholic association. James Warren Doyle (1786–1834), Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, supported Catholic claims in a series of writings signed J.K.L.

11. See letter 44 n. 12. Thomas and Robertson Gladstone had returned to England in mid-June. As Checkland (chapter 17) notes, Thomas had been in poor health for several years, but treatment by Dr. Henry Jephson, a fashionable Leamington physician, had restored him by the fall of 1828.

52. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

14. Albion Place, Ramsgate. Thursday [24 July 1828].

My dear Gladstone,

I had expected to hear from you before this time, as I wrote to you some weeks ago, on my arrival in England; and as I still retain enough of my old Etonian habits to render the hearing often from my friends one of my chiefest pleasures. But perhaps I am foolish in supposing others to keep pace with my own whimsies; nor should I have ventured on such a breach of etiquette, as to write two letters running, had I not received yesterday a letter from Doyle, in which he mentions having just heard from you, & says you had not when you wrote *received* my answer.[1] So that indistinct visions of miscarriage begin to float along my brain, & have put me upon beguiling a wet day with what cannot fail to turn its discomfort into comfort. "Ignosces, si quid peccavero stultus, amice."[2]

Ramsgate is a place I should grow heartily tired of, if I was not reading six, or seven hours every day—a mode of existence, which is very apt to make a man a Berkeleian[3] for the nonce, & almost discredit the entity of that material world, which he has so little to do with. That horrid hag-chuck, St. Swithin, has been throwing in his mite;[4] if mite it can be called, which threatens to make every body hang themselves, or starve on a ruined harvest, as the agreeable alternative. Such weather is an enigma to one, who has been accustomed, like myself, to a Southern temperature. All the winds of November are howling round me, as I write: and I cannot help entertaining a fear, that a mob of puffs, & blasts, have insurged against that highly respectable old Legitimate—Æolus—and are even now in the act of "cupide conculcandi" his "nimis ante metatum" rod of office.[5] The deviation from this metaphor into politics will be no hard leap. What do you think of Irish Dan, and his coadjutors? Are all our <throats> brains to be <cut> scattered by a bran new musket

(see Morning Post), or are they not? But it is no jesting matter, ὦ ζεῦ, καὶ θεοὶ![6] Here we have a nation, exulting in the pride of physical strength, moulded for one common cause into one compact mass; and that mass propelled by intellectual energies, which though *many*, & therefore almost *omnipresent*, are in union of purpose, *as one*. *In that Union is Power*. But that power is irresponsible—that power is illegal—and the result is, that Ireland is an anomaly in the constitution of Europe, and a canker in the constitution, as now existing, of England! It seems to me morally impossible that we can continue our present system: it is too glaringly alien from all good government: We *must*, I think, either re-enact the Penal Code, as a punishment to the Catholics for their conduct, or we must throw open the doors of Parliament, & yield with as good a grace, as we can. Now the first of these measures would perhaps find no man daring enough to propose it, probably no Cabinet firm enough to make it their measure, & almost certainly, I think, no Parliament warlike enough to adopt it. For the consequence *would be War*, & a train of consequences apparently endless. We cannot then draw the cord tighter; then trample it at once under foot; for, as it is now, it will trip us all up! I fairly own, I consider this argument as unanswered, & I believe unanswerable. But I am far from averring that no measures of Restriction should accompany the great measure of Emancipation. I believe such measures, as would bar the Catholic clergy from wielding a very influential weapon, are yet practicable: I feel sure at least they were a little time ago: but the last month certainly has altered the relative situation of our Government, & the Irish clerical one very materially. At all events Wellington will be unpardonable if he does not make use of his present situation, & consequent means, in the serious endeavor to bring matters to a peaceable adjustment. His speech on the Question certainly shewed that wish; if he spoke sincerely.[7]

I had a letter from Gaskell a little while ago, in which he talks of "*his disgust at the Administration*," & of "*pitiful, shuffling Aberdeen*."[8] Now I think he would learn to abate his heroics, if he were on the spot: although there is much about the administration, which I hold bad, & after Aberdeen's speech on Portugal the other night, which I cannot think either humane, or politic, I should not feel disposed to enter the lists for *him*. For my own part I am grown calm, & careless,

as a philosopher, or a poet, about these things: and often laugh at my furious enthusiasm, in the olden time. Gaskell himself has recovered from his mania; though it may probably in some degree return on him. I have been much thrown into his society during those happy months I spent in Italy: and it has much endeared him to me. He has been an excellent friend to me; & I ca[n] only regret how long I had known him, before I learnt to appreciate his character. Believe me, politics cooped within him what was capable of expansion, & blighted what would have welcomed cultivation. But the diminution of their influence, and the accession of other stimulant causes, have improved, & unfolded a character, the ground of which was always excellent.[9] It is a great grief to me, that I shall be deprived of his, & your society at the University, as well as that of Rogers, & Doyle. The latter is reading hard, he tells me: his poetical effusions are naturally somewhat rare: and those, which he has shewn me, are very, very far short of his glorious beginnings. It is a sad thing, if Euclid can so stunt, & dwarf the human mind; but Dî meliora![10] I have a cordial aversion for the abstract sciences, which is the result of some experience: for I have been tormenting myself with Euclid for the last five years, at intervals, & get on like the snail, of arithmetic celebrity, who got up his wall, you know how. I have been reading the Greek Orators, since my return, which is a study much more to my taste. Demosthenes is the very prince of good fellows; putting his rascality out of the question. Isocrates, and Æschines, are very well too in their way.[11] It is somewhat amusing to read Mitford's account of Philip, & his times, along with the cotemporary orators.[12] His partiality is really too bad: & from the many proofs I have found in my reading of his garbling quotations, I should be inclined to doubt his <authority> words in many places, where I have not his authorities at hand. Talking of history, I forgot in my last to speak of my father's. The review we had seen, before your account of it came. Its contemptibly virulent spirit is on a par with its weakness, or rather total want of argument. Such an attempt must always defeat its own end: & we heard from all quarters that Southey (who however was not the *sole* author) hurt his own reputation, & that of the <review> Quarterly by so unbridled an indulgence of private pique, & political dogmatism.[13] The next Edinburgh will probably contain a review of the Con. Hist. by *Macauley*—into whose hands I am sorry it

should have fallen.[14] Hoping to hear from you soon, my dear Gladstone, I remain

Your attached friend,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I shall be in London from the beginning of September till the middle of October. Have I any chance of seeing you?

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool. P/M 24 July 1828

1. See letter 51 n. 1. Gladstone wrote to AHH again on 23 July 1828; he had written to Doyle on 2 July.

2. Horace *Satires* 1. 3. 140: "You will pardon me, friend, if I have made a stupid mistake."

3. George Berkeley (1685–1753), bishop of Cloyne, was an antimaterialistic philosopher.

4. Rain on St. Swithin's day (15 July) was supposed to portend rain for forty days.

5. Lucretius *De Rerum Natura* 5. 1140: "for men are eager to treat underfoot what they have once too much feared."

6. "By Zeus and ye Gods!" (see Plato *Protagoras* 310e).

7. In the debate in the Lords on 9–10 June 1828, Wellington had opposed Catholic emancipation on grounds of expediency rather than doctrine; his moderate tone was thought to augur favorably for the measure.

8. George Hamilton-Gordon (1784–1860), fourth earl of Aberdeen, foreign secretary in Wellington's cabinet, had refused to interfere with Dom Miguel's claim to the Portuguese throne.

9. See letters 44 n. 1; 51 n. 8.

10. See letter 38 n. 5.

11. Demosthenes (ca. 383–322 B.C.), Isocrates (436–338 B.C.), and Aeschines (ca. 390–314 B.C.) were all Athenian orators.

12. William Mitford (1744–1827), historian, published his *History of Greece* (to the Age of Alexander) from 1784–1818. Philip II (ca. 382–336 B.C.) was Alexander's father.

13. The review of *Const. Hist.* by Robert Southey (1774–1843), poet laureate, man of letters, staunch Tory and regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, appeared in

the QR 37 (January 1828): 194–260; its conclusion is fairly representative of the tone throughout: "Mr. Hallam has . . . carried into the history of the past, not merely the maxims of his own age, as infallible laws by which all former actions are to be tried, but the spirit and the feeling of the party to which he has attached himself, its acrimony and its arrogance, its injustice and its ill-temper." In October 1827, Southey wrote to Caroline Bowles, later his second wife: "To-day I returned the proofs of the severest criticism which I have ever written. It is upon Hallam's *Constitutional History*, a book composed in the worst temper, and upon the worst principles. It contains even a formal justification of the murder of Lord Strafford. I am acquainted with the author, and should therefore have abstained from this act of justice upon him, if he had not called it forth by some remarks in his notes upon *The Book of the Church*, which take from him all right of complaint. You will see that I can be angry, not on my own score, because every attack upon that Book only serves to prove its strength; but where there is a spirit of detraction and malevolence manifested towards those who are entitled to respect, and gratitude, and veneration, my blood stirs when I see them traduced, and the same feeling which brings tears into my eyes when I think of them at other times passes on such an occasion into an anger which I do not account among the emotions to be repented of" (*Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*, ed. Edward Dowden [London: 1881], pp. 128–29). To his brother Tom, Southey admitted (27 October 1828) that "Hallam's is a very able book" but "emphatically a bad one, being written with a bad feeling, in a bad temper, and to a bad tendency. I spoke of it as it deserved" (*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. John Wood Warter [4 vols., 1856], 4:120). To another correspondent, Southey offered further explanation: "[Hallam's book] is written in the very worst spirit of faction. He has a good fortune, derived, I believe, wholly from the church; and the Church has not a more malevolent enemy" (4 November 1827 letter to Herbert Hill; *New Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. Kenneth Curry [2 vols., New York: Columbia University Press, 1965], 2:320). Henry Hallam had not seen the review when he wrote to Sotheby from Rome on 3 February 1828:

> I cannot judge with any certainty of the passages which Southey has assailed—probably the third chapter (on the penal laws against Catholics) is among the chief objects of his philippic—& in general I suppose the ecclesiastical politics are selected rather than the temporal. It is difficult for me to decide, without reading the article, whether it will call on me for a reply, but, with deference to your judgement, I must fairly confess that at present I see many reasons why I should do so, & none why I should not. It is easy to talk of despising an antagonist; but though I do not fear Southey, I have no right to treat him as below my notice. The majority of the public, probably, think him a superior writer to myself. But as I have no books, not even my own, with me, I must of course postpone anything of this sort till my return; by which time the effect of S.'s censures on the public mind will be better appreciated. Observe, that I should only answer misrepresentations of myself.
>
> The most painful part of this business is the behaviour of Murray. He is pursuing a course, which I cannot but call treachery. . . . He certainly might have prevented the appearance of this article—if it be . . . a "hot, angry & personal" attack . . . on what terms can I be with the proprietor of the review? (Huntington)

But John Murray (1778–1843), who published both the *Quarterly Review* and all three of Henry Hallam's major works, protested his character would be ruined if he failed to allow books published by himself to be reviewed impartially:

I do not mean to offer the slightest apology for the appearance of the article, because I am conscious that I have nothing personally to do with it; but, as I feel an interest in anything that concerns you, so I express my regret at any annoyance which may have been associated with my name (letter to Henry Hallam, 27 June 1828, published in Samuel Smiles, *Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray* [2 vols., 1891], 2:263–64).

Yet Southey's letters suggest that it was Murray who persuaded John Gibson Lockhart, the *Quarterly's* editor, to insert a lengthy passage into the review, with somewhat uncertain results: "There is a large interpolation in my reviewal of Hallam's book [pp. 250–59], which . . . though I permitted the insertion, certain alterations which I had made in it were by accident omitted, and because, though I may not be disposed to differ from the opinions there expressed in any very material point, yet it contains nothing which I should myself have written. . . . The history of this insertion is comical enough. It has arisen out of a feeling of tenderness . . . toward Hallam, heightened, no doubt, by a tenderness toward the book in which [Murray] has embarked some capital. But to interfere with a criticism is what he cannot do, and to do him justice has never, I verily believe, in the slightest degree, attempted. Yet something he must be doing; and so that his friend might not complain of injustice for having been attacked solely upon the high principles of old constitutional loyalty, and attachment to the Church, he finds another friend [Edward Edwards (1789?–1832), divine, literary adviser to Murray] to attack him on the other side for offences committed against Whiggery. What an unreasonable fellow Hallam must be if he is not pleased with this impartiality on the part of his friend and publishers, when he knows the circumstances!" (letter to Grosvenor Bedford, 15 January 1828; *Letters of Southey*, 4:82–83).

Gladstone read Southey's review on 17 January 1828: "On Hallam they are very severe—I agree in many things" (*D*, 1:159).

14. Macaulay's appraisal, in the *Edinburgh Review* 48 (September 1828): 96–169, was generally complimentary to Henry Hallam, calling *Const. Hist.* "the most impartial book that we ever read" (pp. 98–99).

53. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *Eton Boy*, pp. 149–50

[Ramsgate.] [August 1828.]

. . . God grant that I may preserve that pure affection which He gave to wean me from all things evil; and to raise within me a goodly fabric of thought on the sacred foundation stone of innocence; and that I may have firmness enough not to dash my brow against the iron bar of circumstance. I will seek action; I will seek knowledge; I will seek all that may be a precious casket for the pearl beyond price which is within,[1] and which cannot cease to be. So shall its peaceful light diffuse a general calm over my being, and all that I have placed near it, far from hazarding its extinction will themselves be blended and transfused in that continuous sunshine. . . .

1. Matthew 13:46.

54. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

14. Albion Place. Ramsgate. Tuesday. August 12th [1828].

My dear Gladstone,

I hope I shall not this time commit so unlucky a contretemps, as to write you a letter one day, & receive a crossing one the next.[1] But people, whose tender sensibility will not let them wait a fortnight without supposing their friends burnt, or drowned, deserve certainly to be plagued a little for their pains. It is just like meeting a man in the street, & dodging out of excessive civility to give him the wall: he is sure to do the same, and the farce after having been kept up to the third, or fourth dodge, to the infinite amusement of byestanders seldom ends without one, or other of the performers having a bruise on his forehead, or his hip, by way of a *Peripateia*, and as a dumb witness for the next fortnight of the folly of overcarefulness.

Your remarks on my first letter could not but make me sorry for having written it.[2] I cannot at present recollect the particular expressions I made use of: but I am sure I never could have told you I was *offended* at your not having given me a previous direction. It would have been very strange in me, if I had. Still less could I mean to accuse you of *unfair intentions* in the Miscellany concern; I cannot persuade myself you for a moment thought seriously that I had such a meaning. As for Italy, I was perfectly aware that whatever was the state of my own feelings, very few from obvious causes could be expected to enter into them; and I therefore confined what I said within narrow bounds, adverting principally to the sorrow I felt on account of my almost total separation from my own friends, both those in whose friendship I had at Eton taken such pride, & pleasure, and those, who endeared to me my year's sojourn in Italy. I was not aware that even this *little* would prove *too much*, or I certainly would not have touched on the subject. But my reason now for recurring to what I then said is merely to intreat you to bear with me, when in the

hurry of letter-writing I let my pen outstrip my judgement; for we are all liable to write, as well as to speak, too much at random, and my own conscience tells me there is no fault against which I <ought> have more reason to guard.

What you tell me of Pickering is a riddle at present; for you never as you seem to think you had, gave me any intelligence about him in a former letter.[3] The odd thing is, that you have made the same mistake with regard to Doyle: who writes me word your letter to him has hard sayings in it about Pickering, which he is not Œdipus enough to understand. Let me know the whole history, ab ovo: if indeed it be worth while, now that discord seems happily to have yielded her sceptre to peace. Yet another point in my most unfortunate letter you have hit at, which I especially wish to set you right about. You say "I can easily forgive you for not liking *any* of my compositions." Now I never did, & never assuredly would pronounce so dogmatical a sentence of condemnation. Not like any! Why the very sentence you allude to, which only mentioned two pieces, your "Reflections in W. Abbey," and your eulogy on Canning in prose, contained as much praise of the one, as <blame> dispraise of the other. It would be hard to suppose I did not like everything I did not mention. The contrary is the fact. But my perusal of the Second Volume was a very hasty one: and I remember very little of it distinctly enough to give any opinion at all. With regard to your plan of reprinting, I cannot help repeating in spite of your frown, which I can fancy will contract your brow as you read this, that I see no necessity whatever for a reprint. I must confess Keate must be a very different man from what I take him to be, if he should think fit to bind us down to the incurring of an almost certain loss that he may get the syrup of a Dedication! You know best what pledge you have <entered> given: but I cannot help thinking the matter requires more talking about among all parties concerned. The admirable manner in which you conducted the Miscellany during its continuance deserves, what it has obtained, the gratitude of us all. It is therefore peculiarly annoying that we have been deprived, by the scattering of our body corporate, of all personal intercourse with you on these subjects. I have written this letter more as a means of eliciting one from you, to tell me how you are settled at Oxford, and what your p[rospec]ts are, and all news you may have it in your power to tell [a] reading hermit in this most howling

wilderness. For "Boreas, Caurus, and Argestes loud"[4] cease neither by day, nor night: and the rain is doing St. Swithin's bidding incessantly. Such a season England has not long seen. Let the Duke look to his cornbill. As for politics I have no time to touch on them: besides I gave you a batch in my last. Believe me, therefore, in haste,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Write when you have leisure; and treat me better than I have treated you as to the *quality* of what you write. *χαιρε.*[5]

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. /<Post Office / Oxford>Care of the Revd. A.P. Saunders / Cuddesden / Wheatley.
P/M 13 August 1828

1. See letter 52 n. 1.

2. See letter 51 for subsequent references.

3. On 5 May 1828, Gladstone wrote to Philip Handley: "[Pickering] seems in a very uneasy state of mind, and describes himself as having suffered long and bitterly for the sake of attaining Canning's friendship but seems determined to do his very utmost & is struggling for distinction at the University. His letter only reached me a few days ago. In answering it I believe I must tell him my mind about his connection with Canning." On 23 July, Gladstone mentioned Pickering again to Handley: "I cannot help fearing he was used hardly by me . . . he wrote me a letter which I thought was meant to elicit the expression of my opinion about his connection, or at any rate was such as to justify it. I accordingly stated them openly and fully, and he wrote in answer taking all very well, and declaring that he had been wrong, but protesting his entire innocence from interested motives" (transcripts in B.L.). A friendly letter from Pickering to Gladstone on 27 July 1828 does not mention the subject (B.L.).

4. *Paradise Lost*, 10. 699.

5. "Farewell."

55. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

14. Albion Place. Ramsgate. Tuesday [26 August 1828].

My dear Gladstone,

I ought to put in some plea for not having answered your last letter before; I have however no better one than press of occupations, which is as old an excuse as letter-writing itself. I hope at all events I shall not this time be so unlucky, as to *cross*; there is a sort of nervous feeling hanging about me, as I write, that tomorrow morning I shall see your handwriting, just because I have been putting mine on paper today. For perhaps you do not know this has happened *twice* to me already: I did not think you would have been so good, as to answer my *second* letter, before I wrote again (as it was my foolish haste that was accountable for it), so to act up to my duty, as I thought, I wrote a scratchy concern to Post-office Oxford, and lo! & behold next day comes your welcome letter telling me you were settled at Cuddesden. So I *makarized* you for a good correspondent;[1] & anathematized my aforesaid scratchy concern, that it might rot in the Post office for anything I cared, as it contained nothing worth breaking a seal for, & was only intended to draw from you what came, as the event shewed, without its influence. This I have told you, that you may understand my horror of *letter-crossing:* an aversion however which may be substantiated metaphysically, as being inherent in man's nature, and therefore having its ground in right reason. For did not the old Greeks call the Universe κοσμος[2] viz. Essential Order. Now what can be more disorderly than a correspondence out of its natural arrangement? Nothing surely: though a horse cantering on the wrong leg comes nearest it. Ergo, ergo, ergo—but you will be asleep if I do not close my prefatory chapter, which, take notice, it was for my interest to make as dull as possible that the rest of my sheet, though not a little dull, may gain by the contrast. What can I tell you that you would care for knowing? I have no news: for my life here is like a street-organ, which has not above two notes in the world, & makes up for the deficiency

by jingling them night, and day—week, after week—month after month. In plain language one half of me is squeezed into nothing by hard study, and the other wasted into nothing by the atrocious dullness of this most *boring* of places! Besides which, I have a third half (like our year at Eton), quite capacious of other, and serious annoyances. Altogether you may suppose I am not to be envied. I think I grow more stupid, as to Mathematics daily; and in proportion as the wrinkled hag, heav'n-born *Mathesis* spurns me farther, & farther from her *adyta*,[3] so does my cordial hatred of her, & hers, gather into more distinct consciousness. You too complain of "tangents," and "equations"; I am sure I sympathise with you: and you say you envy me the Orators—there I think you are right: they are a splendid company, & affable enough; which is an excellent thing, you know, in a great man. I would not mind taking any trouble for the mastering of Greek; for I love the language, both for itself, and the spirit it enshrines. To take one point out of many: how much more at home one feels when walking with the old Grecians, than with their rivals (but oh! not compeers), the Romans! It has been well said by some one "Every Roman, be he of what age, or profession he may, is in the first place, & more than anything else, *a Roman*."[4] Their oligarchical, gladiatorial, blood-drenched, tyranny-seared spirit was one, and indivisible: modified only by the different tempers of different men, it swayed in all, and over all. But the Greeks, though none had ever more social enthusiasm than they, were never so cramped by the State: nor could they be, for the explanation of this lies in the circumstances: therefore their views of human nature were far less distorted, and their feelings much simplified. "Now how like Hallam this is?" I dare say you are exclaiming. "To run off in chase of the first Fancy-bubble < he can > that gets in his way, instead of telling one, what one wants to know!" Well, but how do I know what that is? if I may judge by myself, what you would most want to know would be a Sovreign Remedy for the animal spirits, when they are sinking under a course of—But I won't pronounce the hated word again in this letter. Now as Lord Cochrane[5] said to his crew, when they asked for arrears, "Depend upon if I knew where to get money, I should first pay myself," so say I, "If I knew of such a remedy, I should have tried it long ago 'in propriâ persona.' " As it is, I manage as well as I can with such light reading as Saunders & Ottley[6] can afford me. I

have read Scott's second Series, which I think bad: the world I understand, thinks it good.[7] "Confound them!" as poor mad Lee[8] said "they outvote me!" but I shall hold to my opinion notwithstanding. I verily believe Sir W. is the most popular writer in the world: in Italy, France, & Germany, his works, either in the original, or in some vile translation, form the staple of every bookseller's shop. I wonder how the translators deal with his Scotch! A very good romance was published while we were in Italy by *Manzoni*,[9] a modern Italian of some repute, which is written evidently in imitation of the Northern Magician, but far from being a servile copy, draws an admirable picture of manners, & men in Lombardy some two centuries back. It made a great noise the other side of the Alps, an echo of which was, I hear, caught up, & prolonged in England. I have been also reading two works of *Coleridge*, which please me much: though it is strong meat, & perhaps requires a stronger stomach than mine. The first is called "*Aids to Reflection*," a theological, metaphysical, & therefore somewhat appalling volume at first sight, but amply rewarding a deeper search. The second his own Autobiography—fearfully met[aphysica]l too in parts, but entertaining enough in the rest.[10] He reviews Wordsworth's poetry, and I was surprised to find, considering the way in which the world usu[ally] clubs them together, how freely he handles it in some points. I am glad you should be with *Puller*; and glad too that he is going up for a double first.[11] Was the name of the *one man* you speak of as having got it, *Head*?[12] I made acquaintance with an Oriel man of that name in Italy, who I remember told me he had done *something* which had not been done for three years; but what that something was, I do not recollect. Perhaps however it was only a simple *first-class*, and the exclusion applied to his own college. This Head is the very prince of good fellows; I wish you knew him; he is going to try for a Merton fellowship, I believe, next year. *Calvert* I think was a *Christchurch* man: one of your fourteen hours a day heroes; yet one of our very best masqueraders last year in the Carnival. *Tremenheere* again was another in our set, fresh from Oxford—a New College man I think—ask Puller if he knows anything of him; but I believe you look down on *New College*, as the refuse of the University; do you not?[13] And indeed as far as hard reading was concerned I should rather think my friend above mentioned would have sung to the tune of "Nos numeri sumus," while at Oxford.

To think now, that I should have forgotten Dawson's speech[14] till the end of my third page! Is not it glorious? I had heard of his conversion last winter from Gaskell, who had it on good private authority; but I own I was disposed to treat the news with a "Credat Judœus!" I hope, heartily hope to be able to drink a glass of wine with you before the end of next year to "*The Catholic Question—dormiat in pace! and honour to those who carried it!*" What say you? Will you pledge yourself? By the bye, when have I any chance of seeing you, my dear Gladstone: the thing must positively take place soon, or we shall grow out of each other's remembrance. En attendant, I am always,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I rejoice to hear so good an account of your brother; and I do hope you will shew that you do not consider my saying so a mere form, by continuing to tell me of his progress.[15] Goodnight—and Remember me to Puller. Have you heard lately from William Wyndham? Where is he?[16]

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone, Esq. / To the care of Rev. A. P. Saunders / Cuddesden / Wheatley / Oxfordshire.
P/M 27 August 1828

1. "To account or call happy or blessed"(*OED* under "macarize"; current 1816–60).

2. "Cosmos."

3. Innermost part of a temple; a sanctum. On 7 September 1828, Pickering wrote to Farr that "[Hallam] is reading hard at Ramsgate, so I hope your prophecy may not be strictly fulfilled" (Rylands).

4. The sentiments are implicit in a number of classical sources; see, for example, Juvenal *Satires* 3. 60–61: "I cannot endure a Greekified Rome."

5. Thomas Cochrane (1775–1860), tenth earl of Dundonald; as admiral, he had difficulties in obtaining compensation for himself and his men.

6. London publishers (Simon Saunders died in 1861) of "an extensive collection of standard works, and all the most interesting modern publications that have appeared to the present day" (*Catalog of Saunders and Otley's British and Foreign Public Library*, 1825).

7. *Novels and Romances of the Author of Waverley*, 7 vols., 1824.

8. Nathaniel Lee (1653?–92), dramatist, went mad in 1684 and was institutionalized for a number of years. AHH borrows Coleridge's description of Lee in *Biographia Literaria*, chap. 12.

9. *I Promessi Sposi* (1825–27), by Alessandro Manzoni (1785–1873), was published in England as *The Betrothed Lovers* in June 1828.

10. *Aids to Reflection* (1825) and *Biographia Literaria (1817)*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834). In 1887, Gladstone said that AHH first acquainted him with Coleridge's *Friend* in 1829: "He showed it to Doyle and Doyle to me" (Douglas Hamer, "Conversation-Notes with Sir Thomas Dyke Acland," *N & Q* 212 [1967]: 65–66). According to *Autob.*, in 1831, AHH told Gladstone that "Coleridge might have been either the greatest poet, or the greatest philosopher, of his age, but that his poetry and his philosophy had been allowed to damage one another" (31–32).

11. Gladstone spent much time with Puller late in 1828, and learned of his double first (in classics and mathematics) on 6 December: "at wh. I rejoice greatly" (*D*, 1:215).

12. Sir Edmund Walker Head (1805–68) matriculated at Oriel in 1823 (B.A. 1827), won first class in classics in 1827, became a fellow of Merton College from 1830 to 1839, and served as governor general of Canada from 1854 to 1861.

13. Frederick Calvert (1806–91) matriculated at Christ Church in 1823 (B.A. 1827) and later served as M.P. for Aylesbury. Hugh Seymour Tremenheere (b. 1805?) matriculated at New College in 1824 (B.A. 1827) and later served as commissioner of factories and agriculture.

14. Dawson, who was Peel's brother-in-law, proclaimed at a 12 August 1828 meeting of Orangemen that "the Catholic Association can no longer be resisted."

15. See letter 51 n. 11.

16. Farr was apparently at Iford House during the entire summer.

56. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole Street. Tuesday [23 September 1828].

My dear Gladstone,

I do not think we shall disagree, in spite of our inveterate pugnacity, on the new Imprimatur of the Miscellany. The fact is—having been always accustomed to see the Misy. bound up in volumes, I foolishly forgot that it had never been so *published*: and therefore was puzzled at your plan of reprinting a small part.[1] But now that you have shot a little light into my dull brain, I can of course not hesitate as to the proper course to be pursued. It is clear that the reprint affords the best chance (*δεὶ γαρ ἐνφημεὶν*) [2] of success. You may therefore command my subscription. As to the *Dedication* however, if the reprint was not on other grounds advisable, I confess I cannot see the obligatory force of that engagement in the same light that you do. Neither does *Rogers*, with whom I was talking a few days since on the subject. You speak of the "*protection*" which "*having been asked*" we must not now "*reject*": what protection those few additional lines would confer, I am not aware: should we sell one copy, or gain one reader the more, by the best dedication ever penned? If not, what becomes of the *protection?* If the Miscellany sinks, or rather has sunk by its own *leaden* properties, Keate's name will hardly stay its fall. But all this is *extra rem:* as things stand, we had better do the thing, & I wish success to your endeavor, dedication, and all, with all my heart. *Rogers* goes up to *Oriel* about the 20th. of next month; and at present is reading very hard, I believe: *Doyle* must be on his way from *Doncaster*, empty in pocket, & heavy in heart: for he wrote me word he had "the laudable intention of winning money on *Velocipede*," from which I conclude the defeat of said "*Velocipede*" has produced a contrary result.[3] He will not be at Chch. before *Christmas*. What a rascal your Dean seems by all accounts![4]

Let us have a little chat *de republicâ*. What say you to the Turk? Is

not he a gallant fellow, and are not the odds 5 to 4 that he will stay, where he is, for a long time to come? I suppose *Nicholas* will clutch *Moldavia*, & *Wallachia*, which his ancestors always had a keen eye for. But when people talk of taking *Constantinople*, they speak rashly, & inconsiderately: for no man who has been there denies, I believe, its stout position, and to us, who have not been there, history will tell a similar story. The French persist in occupying the Morea, although their pretext is taken away by *Ibrahim's* evacuation.[5] They are right perhaps as regards the Greeks: for much the best chance for old *Hellas* would be a protection by some European power, just like the Ionian islands. The ministry too is right, as regards their own power: for this expedition identifies them with the national spirit, which is as strongly declared in favour of interference, as that of *England* is against it. I believe no war would be popular now with us; neither for Greek, nor Turk, nor Russian, nor Pedro, nor Miguel:[6] we have enough to do at home, and the *Duke* knows it well enough. Rogers the poet sported no bad joke the other day. "We are living now" he said "under the sign of *The Three Kings*: one is *King George*, who being the weakest goes to the wall: the second is *King Arthur*, and he has a great deal to say to it: the third, is *King Daniel*, and by Jove! he'll rule them both!" Anything more alarming than the actual state of *Ireland* would be difficult to conceive. The *organisation* of a *democratic despotism* under the banner of *Catholicism* for the avowed purpose of making the old power of the Protestant Ascendancy break into atoms before their new power, is a fearful thing for any Government to contemplate. The counter-organisation of a *Club-government*, with a similar design of awing existing authorities as their means, though with ends how different, is quite a new feature in the face of things, & not less appalling. In the present state of irritation which fevers all Ireland, any spark might kindle a flame, whose desolating effects cannot be calculated. It is true the *Catholic leaders* deprecate violence; and they are surely sincere: for a civil war would in all human probability shipwreck them, & their cause in a dreary ocean of blood. To carry their question by moral, and circumstantial force, is evidently their endeavor, and their having so nearly effected this makes the Orangemen foam at the mouth, & strive all they can to bring about a rebellion which is the only straw to which the Ascendancy can cling. But however much O'Connell, and Shiel may shrink from a civil

contest, can they guarantee that at all fairs, and meetings, and processions their millions of peasantry will be thoroughly moral, and cautious? It is one thing to work up the popular mind, and another to assuage it; as the experience of all popular commotions has in every country demonstrated. Hitherto nothing has happened: but till the meeting of Parliament we shall be in continual jeopardy. And when Parliament does meet—are we safe then? I suppose the session will not pass away without an emancipation bill of some fashion, or other, being carried. Every Anti-Catholic, except such red-hot gentlemen as *Ld. Kenyon*,[7] & *Newcastle*, owns at the present moment that *some* act of legislation must take place. But will such a bill calm the perturbed waters, or entirely avert the imminent danger? *Clearly not.* I firmly believe it would do much good: but *now* far less than at any former period. Our blessed Ascendancy policy has taken incredible pains to put power into the hands of the Catholics. The [cun]ningest Jesuit could have taken no better course, than to ha[ve do]ne exactly as the No-Popery faction have done for the last twenty years. The great difficulty will be how to detach the *Agitators* from the *Priests* and how to take the *Peasantry* from the hands of either: also how to obtain a strong, & constantly active constitutional check on the Clergy, with a view to the future. One of the first steps, I think, must be the abolition of that absurd enactment of Harry the eighth, forbidding all communication between the *Ministers of England* & the *Pope:* by which the way would be smoothed to a *Concordat.* By the bye, did you read *Gally Knight's* pamphlet?[8] I believe no work has exercised so great an influence on the state of the question—the view being quite novel, as far as on such an old question that is possible. I have not heard from *Gaskell* for some time, and fear a letter must have miscarried on one side, or the other: I do not know what he thinks of affairs, as he has never touched on politics for a long while. I had heard before you told me of *Pickering's* change: there is *one* person in the world, I suppose, who thinks the change a very important one.[9] Apropos, is *Farr* as high as ever, or has he too followed his betters? If he is still the same *Farr*, he would be a vast acquisition to my lords *Kenyon*, & *Newcastle*, as it is said the regiment they are marshalling, consists hitherto only of men above seventy, and a few women! According to the first of these worthies (see *Morning Post*) *George 3d.* said "If his ministers deserted him, he would go to *Charing Cross*, and take the

first ten respectable men he found for his Cabinet"; which excellent precedent my lord recommends to his present Majesty. Quaere—does *respectable* exclude *hackneycoachmen?* But the subject is too serious for sport; so I leave it. "*Time too!*" you will say.

London University opens next week for *Medical lectures;* and the rest follows in *November. King's College* has not yet fixed, where it chuses to stand. Some talk of the *Regent's Park:* in which case feuds between the two establishments are likely to run pretty high. Town, & gown, will be nothing to it! Hints have been going about of a coalition. It seems doubtful whether either *will* succeed, almost certain that both *cannot.*[10] The L. U.'s statement of intended lectures is poor enough: the Classical part especially bad. I have lately had up some of my books from *Eton:* owing to *Ingalton's*[11] surpassing stupidity, I only have got about a third part. When the rest come I will of course look for *Æschylus:* but at the same time can hardly believe, but that I returned it. I am going to *Cambridge* about the *20th.* of next month, and shall till then be in *London:* your somewhat ambiguous sentence at the end of your last letter leaves me some hope of seeing you. I wish I could offer you a bed, but our house is full.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / To the care of Rev. A. P. Saunders / Cuddesdon / Wheatley.
P/M 23 September 1828

1. See letters 54 n. 2; 51 n. 7.

2. "For one must avoid unlucky words."

3. Petre's The Colonel won the Great St. Leger race on 16 September 1828; Armitage's Velocipede ran third, but was not placed. On 8 October 1828, Doyle wrote to Gladstone that "the St. Leger was a bad race to say nothing of being unfair" (B.L.).

4. Samuel Smith (1766?–1841) was dean of Christ Church from 1824 to 1831. Both Gladstone and Gaskell had considerable difficulty in obtaining his approval to matriculate.

5. See letter 47 n. 8. Ibrahim Pasha (1789–1848), Egyptian general and viceroy, was compelled to withdraw his troops from Greece upon the arrival of a French expeditionary force.

6. Dom Pedro (1798–1834), emperor of Brazil in 1822, was proclaimed king of Portugal in 1826; he resigned in favor of his daughter, and waged a successful war against Dom Miguel from 1832 to 1834.

7. George Kenyon (1776–1855), second baron, was a lifelong Tory and deputy grand master of Orangemen in England in 1836.

8. "Foreign and Domestic View of the Catholic Question" by Henry Gally Knight (1786–1846), writer on architecture and M.P.

9. See letter 51 n. 8. On 4 October 1828, Pickering wrote to Gladstone that Farr's letters to him had "diminished in number & substance, since my conversion to Popery, as he terms it" (B.L.).

10. See Sir Douglas Logan, *The University of London: An Introduction* (London: Athlone Press, 1962), p. 10:

> The prime movers in the attempt to found a non-denominational university in London were Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Lord Brougham. By 1827 they and their supporters had raised sufficient funds to buy a site in Gower Street and to start the erection thereon of the institution which is now called University College; its title then was "London University" though it was sometimes disparagingly referred to as the "godless" college in Gower Street. The college admitted its first students in the autumn of 1828, but all attempts to obtain a Royal Charter with the power to grant degrees proved unsuccessful and, within a year, the new institution found its position seriously challenged. The supporters of the Anglican Church and the political party then in power, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Robert Peel, enlisted the support of the Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, and established King's College which opened its doors in 1831. There was no possibility of bringing together these two young institutions, so divergent in their origin and outlook, and yet grave doubts were entertained in many quarters about the desirability of giving both the power to grant degrees.
>
> Eventually, in 1836, a typically British compromise was reached whereby the responsibility for teaching remained with the two colleges and a totally separate body, the University of London, was created to conduct the examination of, and to confer degrees upon, their students.

11. Thomas Ingalton, Eton bookseller, published the *Miscellany* and other Etonian magazines.

57. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: James Milnes Gaskell's transcript, British Library[1]

[Cambridge.] [5 November 1828.]

I attended the Union for the first time last night; there was a very good debate on the character of Voltaire. I heard Sunderland, Kemble, Milnes, Trench who are their crack speakers. The first is wonderfully fluent: his principles appear to be Benthamite and but very ambiguously Christian. Kemble, a son of the actor, and a great blackguard according to most accounts has long swayed the Union—his creed used to be atheistical and ultra-utilitarian; but lately he is said to have bettered his notions, and certainly his speech last night was very proper and moral—Milnes, tho' not so fluent, has perhaps more materials of a speaker in him than even Sunderland. I send you his concluding sentence which was applauded to the skies. "During the stormy period of the French revolution, and during the greater part of the Empire under Napoleon, a lamp was kept perpetually burning on the tomb of Voltaire: France is more free now than she was then: France is wiser now than she was then: France is better now than she was then: but that lamp does not burn upon the tomb of Voltaire."[2]

1. Gaskell excerpts AHH's letter in his own 12 November 1828 letter to Gladstone: "I received a long letter from Hallam on Saturday, and subjoin his account of the Union which I think will interest you." See also Wemyss Reid, 1:58.

2. Thomas Sunderland (1808–67), who matriculated at Trinity in 1830 (B.A. 1830), was elected to the Apostles in 1826 and won the first English declamation in 1829; he was the subject of AT's satirical "A Character" (*Ricks*, p. 218). On 11 February 1830, Milnes wrote to his parents that Sunderland was leaving Cambridge: "I shd. be very sorry to lose sight of him, tho' he is a man whom I cd. never make a friend of. He yearns after power; & certainly, if talent can force a way to eminence, his will do it. His self-conceit & contempt of all others except the oligarchy of his momentary admiration, will stand in his way, but even this may be of use in imparting to him a dignity & high tone of conscious power, which is so good a

substitute for rank & circumstance" (Houghton papers). In 1866, Milnes remembered Sunderland as "the greatest speaker, I think, I ever heard—a man with the strongest oratorical gift"; but his mind failed shortly after he left Cambridge, and Sunderland spent the rest of his life in obscurity. See Wemyss Reid, 1:75–76; 2:162.

John Mitchell Kemble (1807–57), son of Charles Kemble (1775–1854) and brother of Fanny, matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1830), won the English declamation prize in 1827, and was president of the Union in 1828. Kemble was elected to the Apostles in 1830, admitted to the Inner Temple in 1827; but his interests turned to philology, which he studied under Jacob Grimm in Germany. In 1833, he published his edition of *Beowulf*; he served as examiner of stage plays from 1840 to 1857 (following his father's resignation). His daughter Mildred (1841–76?) married Rev. Charles Edward Donne, son of William Bodham Donne.

Richard Monckton Milnes (1809–85), Gaskell's cousin, matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (M.A.1831), won an English declamation prize in 1829, and was elected (with AT) to the Apostles on 31 October 1829. In 1863, he was created baron Houghton.

Richard Chenevix Trench (1807–86) matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1829), was elected to the Apostles in 1826 or 1827, and became president of the Union in 1828. Trench was ordained in October 1832, served in various church posts from 1835 to 1864; he was archbishop of Dublin from 1864 to 1884. Trench married his cousin, Frances Mary, on 31 May 1832, and published historical, literary, philological, and theological works, as well as numerous volumes of poetry.

Sunderland spoke in favor of Voltaire (1694–1778), Kemble, Blakesley, Milnes, and Trench against; the Union voted 76-18 against his character deserving approbation. On 6 November 1828, Milnes wrote to his father: "Last night we had Voltaire—I spoke in reply & succeeded as well as I expected, tho' with little preparation—it is singular how easy it is to be possessed of oneself when one is possessed of one's subject . . . the influx of freshmen is enormous—120 new members of the Union & people say it is falling! Hallam is reserved, deep, & quiet" (Houghton papers). In his 10 November 1828 letter to Gladstone, Farr described Milnes as "a great fool. . . . In a flaming period the other night in the Union about the lamp on the tomb of Voltaire he contrived to produce seventeen successive monosyllables" (B.L.).

58. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE [*with note from William Wyndham Farr*]

MS: British Library

Trinity. Cambridge. Saturday 8 Nov. [1828.]

My dear Gladstone,

I am thoroughly ashamed of my conduct in not having answered your brace of letters sooner. Alas for the exquisite frailty of human nature! Not three months ago, I believe, I was indignant that you did not answer my "verbosa et grandis"[1] within a fortnight—and now!! The mainspring of the matter is this. For the last three weeks (for so long it is that I have resided in this odious place), I have been in so constant a state of bustle, & worry, and perplexity, that I have hardly found a minute's leisure to think, much less to write. I am very glad to hear you take to Oxford so kindly. May the affection be reciprocal, and your name leave durable traces behind of its three-year connection with those old towers of inspiration. N. B. As this sentence on reading it over seems utter nonsense, it may be as well to say that I mean it as a compliment. Somehow, or other I have forgotten how to write English lately. *βεβαρβαρωμαι χρονιος ὠν ἐν βαρβαροις*.[2] For my own part, sincerely as I thank you for the expressions of good augury, which you use on my score, I tell you with equal sincerity that your good heart has wasted them on a bad subject. My chance of success here is *next to nothing*. I come up, naturally deficient in the first place in those mental faculties, which are indispensable to a course of study here, *Attention*, and *Memory*: secondly, my tastes & feelings are all at variance with the methods of acquiring knowledge here exclusively adopted: and to crown all, the primum mobile of emulation, or ambition, or strength of mind, or quocunque gaudet nomine,[3] is dead, and buried within me. I might go deeper yet, and explain how the whole mode of existence here—its society, as well as its midnight lamp—its pleasures as well as its compulsions, are alike in my eyes odious. But as this would take up more time than I can reasonably

expect any man would like to employ in hearing another talk about Self, self, self, and as perhaps after all there might be such a gulf between us that so far from bridging it over, in order to meet, our voices would hardly be audible from one side to the other, I will spare you my Philippic. My mathematical lecturer is *Mr. Whewell*[4]—a name more easily whistled, as the joke goes, than pronounced—but a very consummate man for all that, and far from a mere geometer. His sermons, I hear, on all sides are magnificent; when an undergraduate he obtained the English Verse Prize; his classical scholarship is above par; and he has made considerable progress in the ascertainment of the earth's density! Now that I call something like an intellectual structure. Julius Hare, the translator of *Niebuhr's Rome*, is my classical lecturer; a man of great talent, but not, I think, of genius. His lectures are admirable, and so copious that I should think they nearly exhaust the subject. His brother is an Oxford man; I knew him well in Italy; and no one can know him without liking, & being struck by him. If a little book called "Guesses at Truth" comes in your way, you will find it well worth a perusal. It was written by the two Hares.[5] We are doing the *Eumenides*,[6] which with its two comrades, forms unquestionably one of the grandest performances of the human intellect. We shall next proceed to the Seventh book of Thucydides, whose whole history I am now reading through; and am, as I suppose every one else is, delighted with him. What a contrast between the young world, and the aged, is perceptible in their respective <modes> language! In reading the great Ancients one perpetually passes over deep thoughts, because the simplicity of their expression seems commonplace; whereas in most Modern authors, the strength being in the diction, we are lost at first in the dazzle of apparently great conceptions; but if we stop to examine, we find how little there is beneath the surface. Now for the *Union*. Its influence, as might be expected, is very much felt here, extending even among reading men, who have actually no share in it, but are modified in one way or another by its spirit. That spirit I consider as bad. You will take this of course as a Freshman's judgement, who as yet is not competent to say *much* from experience: but what I have seen I dislike. The ascendent politics are *Utilitarian*, seasoned with a plentiful sprinkling of heterogeneous Metaphysics. Indeed the latter study is so much the rage, that scarce any here at all above the herd do not dabble in Transcendentalism,

and such like. Their Poetic creed has undergone many revolutions, I understand: but at the present day *Shelley* is the idol before which we are to be short by the knees. For my own part, I am sorry my taste is so stubborn, but I cannot bring myself to think *Percy Bysshe* a fine poet.[7] So much for the Union in generals. To come to particulars, I heard a debate the other night upon the character of *Voltaire*, in which their principal orators Sunderland, Milnes, Kemble, & Trench took a part.[8] The first is certainly a wonderfully fluent speaker, and would make a most invaluable ministerial hack. The second is Gaskell's cousin; a clever, and [ag]reeable fellow, with <much> some power of speaking in him, if he cultivates it well. There is more hope, I think, of him than of [Sund]erland, who seems to be quite as good as he ever will be. Kemble, who is a kind of Pericles, or rather Cleon in the Union,[9] did not please me much. His talents are said to be great; and as he has lately embraced Christianity, and does not now get drunk so often in the week as in days of yore, why, who knows whether he may not become an ornament to our Anglican Church of which (proh pudor!)[10] he is to be a member! By the bye, he is a son of *Charles Kemble*. But enough of these worms, "that creep in & creep out"[11] through that most rotten of carcases—a Debating Society reputation. I have a very pleasant round of acquaintance, of which Eton, as may be supposed, furnishes the principal constituents. *Pickering* is remarkably improved. I like him now as much as I disliked him formerly. I had no idea that 14 months could so liberalise a man's mind.[12] Hamilton[13] I like too; but he probably could never be more than an *intimate acquaintance* to me. *Frere* I place some grades higher; there is a touch of the "idem velle, atque idem nolle"[14] in our characters. *Jerry Wellesley* is less altered than any one I have seen. His stride from boy to man must have been very short. *Farr* I am sorry to speak ill of; and yet I cannot speak well. His mind seems pitiably vacant; his talents, and wit, smouldering day by day. His talk is exactly the same highflown, unreflective talk, which it used to be; and a disagreeable <incivility> swaggering seems to have supervened. He lives almost entirely in a small set of drinking High Tories, the Coryphaei[15] of whom are *Nott*, and *Morgan*.[16] Over his mantelpiece is a Protestant manifesto in large letters, beginning, if I mistake not "Brunswickers, are you asleep? No. When is your time to act? Now." &c.[17] That he cannot really like the men with whom he associates, I by no means

wonder: and it is therefore natural that he should cling to me, like any Remora: still I cannot but feel that I can never be a *friend* of his.[18] I am afraid I have become rather difficult on that score lately: but Time and Circumstance will grind me right again, I suppose. Meanwhile I envy you *Gaskell* with all my heart and soul. I trust your friendship will be a benefit to him; and that in the full of its enjoyment he will never forget one, who in his sphere will have to look long before he can find another heart so affectionate, another mind so harmonious, whereon to trust in confidential reliance. Have you seen Rogers? I am impatient to hear about him. I suppose it is absurd to expect him to write first; so, as soon as I can screw a twentyfifth hour into one of my wellcrammed days I will write to him.

Believe me,
Yours ever faithfully,

X *A H Hallam.* X

X X He wears a Byron neckloth. W. W. [note in margin]

If you can teach Hallam one point among the very few which have been neglected in his education, i.e. how to fold up a letter unlike a Butcher pressing for payment of his Bill, inestimable obligation on

yrs Ever,

W. W. Farr.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Christchurch / Oxford.
P/M 9 November 1828

1. Juvenal *Satires* 10. 71: "wordy and lengthy."

2. Euripedes *Orestes* 485: "Long among barbarians, I have grown barbarian."

3. "Whatever name might serve."

4. William Whewell (1794–1866) matriculated at Trinity in 1812 (B.A., second Wrangler and second Smith's prize, 1816) and won the Chancellor's English medal in 1814. Whewell served as tutor (1823–39), professor of mineralogy (1828–32), and Master of Trinity (1841–66). Whewell was ordained in 1825; he introduced analytical

methods of continental mathematics and philosophy into Trinity fellowship examinations and helped found the moral and physical science triposes. He published works dealing with natural and mathematical science, architecture, philosophy, and theology.

5. Julius Charles Hare (1795–1855), classical lecturer and assistant tutor at Trinity, 1822–32, served as rector of Hurstmonceux, Sussex, 1832–55. Hare edited the *Philological Museum* in 1833 and published theological works, translations, and a vindication of Barthold Georg Niebuhr (1776–1831), German historian, statesman, and philologist. Augustus William Hare (1792–1834) attended New College, Oxford, and became a rector in 1829. Volumes 1 and 2 of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1811–28) were translated by Hare and Thirlwall from 1828 to 1832; *Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers* was published in June 1827.

6. Part of the *Oresteia*, by Aeschylus.

7. Six months later, AHH was, according to Farr's 6 May 1829 letter to Gladstone, "a furious Shelleyist" (B.L.). Shelley (1792–1822) was first debated in the Union on 12 May 1829 (see letter 71 n. 4).

8. See letter 57.

9. AHH draws the distinction between the Athenian statesman (ca. 495–429 B.C.) and demagogue (d. 422 B.C.).

10. "Oh shame!"

11. "Song of Alonzo the Brave, and Fair Imogine" in Matthew Lewis's *The Monk*, vol. 3, chap. 2: "The worms, They crept in, and the worms, They crept out."

12. See letter 56 n. 9. On 16 November 1828, Doyle wrote to Gladstone that "Hallam says that Pickering is very much improved, that he has lost a great deal of his pert selfconceit and considerably enlarged his stock of ideas" (B.L.).

13. Edward William Terrick Hamilton.

14. See letter 49 n. 3.

15. Chief spokesman of a Greek chorus.

16. William George Nott (1808?–59) matriculated at St. John's College in 1825 (B.A. 1830) and became a vicar. Augustus Henry Morgan (b. 1808) matriculated at St. John's in 1826 (B.A. 1830) and became a curate. Both had attended Eton.

17. Brunswick Clubs were formed by Orangemen in Ireland and England in reaction to the Catholic Association; on 8 December 1828, Milnes wrote to his father, "Clubs are all the rage here, & all my friends look like livery servants in their different costumes. A Brunswick one . . . is the most prominent" (Houghton papers).

18. AHH's comments explain the folding of the letter. In his 10 November 1828 letter to Gladstone, Farr commented: "I hope Hallam did not romance about me in his letter, as I rather suspect he brought that talent & many others from the land of Boccaccio . . . he certainly does not pay *more* attention to externals, than in the olden time. You may guess, it requires some exertion of attachment to parade him on one's arm among the Dandies of Trumpington Street" (B.L.). In his 18 January 1829 letter to Gladstone, Pickering echoed AHH's feelings: "*Farr* is much altered in every way, but politics. He seems to me very unhappy, & I think his opinions have thrown him into a party greatly inferior to himself" (B.L.).

59. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Cambridge. Wednesday [3 December 1828].

Carissima Fanciullina,[1]

I was very sorry, sai, to hear of your illness; but I suppose you have not inhaled the Dieppe-parting breezes for nothing. I shall be with you, perhaps next Monday week: for if I can get to London in time for the Brighton coaches, which I believe I *can*, I shall prefer doing so to a lonely day in London. I desire therefore that beds may be in readiness; and expectations *sedately* vigilant; but not very eager, as the irresistible course of events may put me out in my calculation. Should I not be able to leave Cambridge (which I do not think likely), so soon as Monday, I will write a line. As for my return, and that on which it must depend, the University Scholarship, I can give as yet no precise information: but I shall not be far from the mark if I say that I can stay with you about *a month*.[2] The next term is somewhat longer than this; the ensuing vacation very short; also the term following. Then come the glories of the Long Vacation. Pray, what has become of my Aunt?[3] Did she suddenly become a mist, and walk away in such utter shadowiness that you could not find out what had become of her? If this be not, what *is* the right reason that nobody has ever told me a syllable about her existence, and her prosperity, and her local habitation? I have been quite incapable of writing to Henry Elton, though I should have liked to do so, and much want to hear from him: but I, who am by nature a slow writer, find many more arrivals by the Post, than I can answer satisfactorily—much less "entamer," or "*ongtammy*" (as you used to call it, you know) a correspondence. But do make the Elt loquacious, if possible. Gladstone is still in his ideal world about the Miscellany; and seems to be incurably absurd in that matter.[4] Gaskell is gone, I believe, to Oxford to matriculate; having a vista of residence in some future century. Doyle in statu quo. To come nearer home, I am much obliged to Mrs. Antony Hamilton.[5] Let me

see—did I ever see her in my life? I think I have—one of the fat creation. You will probably see them all at Brighton about a week after my appearance. The Hampstead branch of Frere waved about here for a day or two, poco fa; and talked hugely of my enormous growth. The Downing branch has shadowed me with its most refreshing influence all this term: I have dined there three times, and went once in the evening.[6] John Frere himself is one of the best of breathing things. Dr. Davy[7] has been very gracious; and begs me to assure my father that whenever he comes down here, he shall be most happy to take him in. All this, sovereign Nell, has nothing to do with you, or your blue eyes, or your shabby appearance, which is so unnaturally ascribed to you by your own mother: but mind both now & for the future that whenever I do you the honour of putting your name at the top of a letter, that honour is paramount, and you must by no means look for more. There is nothing in this college-studded marsh, which it could give you pleasure to know; or I would tell it you, my Nelly: but I shall see you soon, and talk till the Chain Pier echoes.

As for Lushington, I have a very respectable acquaintance with him. He drank my wine, and I drank his. I am not likely, I think, to know him more intimately.[8] Kerry took a part in the Union for the first time last night; and very much to his credit. It was not in a debate, however: but merely during the storm of private business, which for turbulence, and excitement, and battling, surpasses all imagination.[9] It would have been capital practice for Demosthenes. They are at a lamentable ebb for speakers; barring Kemble, and Sunderland, scarce one has any powers of oratory whatever. Did my father ever see the Athenaeum—a paper written by Cambridge animals entirely, and considered here the tip top of perfection.[10] Adio carissima,

Credimi mai sempre,
Tuo affettuosissimo fratello,[11]
A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 24. Old Steine / Brighton.
P/M 3 December 1828

1. "Dearest little girl."

2. Michaelmas term ended on 16 December 1828. See letters 62 and 64 for AHH's efforts at the University Scholarship.

3. Probably Elizabeth Hallam.

4. See letter 56 n. 1.

5. Charity Graeme was the daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar (1738–1819)—physician in ordinary to the Prince of Wales—wife of Anthony Hamilton (1778–1851)—archdeacon of Taunton and precentor of Lichfield—and mother of Walter Kerr and Edward William Terrick Hamilton.

6. As the address to letter 61 makes clear, John Frere belonged to the Hampstead branch: his parents were George (1774–1854), fourth son of John Frere (1740–1807), and Elizabeth Raper. George's brother William Frere (1775–1836) was master of Downing College, Cambridge, from 1812 to 1836.

7. Martin Davy (1763–1839), physician, was master of Caius College, Cambridge, from 1803 to 1839.

8. Edmund Law Lushington (1811–93) matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., senior classic, 1832), was elected to the Apostles before 1830, won the chancellor's classic medal in 1832, and was professor of Greek at Glasgow from 1838 to 1875. Lushington's 1842 marriage to Cecilia Tennyson is celebrated in the epilogue to *IM*.

9. William Thomas Petty Fitzmaurice (1811–36), earl of Kerry (1818), elder son of the marquis of Lansdowne, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (M.A. 1834), and served as M.P. for Calne from 1832 to 1836. The Cambridge Union debate on whether "a complete separation between England and Ireland should take place" was adjourned "in consequence of the press of private business" to 9 December 1828, when Sunderland spoke in favor, Kemble, Milnes, and Sterling against; the question was negatived 95-23.

10. The *Athenaeum* was launched on 2 January 1828 by James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855) and Henry Colburn (d. 1855); in July 1828, it was combined with the *London Literary Chronicle*, and Buckingham sold his interest to Maurice (who had been part proprietor of the *Chronicle*) and Sterling. With the assistance of other Cambridge associates, chiefly members of the Apostles, they ran the paper until January 1830. The *Athenaeum* rose to prominence under Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789–1864), proprietor from 1830 to 1864. Two Italian sonnets ("Ahi vera donna!" and "Pietà! Pietà!") and "Two Sonnets, Purporting to be Written in the Protestant Burial Ground at Rome by Moonlight" (*Writings*, pp. 306–7, 5-6) by AHH were published in the 25 March 1829 issue (p. 186), under the name "Julian." On 11 February 1829, Milnes wrote to his father that "Hare is going to write regularly for the Athenaeum—there is a superb thing of his in the last, & a short review of mine"; a week later Milnes acknowledged "two or three short Reviews & bits of Poetry in the Athenaeum, but nothing worth sending you" (Houghton papers). The 22 and 26 February 1828 issues of the *Athenaeum* (pp. 138–39, 155–58) contained a severely critical review of Southey's review of *Const. Hist.* (see letter 52 n. 13).

11. "Farewell dearest, believe me always, your most affectionate brother."

59a. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

MS: St. Deiniol's

Seaforth. Wednesday. Decr. 17. 1828.

My dear Hallam,

Neither Oxford terms nor Oxford vacations allow time for writing letters as frequent or as long as those penned in the days of our youth at Eton. I have involuntarily avenged myself upon you for your neglect of me & my letters some time ago. You have probably heard *of* me through Selwyn, *in re* Miscellany.[1] You were exceedingly merciful to the wretches of the Second Volume, before whose eyes the horrors of King's Bench had already begun to expand themselves. We retreat *ἀείδοντες παιήονα*[2] (you may think yourself fortunate in having accents, I assure you) & are already cooling our burnt fingers. I have sent seven pound two (which fortunately had not quite rotted in my purse) to Rogers, the night before I left Oxford, together with my own share as assessed, begging that if he could contrive to take Eton in his way up to London he would, & leave it with old Ingalton, by way of an actual commencement—a dividend of about four shillings or four & sixpence in the pound of our whole debt. I rather think since he is so abominable hard as not to offer *anything* for the *hundred & ten pounds* worth of Miscellanies, that we ought to make him render us some account of all that his friend Anderson[3] has made away with for us.

Friday, Decr. 19.

I heard from Gaskell some time ago: he seemed to have given up all idea, or nearly so, of matriculation during the Michaelmas Term, and he had not appeared when I left Christ Church this day week.[4] I do not know what he is at. He seems to have met with some of those difficulties, in negotiating for entrance, which have long stood in the way of applicants, & which are such that we may fairly say of them as the wisdom of our ancestors did of the Crown influence, not only

that they have increased & are increasing, but also that they ought to be diminished.[5] Your account, from which I gathered that you were very hard at work, gave me much pleasure: but I hope Farr is mistaken when he tells me that your weekday avocations were such as to make it necessary to hold Debating Society meetings on Sunday.[6] By the bye I am sorry you do not find him so much to your mind as formerly, though I can easily believe that in the first place the flattery he received at Eton & in the second his having (to all appearance) entirely given up reading since he has been at Cambridge, may have exercised an unfavourable influence on his character.[7] I hope it is not the case. However that may be who is there of us that—often as it has been said, let it, when occasion serves, be said again, till it be not only admitted but acted upon—who is there that cannot discern in his friends an hundred errors, without considering first the probable existence of other errors in himself, secondly the at least possible influence which they may have in estranging the feelings of others. I do not know why I have said this, as I do not suppose you are either much given to talking frivolously, or to living in small sets of drinking High Tories, except from the hope which I indulge, that the perceiving the evil will incline you rather to draw him out of it, than to desert & leave him in it: For it is really serious, as University Society must in many cases be the most important of all those successive bodies of associates through which one passes during early life. I have come home with the resolution of reading, but as I cannot speak of anything I have done, I must be content with anticipating what I am to do. We have got Scythœ Nomades[8] for a Latin Verse subject next year at ChCh., & I think a very good one. Doyle has been reading hard, it appears, & is already meditating attack on the Newdigate prizes.[9] Rogers reads very steadily & is a pretty sure card for a double first. Eton has several flourishing scions at ChristChurch. By the bye, you & I may congratulate one another on Puller's double first. You are perhaps not aware that he has also got a Christ Church Studentship.[10] Pray patronize the new Oxford Mathematical book, as we want encouragement in that line next month. I *envy* you the writing for the Latin Ode next year on such a subject.[11] I have now no more to do than to wish you all happiness & success. Believe me ever

Your very sincere friend

W. E. G.

I direct to you at Cambridge still, though at a venture. I congratulate you on the octavo edition.[12]

Addressed to A. H. Hallam Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.

1. See letters 51 (nn. 4, 7) and 54 for subsequent references in this letter to the *Eton Miscellany*.

2. *Iliad* 1. 473: "singing the paean."

3. A London bookseller whose bankruptcy in October 1827 made settlement of *Miscellany* accounts more complicated. On 11 December 1828, Ingalton wrote to Gladstone that "I can hear nothing of Anderson or how his affairs are likely to be settled. I shall be in town in a few days, when I shall make it my business to enquire in what manner they are likely to terminate" (B.L.).

4. Gaskell finally matriculated on 17 January 1829. See letter 56 n. 4.

5. See letter 15 n. 2.

6. In his 10 November 1828 letter, Farr had written to Gladstone: "Hallam is in a Private debating Society—not the same as mine (they are innumerable here)—and was to make his debut on the Catholic association suppression question on *Sunday* night" (B.L.). As his 29 November 1828 letter to his sister makes clear, Milnes was a member of the same society: "We had a delightful debate on the Catholic Association, at the Sunday school, when Hallam made a capital speech. We have Rousseau next Sunday" (Houghton papers).

7. See letter 58. More than a year later, in his 4 February 1830 letter, Gladstone wrote to Farr with "the plainness of a friend" to "remind your sense of duty and of obligations as a responsible being, that you have not done what God enabled you to do, and you have not made a full use of those high and excellent abilities for the employment of each and all of which you must answer before his judgment seat" (*Autob.*, p. 213).

8. "The wandering of the Scythians."

9. "Voyages of discovery to the Polar Regions" was the subject for the Oxford English verse prize (founded by Sir Roger Newdigate) in 1829; it was won by Thomas Legh Claughton (1808–92) of Trinity College, professor of poetry at Oxford 1852–57. A copy of Doyle's unsuccessful entry (published in 1829), inscribed to Gaskell, is

at Princeton. On 26 March 1829, Gladstone reread an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the North Pole voyages and decided he had to give up the subject (*D*, 1:234).

10. See letter 55 n. 11.

11. The book is unidentified; the subject for the Cambridge Latin Ode medal (established by Sir William Browne) in 1829 was Caesar's crossing the Rubicon.

12. Probably the second edition of *Const. Hist.*, published in 1829.

60. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

Text: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript

Brighton. Dec. 20, 1828.

Dear Robertson,

I have been surprised and grieved at your long silence. It is now *more than three months* since I received your last letter—directed to Ramsgate and forwarded to me in London. Either my answer, or a subsequent letter of yours, I am inclined to hope has miscarried. I say to *hope* because the only alternative that suggests itself to my belief, is one which I will shrink from—and wrestle with always, until it settles into certainty; I mean, that in some way, or other I have recklessly offended your Sister or yourself. I should much earlier have endeavoured to relieve myself from this anxiety, had my time not been so completely filled at Cambridge, that I have scarcely found leisure to keep up any correspondence whatever. But I do earnestly hope that you will answer this letter as soon as you receive it. For I am in great need of a friend's voice to cheer and revive me, and I cannot bear to think, that such a voice should be breathing from beloved Italy, and my ears through negligence or error closed against its music. Gaskell tells me that you are settled at Rome—in the rooms which the Simpsons[1] formerly occupied. I am glad of this. It is a great aid to imagination, when she trips like a little, joyous, reverential child, by the side of Affection, to be familiar with the precise spot in which she is to unite herself to those whom the mild eyes of that parental guardian have so long been seeking with a tremulous, and yet a fervent, and an unaverted gaze. The round of Roman gaities has hardly yet begun. But before these lines reach you the tocsin of invitation will at least have commenced its monotonous "note of preparation."[2] I wish you with all my heart a merry Christmas and (how far more momentous is the second half of this common wish, yet how they are always massed together in the utterance as if their value was one and the same), I ardently wish you a happy New Year.

For myself—lest you should think I have been lying to my own thoughts by writing *affected sentiment*, a thing which I detest—on the same principle on which I would detest a burlesque of the dying scene in Lear, or a caricature of the *Madonna di Foligno*[3]—I fear I have for the present no element of happiness in my mind. But I will no longer annoy you with my concerns. Only write to me lines that breathe of the glorious South. Kindle me with a spark of that radiance, which circles round, and interpenetrates all Italian existence; tell me in a word all you are doing, all your Sister has been doing, all our mutual friends have been doing, what aspect and complexion Roman society has for this season assumed. What are your projects for next year, and so forth—till the whole complex material of your thoughts, actions, and purposes—which of course is in your power—and those of others who may be partially so, is safely committed to paper and conveyed to myself who will welcome it as one long prisoned in darkness, the gentle touch of the renovating diurnal light. I have now kept one term at Cambridge, I understand completely its good, and its evil, I am disposed to think it is a very pleasant, and for those whose equable minds take things as they find them, a happy life. With regard to studies of the place—I have never taken the least interest in mathematical science. I shall study it to a certain degree in order to discipline my mind to evidential reasoning, and nerve it thereby against morbid sensibility. But I never can make it a prime object. The Greek language I have worshipped and will worship with an unblenching loyalty—I love it for the swell and the majesty and interminable melody of its diction. I love it too for the grandeur of the associations that cluster and play round it like the Multitudinous starlight along the clear deep azure of heaven; I love it above all, for the spirit which it enshrines—the spirit of Homer and Aeschylus, and Plato and Sophocles—which never has ceased to act on the human mind, and assuredly never will, unless the golden chain of harmony which bends the spiritual to the material universe be first rent asunder,[4] and the holy names of poetry and Philosophy become a laughing stock and a bye word to mankind. The studies of the place however, classical and mathematical, exercise little influence on Cambridge society. Among the better part—the aristocracy, so to say, of intellect—a great ascendancy is maintained by the leaders of the *Union Society*, and the conductors of a literary journal, called the

Athenaeum—both Cambridge Institutions for carrying off the effervescence of talent. This ascendancy works principally by communicating a highly metaphysical tone to conversation and an ardent enthusiasm for certain Poets and Philosophers and consequently for certain *schools of poetry* and *systems of philosophy*. Politics are at present very little regarded; at least the politics of the time being; in an absolute point of view and *ethically* considered they are dwelt upon as a branch of metaphysics. And what do I think of this? You may perhaps be inclined to ask. I have hardly as yet had sufficient opportunities of patient observation to weigh with accuracy the good of this mental fermentation against the evil. Much of both I can discern. It shall be my endeavor to seek out Truth patiently and desiringly, sifting out the chaff from the grain day by day. I have always been an enthusiast—I have always loved Poetry—although it is only during the last year, that I have had an insight into its real nature and have learned to establish the faith of the heart on the conclusions of the reason. I have, during the same period, given not a little reflection to metaphysical subjects, though with few books in hand. Thus when I came up to Cambridge, I found my tastes already formed, and coinciding in the main, with those of my companions. How is it then, that I profess myself unhappy? Oh, Robertson, it is a hot atmosphere I am breathing. I dislike, as far as regards myself, the interchange of opinions I have described. I long for repose—I long for leisure to exert my mind in calmness, not under this universal pressure, I long in short for Italy, for the friendliness of gentle society, for all the glorious Past. I cannot but feel that though I may be gay, though I may be excited, though I may be energetic

> "Still I must know, where'er I go,
> That there has passed away a Glory from the earth."[5]

I hear from Gaskell (and I have since found that my Mother has received the same intelligence more directly) that the Wintours are in the Piazza di Poli.[6] Remember me to them [. . . .] I trust, nay I have faith, that there are times, to more than one amongst you, at which I am present in your thoughts. But were it otherwise I could still find abundant sources of joy in the *Past* which I have called *Glorious:* To take a single instance where I could with ease take *more,*—the influence of your Sister's conversation on my character, at a very

critical moment of its development, will never I hope, believe, and pray, cease to work in me for good until dust be finally covered in upon my body—"And the Life cease to toil within my brow."[7] But I am really growing melancholy: you will laugh at me, I suppose. As long as your laugh flows into those sheets of letter paper, I shall not much mind—corraggio![8]

Will you apologize to Pifferi[9] in my name, for not having answered his kind letter and assure him he shall have one in a short time. And now, happy letter, run, fly to Rome! In a few minutes your *direction* that is your passport to paradise shall be written.

Believe me,
yours most sincerely,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Direct your next letter to Trinity College, Cambridge.

1. Possibly John Simpson (1782–1847), portrait-painter.

2. *Henry V*, 4. Chorus. 14.

3. One of the three paintings by the Umbrian master Pier Antonio Mezzastris in the Pinacoteca at Foligno, in central Italy.

4. See letter 79 n. 6.

5. Wordsworth, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," lines 17–18.

6. In north central Rome, near the Villa Borghese.

7. Shelley, *Julian and Maddalo*, line 317.

8. "Courage!"

9. Paulo Pifferi, Italian abbot, deputy to the Constitutional Assembly at Tuscany in 1849, was AHH's friend and instructor in Italian "who encouraged him to his first attempts at versification" (*Remains*, p. x).

61. TO JOHN FRERE

MS: Texas

24 Steyne. Brighton. Tuesday Evening [23 December 1828].

Dear Frere,

I remember telling you that it was no easy matter to extract "the soul of goodness" out of the "ill things"[1] of a stagecoach. But what should I not have thought, and said, had I but known, that, after my scanty allowance of four hours' sleep that night, I was destined to no sleep at all for the one ensuing! Having toiled up to London in the Defiance with my friend the Marchese Spinetti[2] outside the coach, and your friend De Vere[3] inside (with whom by the bye I have struck up an acquaintance) I called at Hamilton Palace,[4] and found the Prince thereof sad, and sickly, out of sorts with himself, and all things, & bodies about him, and purposing a *'ως ταχιστα*[5] return to Cambridge. He gave me my choice of dining with him chez lui, or being taken by him to Farqu[h]ar's, to whom he was engaged. As he professed absolute indifferency, I saw no reason why I should be ceremonious, so I made my election for the first. However on returning I thought Mrs. Hamilton's manner so unequivocally inclined to the opposite side of the balance, that I took the hint forthwith, and annoyed myself with a huge dinnerparty at Sir Robert Farquhar's.[6] At *ten o'clock* (for on arriving I had found no coach would start before that hour) I set off, half in a fever already, with the prospect of a lugubrious entry into the Pavilioned <glory> boast of the 19th. Century at 3 or 4 in the morning. Fortunately our motions were surpassingly slow; and I was not disgorged till seven, an hour when right reason does not forbid us to wake people from their slumbers.

Brighton is not quite so gay, and rather more windy than I had anticipated. As soon as I had recovered my fatigues I went to Almacks.[7] Everybody round me was saying how brilliant it was: for my own part I thought it dull, dull, dull, even to nausea. I was

introduced to one or two daughters of dress, and vanity; and might, had I chosen, have been introduced to many more: but since I have read Coleridge I look on these things with the eye of a philosopher. Or rather, not to speak like a fool, and a hypocrite, I have too keen a recollection of the happiness I used to enjoy in similar scenes to bear such a mockery. The perception of *dissimilitude in similitude*, which with its converse, forms the great law, or condition by which our emotions act, may frequently excite us with pleasure, but it can—oh! it *can* rack us with anguish! I have refused an invitation, which I suppose is the last I shall get, for tonight. There is a rapture truly in walking about the streets without knowing a face one meets! However I held communion with Nature on the glorious downs after a pack of harriers the other day: a method of glorifying the animal part of our nature in order to calm, & harmonise the intellectual which Socrates himself could not have frowned upon. Alas! that it should be but a momentary cheat! We have received no invitation to Bowood,[8] and I think probably shall not: so that, Deo volente, Monday, or Tuesday will see me in London. I shall be delighted to dine with you, should things turn out so. If you don't see, or hear from me, before six o'clock Tuesday, don't expect, but pity me. I have had a good deal of talk with my father; and I think my affairs are in pretty good train; that is, supposing the Scholarship does not grind me into powder, for on that subject he will not hear reason. I am rather amused at his indignation against Hare, and the prevalent opinions into which I gave him some faint insight. I almost thought he would have torn the sermon in pieces.[9] "I have no patience with this! Well, now, I cannot bring myself to read this with any calmness! I always thought the man an impostor! and now I'm sure of it. He has cheated himself with words, and now he is going to cheat other people! That's just the way with Coleridge & the rest of them: they spin a spider's-web of language to catch foolish flies, who think that this mysticism is originality of thought! Read Paley; if he is not deep, which he often is not, he is always clear: his understanding is of the same kind with ours. Read Locke; read Bacon; but these never *will* be read, when Coleridge, & Shelley *are:* such authors, as favorites, must deprave the mind <beyond hope!>. As for this Hare, he is trying to found a school: and, mark what I say, his school will be a bad one." Of one thing I am resolved—neither my father, nor any one e[lse] shall

influence my metaphysical creed. Its elements I will se[ek] out patiently, & desiringly: its composition shall be cautiously performed: and what I shall have ultimately received into my heart, and intellect, to that I will cling firmly. Meanwhile I cannot think my father right in his unqualified condemnation of Coleridge. Were the Idealism of his book false, as its most determined foes assert it to be, much would remain; much of simple, sound morality, much of pure, Christian fervour. The argument you mention about the Imagination strikes me as very sophistical. It is evident that the abstract ideas of Poetry are at the other end of the diameter from the abstract ideas of Logic, or Geometry. We may use the same word, but we do not mean the same thing. In the one all must be vague, or it would not be Poetry: in the other everything exact, and linked, or it would not be Science. Not that I mean to impugn the general correctness of his assertion, that a moderate study of mathematics will by no means injure the Imaginative faculty, but rather improve it, along with the rest, by diffusing a healthful air over the whole mind. The "mowing" crotchet is, as you properly characterise it, very mad indeed, as far at least as my humble apprehension goes. Should I not be able to join you, I wish you would get from C. clear definitions of Reason, Understanding, Imagination, as he understands the words.[10] It is indeed a crying sin that our terminology should be so indistinct, & misty, two hundred years after Bacon pointed out the evil. Let me quit the subject with a story, that will make you laugh. I walked into a bookseller's the other day, & inquired for Mr. Coleridge's Friend.[11] The answer was, after a two-minute stare—"Mr. Coleridge's Friend, Sir! Upon my word, Sir, we don't know the gentleman; but if you would give his name at the Postoffice, I have no doubt they can inform you"!! As nothing after this inimitable blunder can best her [?] than an anticlimax, I will leave you to chew the cud on it, and believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to John Frere Esq. / Hampstead / near London.
P/M 24 December 1828

1. *Henry V*, 4. 1. 4: "There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

2. Marquis Spineto, teacher of Italian, history, and modern literature at Cambridge, was an interpreter at Queen Caroline's trial, and occasional author.

3. Probably Vere Edmond de Vere (1808–80), who matriculated at Trinity in 1827 and became third bart. in 1846; possibly his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere (1788–1846), poet and dramatist.

4. See letter 59 n. 5.

5. "With all speed."

6. Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar (1776–1830), son of Sir Walter, was M.P. from 1825 to 1830.

7. One of the fashionable assembly rooms and coffeehouses, originating in London, built by William Almack (d. 1781).

8. Lansdowne's residence.

9. Hare's sermon is unidentified.

10. See Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, "Aphorisms on that Which is Indeed Spiritual Religion," which deals with the distinction between reason and understanding. The "mowing" crotchet is unidentified.

11. *The Friend: A Literary, Moral and Political Weekly Paper* was initially published in 1809–10, revised in 1812 and 1818. AHH acknowledges his indebtedness to a passage from *The Friend* (3:190) for lines 40 ff. in his "Timbuctoo" (see letter 65 n. 3).

62. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

[Cambridge.] [28 January 1829.]

My dear Father,

The three first days of the Scholarship[1] are now over; and I suppose you would like to hear something of its changes, and chances. The first day we had three bits of Greek prose; one from *Lysias*; the second from *Polybius*; & the third from *Lucian*.[2] We were all very indignant at being supposed to deal with anything but *classical* Greek: the extracts were easy, with the exception of one or two words, which nobody answered confidently, perhaps nobody rightly. The second day, we were annihilated by a passage from the Ecclesiazusœ, containing amongst other stubborn things my old friend λεπαδοτεμαχο &c.[3] This was followed up by a passage from *Eubulus*!![4] five, or six scrap questions, and part of Lady Macbeth's sleeping scene[5] to be translated into Greek Trochaics. This last I did with no great difficulty, and was pleased to find I could call my Greek words from the vasty deep, & they would come, when I did call for them.[6] I forgot to mention that on the first day we had a Latin Theme to write about Greek, & Latin historians; a species of composition, which is very much to me like a surgical operation. Today we had some lines in Thomson's Liberty[7] to put into Latin Hexameters; a page of Hume into Latin prose; and an awful paper of Scholefield's containing a Chorus from the Hercules Furens, to construe which would have been superhuman. It begins with "*υψοροφα μελαθρα*" *line 435*, I think.[8] Upon the whole I am satisfied with what I have done, as it shews me the power of writing Greek, & Latin verses, is not quite rubbed out of my mind; a conclusion, which I was very near arriving at before. As for the reading that is a matter of *chronic absorption* and by next year I shall have imbibed a good deal. Meanwhile Wordsworth seems decidedly the favorite for this year's stakes; I don't think Lushington can beat him, but he will be near; Kennedy however is looked to in suspense,

but I know nothing *certain* about him.[9] Hamilton has not gone in for the Scholarship. You have heard I suppose all about the Degrees. The anxiety that Cavendish should be Senior Wrangler was most intense: & Philpot's sudden elevation was a matter of great surprise. Murphy, & Smith had all along been named: but nobody looked to Catherine Hall for a man, that should beat them all.[10] He had only read Mathematics for two years, it is said. He is also an admirable Classic. Altogether such a year is seldom known: the first five men, it is said, would beat Perry, the last year's Senior Wrangler.[11] Cavendish will, I fancy, get the Smith's prize against Philpot.[12] It will be known tomorrow. At present [. . . .][13]

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 28 January 1829

1. Two classical scholarships for £25 each per annum were established by John Craven (b. 1649); these were supplemented by three additional scholarships in 1819, and the income of all raised to £50 per annum. Only one position was open for competition in 1829.

2. Lysias (b. ca. 458 B.C.), Attic orator; Polybius (ca. 202–120 B.C.), Greek historian; Lucian (ca. 115–ca. 200), satirist, historian, and philosopher.

3. *Women at the Assembly*, by Aristophanes; AHH refers to the passage beginning with line 1167, describing food at a banquet.

4. Athenian statesman and financier of the latter half of the fourth century B.C., an opponent of Demosthenes.

5. *Macbeth*, 5. 1.

6. See *1 Henry IV*, 3. 1. 53–55.

7. *Liberty* (1738) by James Thomson (1700–1748).

8. James Scholefield (1789–1853) was regius professor of Greek at Cambridge from 1825 to 1853; AHH apparently refers to the Chorus beginning "*ὑψόροφα μέλαθρα*" ("Unto the stately palace-roofs"), line 107 of *The Madness of Hercules* by Euripides.

9. Christopher Wordsworth (1807–85), third son of Christopher—master of Trinity—matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A., senior classic and first Chancellor's medal, 1830), won the Browne medal in 1827, Porson prize in 1828, and was Craven Scholar in 1829. Wordsworth became bishop of Lincoln in 1869. Charles Rann Kennedy (1808–67) matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A., senior classic, 1831), was

Bell Scholar in 1828, won the Porson prizes and Browne medals in 1829 and 1830, and became a lawyer, scholar, and linguist.

10. Sir William Cavendish (1808–91), seventh duke of Devonshire, brother of Lord Richard Cavendish, attended Eton, matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A., second Wrangler and eighth classic, 1829), won the first Smith's prize in 1829, and served as chancellor of Cambridge from 1861 to 1891. Henry Philpott (1807–92), who matriculated at St. Catherine's in 1825 (B.A., senior Wrangler, second Smith's prize and fourteenth classic, 1829), was bishop of Worcester from 1861 to 1890. Robert Murphy (1806–43), who matriculated at Caius College in 1825 (B.A., third Wrangler, 1829), served as examiner in mathematics and natural philosophy at London University. Charles Lesingham Smith (1806–78), who matriculated at Christ's College in 1825 (B.A., fifth Wrangler, 1829), became rector of Little Canfield, Essex.

11. Charles Perry (1807–91), who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A., senior Wrangler, first Smith's prize, and seventh classic, 1828), was the first bishop of Melbourne.

12. Two annual prizes for £25 each for proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy were established by Robert Smith (1689–1768), master of Trinity College.

13. The remainder of the letter has been cut off.

63. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 130–35

Trinity College, Cambridge. Feb. 2nd, 1829.

My dear Gaskell,

I hope you have ascribed my silence to its true cause, that of excessive and exclusive occupation, arising from the University Scholarship for which I have been sitting, and which has left me no power whatever of attending to my own thoughts. This being now over, I hasten to thank you for your letter, and chide you at the same time a little that you should have thought me worthy of rebuke for not expatiating on my loss, when I expressly told you I was prevented by circumstances from finishing it as I wished. What if I retaliate by asking why, when you have it under my own handwriting how unhappy I am, and how sweet the endearing consolations of friendship are to me now—why you do not write somewhat longer accounts of yourself, and all you have been doing and all you have been thinking? Speak to me of what you read, and hear, and act; believe not that anything will be uninteresting to me which has given you a momentary interest. And yet cease not to rebuke me; I have great need of it. I am sick at heart and chill in feeling, and perish without something to invigorate, something to refresh. Carissimo, I have thrown open to you my whole heart; you know all my weakness as well as all my aspirations towards good; may I never be brought to think that I have made the experiment in vain. For an experiment it surely is: it is said in the cold world that no good comes of opening out one's inmost self to the view even of him whom we have deemed our friend; that where all is known nothing is imagined, and hence mutual discontent and exhaustion—"And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness!"[1] I will prove them liars, however; for I know whom I have trusted. Now to continue my tale. I placed the ring,[2] like an idiot, in my sitting-room when I went to bed, leaving indeed the door open, but forgetting that it might be shut before I

was awake in the morning. This actually happened, amidst the goings in and out of the servants; and when I entered the room the ring was not where I had placed it the night before. The only person I had much ground of suspecting was a knife-cleaning vagabond, who had been seen loitering about the stairs. I did all I could in the way of cross-examination, but had no proof to go upon, and failed, of course. I also gave a description of the ring to all the silversmiths, that should it, as was probable, be brought to them for sale, it might be stopped. Hitherto I have had no notice of so delightful an event; and I much fear the thief was too cunning to run the chance of detection by trying to sell it at Cambridge. There can be no reason, however, that you should call him "fiend"; men of that class of life cannot be expected to conceive any difference between one bit of gold and another of equal size; and this even when they are told how different the value attached to each by the wearer, which this man never was. Since your last letter I have had cause for other alarm which you will start on hearing. I fear *Anna and her mother will not return to England this year; perhaps not for some years more.* This is mere conjectural apprehension, founded on the intelligence which I received the other day from Italy—that the *Robertsons do not return for five years.* At least, though, strangely enough, Robertson does not say so in as many words, what other interpretation can be put on their taking the *Albani Palace*[3] for that period? This is awful news to me, if it be as I fear. I had looked forward so eagerly for a few brief moments of happiness in conversing with Miss Robertson next summer; *that* hope is almost crushed: I had dared to flatter myself with the belief that I should see Anna at Gransden, and know at least that she was happy, even if my poor heart could not catch a reflex from that happiness: *that* hope too is shaken.[4]

But yet I hardly can persuade myself that I have not misunderstood the purport of Robertson's intelligence. He hardly could have treated so important a change in their plans so indifferently as to confine his notice to one ambiguous sentence. For it is just possible that, as the E[. . .]s[5] did, they may come over here in the summer, and then return to the Albani Palace. But with such an establishment, is it likely? I will extract all of Robertson's letter that relates to "le cose Italiane."[6] The first three pages are filled up with a somewhat tedious critique on what did not please him in my letter, backed with one of

those sapient bits of advice which cost nothing, and effect nothing, on the subject of excessive regret for Italy. "However," he continues, "I will try and console you by giving you Italian news. The Wintours are in the Piazza di Poli. They have a very comfortable house. I called on them yesterday, but all were out except Miss B[. . . .].[7] I have not seen Miss Wintour since Sunday, and then I saw her only for a moment on the church stairs (Quanta invidia ti porto!).[8] She has quite recovered her health, and is looking more beautiful than I almost ever saw her. Oh, Hallam, what loveliness there is in her face, what sweetness, what delicacy, what—everything that is good and beautiful!" (I never can be sorry to hear that truth repeated, but I cannot see what business it has to come from Robertson's lips. We never bequeathed affection to him). "I admire her more every time I see her. What care she takes of her mother and aunt! She is all kindness and attention. We have ridden several times together by the banks of the Tiber, the Porta Salara, the road to Naples, the tomb of Metella[9]—all rides that you know well. We have often said that we wished you were here to join our parties: we would like it, and I am sure you would." (A palpable Scotticism; but we have greatly improved Robertson's epistolary style on the whole). "Were it not for the Wintours Rome would be very dull this season. All my friends are gone. The only thing I regret last winter is that I did not know Gaskell; I mean, never till his return from Naples during the last week, when he brought me a message from you. We were coming out of the Capella Sistina; and I met him once at Colonel Cheney's. Never again did I see him till I met him at Venice, and then at Geneva. The brother of his first flame is here with Mrs. H[. . . .], who is a delightful person.[10] As you will see by the date, we have left the Palazzo Caponi[11] and taken the Palazzo Albani for—five years!" (I copy his words and stops exactly—from those words we are to extract everything). "We are now in the utmost bustle furnishing it. We have the room where Mother Starke's *tableaux* were, and the whole of that suite: not those where the ball was, as the old Cardinal keeps them for his own use."[12] I have given you a long extract, but, should you happen not to have received a letter at the same time, surely not uninteresting. I have not yet seen Mr. Wintour. Ever since my return I have been working myself with a severe and uninterrupted course of study. I have now a little more leisure, and but little: but I shall

certainly ride over in a few days. I hope he is at Gransden. Ora adio; and believe me unchangeably

Your affectionate friend,

A. H. Hallam.

P. S. Remember me kindly to your father and mother. Whenever I may forget to put this down on paper, be sure that the wish is not absent from my mind, and act accordingly. Adio.

1. Wordsworth, "Resolution and Independence," line 49; the entire passage, however, recalls Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo.*

2. Presumably a gift from Anna Wintour.

3. In north central Rome, owned by the Torlonia family.

4. Anna's brother, Fitzgerald Wintour (1803–64), had recently obtained a living at Little Gransden, a parish eleven miles from Cambridge. Late in 1828, he had told Gaskell that Anna and her mother would visit Gransden in June 1829; Gaskell had suggested that Fitzgerald invite AHH over from Cambridge before then, but there is no record of his visit, if indeed it took place (Gaskell's private journals).

5. Unidentified.

6. "Matters Italian."

7. Unidentified; perhaps Anna's aunt.

8. "What jealousy I bear thee!"

9. The Porta Salaria in northeast Rome is the starting point of the Via Salaria; the tomb of Caecilia Metella, wife of the son of Marcus Licinius Crassus, is on the Via Appia.

10. Unidentified. Gaskell's journals mention sitting next to a Miss Hoare when he first met Anna Wintour, but there is no record of any attachment.

11. The Palazzo Caponi is untraced.

12. See letter 45. The cardinal is unidentified.

64. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Wednesday [4 February 1829].

My dear Father,

The Scholarship ended on Saturday: they gave us fewer days than usual, and sharper work each day. Thursday we had to translate a Chorus in the Iphig. Taur.[1] into Latin Alcaics, as well as English prose; also some Juvenal. Friday, Latin Prose Translation from Hume, & Original Hexameters on Skaiting: also three bits of Latin Prose—Cicero, Tacitus, & Livy. Saturday, some Bolingbroke to put into Greek prose; & some Herodotus, Plato, & Thucydides to construe. All these three days were comparatively easy: and I found no material difficulty in any of the things I have mentioned. Of the Latin prose I did little, because I was getting on well with the Hexameters, & as we had but four hours for the two together, I did not chuse to run the risk of spoiling them. As they have been much praised by Wellesley, whom his Eton contemporaries are in the habit of considering a competent judge,[2] I shall copy them. I begin, I don't know why, except that I was in a nervous want of a beginning with the 5 first lines of that Tribune copy.

O me felicem, gelidis in vallibus Arni
Dum capto Zephyros, si qua per amoena vagantur
Prata, quibus Tusci affulsit lux integra solis,
Purpureumq: jubar: ubi raro elapsa meatu
Unda procul micat, et cannis densantur olivae!
[Est] hic pura quies annorum, et bruma quietis
Gressibus incedit, tepidos induta colores,
Maternisque fovet dilectam amplexibus oram.
Non mihi contingat rigido spatiarier agro,
Qua male saevit hiems, et septem dura Triones
Flumina despiciunt, inamoenis obvia ludis.

Dî patrii Indigetes, nostraeque acclinia famae
Numina, quae miseros agitat tam dira cupido?
Cur juvat instabiles crystallo imponere gressus?
Nonne foret satius patrias horrere ruina[s]
Velari capita, et tacito indulgere do[lori ?]
Cuncta dolent; dolet ingentes Natura p[ruinas]
Et mare purpureum, et si quis violentior a[mnis]
Irruit Oceano, Boreae per regna, vagatus
Ipse pater Phoebus celsâ lacrymatur i[n aethra]
Avertitq: oculos: eheu! quot nubila so[lis]
Occursant capiti, et regem comitantur euntem!
Nos homines, homines, falsâ regione viarum
Usque adeo palati, animosum, et dulce putamus
Exagitare solum ferro; durâque pedum vi
Flumina torquere, ah! vires oblita priores,
Mollitiemq: suam, cedendo quae sibi vincens
Omnia, letiferis vitalem amplexibus auram,
Exprimit, et priscae Numen demonstrat Aquāī.
Haud tamen indignum satiâsse impune furorem
Fas erit aeternum! en! fractis compagibus ingens
Undarum exsultat fremitus, sinceraq: lympha,
Visq: triumphantes debellatura tyrannos.
Haud tibi qui tali mulctare, miserrime, fato,
Aspergam flores, et honestem funera fletu.
Sic eat ingenuum quisquis violârit amorem
Dulcis Naturae, et puram contempserit undam.
Sic eat at nemo lacrymarum donet honores,
Nullaque perpetuo accrescant violaria somno![3]

I have no chance of writing a Tripos this year: nor am I aware that freshmen ever do. Absalom, the Pauline of the year, did not sit for the Scholarship. Shillitoe, the Shrewsbury fine animal, has done nearly as well as Lushington, I understand.[4] I believe there is no bracketing at all: but one, or two are known by a sort of *unofficial* whispering.

Your affect:te son

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 4 February 1829

1. *Ighigenia in Tauris*, by Euripides.

2. Doyle credited Wellesley with "a perfect mastery of Latin versification" (*Reminiscences*, p. 78).

3. For the following translation and invaluable assistance with the original Latin, I am indebted to Professor Edward Bassett, University of Chicago:

> O happy am I as in the cool valleys of the Arno I catch at the west-winds, if anywhere they are spreading through the pleasant meadows on which the whole light of the Tuscan sun has shone and its purple radiance, where the water springs forth in the distance, gliding away in a thin path, and the olive trees are pressed together by the reeds! Here there is the simple quiet of the years, and the winter, clad in colors mildly warm, comes on with quiet steps and with maternal embraces caresses her beloved shore. May it not be my lot to walk upon a stiff field, where the winter cruelly rages and Charles's Wain looks down upon hard rivers that are exposed to unlovely games. Ye native gods and divinities concerned for our good name, what desire so horrible drives on wretched men? Why do we like to place our unstable steps upon the ice? Would it not be better to shudder at our native disasters, to veil our heads, and give ourselves up to silent grief? All things grieve; Nature grieves over the immense frosts, and so does the purple sea, and if any more violent stream rushes into the Ocean, having wandered through the realms of Boreas, Father Phoebus himself weeps in his high heaven and averts his eyes. Ah me, how many clouds rush upon the head of the sun, and accompany their king as he goes along! We men, we men, wandering perpetually on a false path, think it spirited and sweet to harass the ground with iron and to torture rivers with the hard strength of our feet—ah, rivers which have forgotten their former strength and their suppleness, a suppleness which, conquering everything for itself by yielding, forces out the breath of life by its death-bringing embraces and reveals the Godhead of ancient Water. It will not be lawful, however, to satiate its harsh raging forever with impunity! Lo, with the joints broken a raging of the waters leaps up, and pure liquid, and a force that will defeat triumphing tyrants. Let me not scatter flowers upon you, most wretched man, who are punished by such a fate, and honor your funeral with tears. Thus may he pass whoever has violated the natural love of sweet Nature and had contempt for pure water. Thus may he pass, but may no one give him the guerdon of tears, and may no beds of violets be added to his everlasting sleep!

4. Charles Severn Absolom (1809?–76), recipient of an annual Trinity scholarship for students from St. Paul's school, London, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A. 1832) and became a vicar. Richard Shilleto (1809–76), head boy at Shrewsbury School, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., second classic, 1832); a classical scholar who edited Demosthenes and Thucydides, Shilleto was also a leading Cambridge "coach" for thirty years.

65. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

[Cambridge.] Sunday [15 February 1829].

My dear Father,

I have been rather unpardonably silent; but for the last week I have been so overwhelmed with mathematics, that I have hardly moved a step out of their tyrant circle. I chose *Hymers*[1] for a tutor; a clever man, I believe, and a driller of long standing. That he will be able to drill me into any mathematical knowledge, I am strongly inclined to doubt. Certainly if Nature ever gave a person warning that the gates of some science were barred to him, she would seem to have done so in my instance. My memory in many things serves me well: in some I can even remember continuously, link after link: but as to all figure and number I lie under an interdict. It has always been so, since I first was informed that two, and two make four. And yet labour has not been spared with me; nor have I spared it myself. Hence it appears to me doubtful whether it be possible for me at eighteen, I do not say to read Mathematics to any extent, but to *get them up*, in Cambridge phrase, with all their minutiae, and, which is much more concerning, with that combining, and applying, and deducing faculty, without which the bare understanding of the characters, expressions, as they appear in some particular instance, is for any University purposes worth nothing at all. But whether this be possible, or not, I feel confident that it could never take place compatibly with my reading Classics to any extent, or any other reading at all. When I say to any extent, I mean—so as to attain any Classical honor. For the University Scholarship has done me this good, that it has shewn me how I stand with respect to my competitors; and it is not now difficult for me to take a full survey of the field, which I should have to traverse before I could make that prize my own. I mention it in this manner, because as there is nothing mathematical connected with it, and very little of <critical> philological learning, it is clearly more in my way than

any other. Now I know from the examination I went through, that a great deal of careful, and attentive reading in various quarters, but all Classical, must be pursued by me in the course of the next year, if I would read for the purpose I mentioned. But if I have so forgotten, what I have *repeatedly* acquired, in the other range of Cam's Parnassus, that I should have to toil a most monopolising toil before I could, in the first place recover what I had lost (which is comparatively a trifle), and in the second place, gain tenfold as much, which would be necessary, before I could even approximate to success, how is this compatible with that careful, and attentive reading of other subjects, which I spoke of before? Now to pass to more cheering topics. I have not yet written for the Greek Ode, but shall very soon.[2] The English poem I wrote off in a fit of enthusiasm in the short interval between the close of the Examination, and the beginning with Hymers. The few who have seen it are, or say they are, delighted with it, adding one & all that it is sure not to get the prize as not being "in the examiners' way." There is but one possible fine method of treating the subject; and that I have tried to grasp: in all other points of view it strikes me as immeasurably absurd.[3] Cambridge has begun to swarm again. Kemble, Trench, & Rochfort are gone; the former having received an intimation that his degree could not be conferred on him for two years on account of general irregularity of conduct—a sweeping charge, the meaning of which is supposed to be that in his papers at the Πολ examination he was not content with answering the questions from Locke, & Paley, but took the trouble of commenting upon them!![4] Trench is a real loss. The Tripos begins tomorrow. The Uy. Sp. will probably be decided this week. Tell the Mot I will write to her soon, & express my hopes that Harry is reflourishing.

Your affect. Son

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 15 February 1829

1. John Hymers (1803–87), who attended St. John's College, Cambridge (B.A., second Wrangler, 1826), was a fellow from 1827 to 1853 and president from 1848 to 1852; he published mathematical treatises and presented manuscripts of Wordsworth, a distant relative, to the college library.

2. The subject for the 1829 Browne's Medal was the Aegean islands; Kennedy was the winner.

3. AHH's "Timbuctoo," the first of his three unsuccessful attempts to win the Chancellor's Gold Medal, is printed in *Writings*, pp. 37–41. On 11 February 1829, Milnes, who described his own effort as "the most powerless thing I ever wrote" (21 March 1829), called AHH's poem "the finest thing that has been produced since the days of Shelley" (letters to his father, Houghton papers). William Bodham Donne, acknowledging AT's poem (which won the medal) to be extraordinary for the age of its author, still felt that "as an examiner I should have given the prize to Hallam" (1829 letter to Blakesley, Miss Johnson). Pickering had not finished reading AHH's entry when he wrote to Gladstone on 18 February 1829: "It is in the Wordsworthian metre, which I am afraid is rather unpopular among the Dons. Those who have read it, praise it most highly; what I saw was certainly very pretty & poetical" (B.L.). As Milnes's 21 March letter notes, the prize poem was chosen about mid-April, but not announced until June.

4. Horatio William Noel Rochfort (1809–91), who matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1829), was high sheriff for co. Carlow in 1840; as subsequent letters show, Rochfort lent his name to one of the private debating societies to which AHH, Milnes, and Charles Tennyson belonged. In his 2 February 1829 letter to his mother, Milnes wrote that Kemble "has been very ill-treated here, nobody knows why, except that in his examination he called Paley a 'miserable sophist,' & talked of Locke's 'loathsome infidelity,' which pleased Hare very much, but made the examiners very angry; some proposed to pluck him, but one said, 'We will not make him a martyr' " (Houghton papers). According to *Merivale*, p. 59, Kemble set out, "as he boasted with high glee, 'to crumple up that sciolist Paley.' " For derivation of the "Poll," or ordinary exam, see *OED*.

66. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Trinity. Cambridge. Sunday [28 February 1829].

My dear Gladstone,

I do not know whether you will consider this note, as adding insult to injury: but I believe you know my nature too well to suppose that I voluntarily intermit correspondence with a friend, and I hope you will set against the two months, which have elapsed, since I received your last letter, the crushing cares, and occupations, which have been, and are tormenting me. I hear from various quarters of your incessant reading. For my own part the horizon grows blacker, and blacker: the elements of mathematical science, instead of becoming easier by practice, increase in difficulty: and I utterly forget what I have repeatedly acquired. In Classics I might partially succeed: <I am told from> the examiners mentioned my name, as having done myself credit in the University Scholarship: but the consequences of suffering mathematics to encroach on that kind of knowledge which is most congenial to my mind will, I am convinced, be such as to shipwreck the whole concern. As I care not the snap of a finger for the bubbles, called by courtesy "University honors," this would give me, <personally> as far as relates to them, little concern, but inasmuch as the loss of valuable time, and the constant breaking of the mental energies, like waves, on an immoveable obstacle, cannot but tend to oppress the moral spirit, it gives me the greatest. I know that the work of deterioration is going on; that the chain, which binds me to this my dungeon, is rotting into my soul: but I have still a resource in my favorite metaphysical, and poetical speculations, and I throw them up as a bulwark, against which I trust ultimately all the powers of evil will be broken. I live here principally in what may be termed the "metaphysical set," many of whom are men of great talents, but in none of whom, if I except Frere, one of the best creatures that ever

breathed, have I found a *true friend*. There are many, very many, whom I like, and esteem: but in the higher point I am difficult to please. I have been writing, I find, in a very melancholy strain; perhaps you will think it a morbid one. It may be so; but at all events the fever has become domesticated in my constitution. My father is always talking to me of "active life"; and the necessity of mathematical discipline for the law, & political economy: the truth however is, that admitting these premises, we should draw different conclusions: his would be, that I ought to read mathematics now, mine, that I ought not to read law, & political economy hereafter.[1] Enough of all this. Wordsworth is still the favorite for the Scholarship, but the prize is not yet adjudged.[2] Hamilton will very probably get the Bell Scholp., which comes on in about a week.[3] Charles Wordsworth, your Oxford hero, is reading up here: I think him a very agreeable man.[4] I believe he is rather intimate with Rogers—of whom by the bye, he says, wonders are expected. If Rogers could spare leisure enough for a short letter, it would give me great pleasure. Doyle I saw a great deal of in London; and regret more, & more his not being at Cambridge, which I am inclined to think would suit him better. Do you think Gaskell will begin to reside at Easter? He will be somewhat out of his element at Oxford; as far as he ever can be, that is: for I never knew so equable a mind, or so morally courageous. His cousin Milnes [is one] of our aristocracy of intellect here; [a good] & kindhearted fellow, as well as a very clever one, but vain, & paradoxical, and altogether as unlike Gaskell as it is possible to conceive.[5] I had nearly omitted the Catholic Question. To say the truth, it occupies so little of my thoughts, that had I done so, I should scarcely have wondered. The importance however of the measure is immense; may it terminate well for England, & the world: but the rubs are not yet quite over.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esqr. / Christchurch / Oxford.
P/M 28 February 1829

1. On 14 February 1829, Farr wrote to Gladstone that he saw AHH recently: "He seems rather down in the mouth & says he has no time for correspondence. He does not take to collar . . . and therefore I fear his reading will not do him much good. He started for the Craven (scholarship), was not placed. . . . [Milnes] is very thick with Hallam, not much I should imagine to the advantage of our friend's devotion to Mathesis" (B.L.). In his preface to *Remains*, Henry Hallam expressed a somewhat critical view of his son's efforts:

> In some respects, as soon became manifest, he was not formed to obtain great academical reputation. An acquaintance with the learned languages, considerable at the school where he was educated, but not improved, to say the least, by the intermission of a year, during which his mind had been so occupied by other pursuits, that he had thought little of antiquity even in Rome itself, though abundantly sufficient for the gratification of taste and the acquisition of knowledge, was sure to prove inadequate to the searching scrutiny of modern examinations. He soon, therefore, saw reason to renounce all competition of this kind; nor did he ever so much as attempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay at Cambridge. In truth he was very indifferent to success of this kind; and conscious as he must have been of a high reputation among his contemporaries, he could not think that he stood in need of any University distinctions. The editor became by degrees almost equally indifferent to what he perceived to be so uncongenial to Arthur's mind. It was however to be regretted, that he never paid the least attention to mathematical studies. That he should not prosecute them with the diligence usual at Cambridge, was of course to be expected; yet his clearness and acumen would certainly have enabled him to master the principles of geometrical reasoning; nor, in fact, did he so much find a difficulty in apprehending demonstrations, as a want of interest, and a consequent inability to retain them in his memory. A little more practice in the strict logic of geometry, a little more familiarity with the physical laws of the universe, and the phenomena to which they relate, would possibly have repressed the tendency to vague and mystical speculation which he was too fond of indulging (pp. xiii–xv).

2. AHH was apparently mistaken, since Milnes wrote to his father on 25 February 1829 (Houghton papers) that Christopher Wordsworth was successful.

3. William Bell (1731–1816), prebendary of Westminster, established in 1810 eight scholarships (two available annually) for sons or orphans of clergymen not able to bear the full costs of a university education. John Edward Bromby (1809–89) and James William Inman (1809–95)—both later headmasters—were equal winners in 1829. According to the *Cambridge University Calendar*, AT was judged equal in merit, but less deserving in pecuniary need, to the second Bell's scholar in 1828.

4. Charles Wordsworth (1806–92), second son of Christopher—the master of Trinity—matriculated at Christ Church in 1825 (B.A. 1830), was master of Winchester College from 1835 to 1846 and bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane.

5. See letter 59a n. 4. Milnes met Gaskell late in November 1829, and found him, as he wrote to his sister on 5 December 1829, "as different as possible from what I expected—*very plain*, completely unaffected and simple in his manners, and good-natured, even to boyishness" (Wemyss Reid, 1:78).

67. TO JULIA ELTON HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Wednesday [11 March 1829].

My dear Mottle,

I delayed writing this letter, until I could send you the result of our Union debate on the Catholic Question, which has excited great interest here. After a severe struggle we carried it by 46.[1] The Brunswick Club used incredible exertions in canvassing, and were at one time thought to have obtained a majority. Lord Norris their Coryphaeus was put forward to be spokesman, and though his speech was lamentably inane, was complimented with great formality by the Master of Trinity on his having ably defended the Protestant Cause.[2] *Cookesley* made one of the most splendid speeches I ever heard in defence of Emancipation; and Blakesley, our President, spoke on the same side with great power.[3] I had intended to have risen myself, in order to enforce what appears to me the most cogent, because the most abiding, & universal view of the question; viz: that the fundamental principle of our Constitution, and indeed of all Constitutions, being a balance of property, and intelligence, this balance is utterly destroyed, when some millions of men, in whose hands much property is vested, and in whose minds much intelligence, are excluded from the power of legislation. This view no man fairly took: there seemed a sort of horror prevalent of abstract principles, & abstract rights; so that the immediately urgent expediency, and the temporary character of the original restrictions, were the two arguments most dwelt upon. And indeed with the majority these, especially the first, must naturally have most weight. I did not get up for there were many more claimants, than the Society could possibly have heard; and as this was the second night of the debate, much dislike was expressed to a prolongation until next week.[4] So we divided; one party filing out at one door; and one at the other, which made us meet in the innyard below. The scene was really picturesque.

Three hundred men, with scarcely room to move, waiting in breathless expectation for the announcement of the numbers from a window above, and the silence frequently rent with proposals of "Three Cheers for Mr. Peel!" or from the enemy "for Lord Eldon!" At last the numbers were announced, first by mistake, as being in favor of the Anti-Catholics, whereupon we demanded a scrutiny. The error however was soon rectified; & the result stated, as I have given it above. The cheers were tremendous, and must have been highly distressing to the Master, & Co.

I have been <very> unwell for some days past,[5] but this excitement would give vigor to a stock. I am at present employed in my Greek Ode; the subject of which is delightful.[6] Have you seen anything of Doyle, who is now in town? How does your acquaintance come on with Miss Doyle?[7] Let me hear a little news, as usual—I mean, about your own doings, & such other persons, as I care to hear about. For the present adieu.

Your affect. Son

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mrs. Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London
P/M 12 March 1829

1. The debate on whether "it [would] have been expedient to have emancipated the Catholics in the year 1808" was opened on 3 March and concluded on 10 March 1829. Debate records show the motion carried 143–114.

2. Montagu Bertie (1808–84), viscount Norreys, who attended Eton, matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (M.A. 1829), and was M.P. from 1830 to 1854. Christopher Wordsworth (1774–1846), master of Trinity from 1820 to 1841, was a strict disciplinarian who demanded conformity to all college rules. In 1828, he published "King Charles the First the Author of Icon Basilike: in reply to Mr. Hallam."

3. William Gifford Cookesley (1802–80), who attended Eton, matriculated at King's College in 1821 (B.A. 1826), was a fellow from 1824 to 1831, and assistant master at Eton 1829–54. Joseph Williams Blakesley (1808–85) matriculated at Corpus Christi in 1827, was elected to the Apostles in 1827, migrated to Trinity in March 1830, where he became a Foundation scholar (B.A., twenty-first Wrangler and

third classic, 1831). Blakesley served as president of the Union in 1829, won the Chancellor's medal in 1831, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1831, ordained in 1833, and served as dean of Lincoln from 1872 to 1885. He was the subject of at least the first lines of AT's "To—(Clear-headed friend)" (*Ricks*, p. 190).

4. Among other participants, Sunderland spoke for the affirmative, Farr for the negative. In his 10 March 1829 letter to his mother describing the debate, Milnes noted that "Kerry told me, he thought the sole consideration was if it would raise the value of land in Ireland" (Houghton papers).

5. The onset of "the *first* illness he had" (Henry Hallam's later annotation on letter 70).

6. See letter 65 n. 2.

7. One of Doyle's four sisters, perhaps Frances Mary (1807–31), described by her brother as "the centre of all our affections, the acknowledged favourite of the whole family" (24 April 1831 letter to Gladstone [B.L.]).

68. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Trinity. Cambridge. Wednesday [18 March 1829].

My dear Gladstone,

I cannot bear to let a single day elapse, before I express to you my earnest gratitude for your most affectionate letter. Could I have had the slightest conception, that at the moment you received my own, your head would be bowed under a stroke of awful sorrow,[1] I never would have written, as I then wrote. I should have felt then, as I feel now, that to contaminate so pure a thing, as that sorrow, with my own dark, & wayward griefs, would be an atrocious sacrilege in that holiest of tabernacles—the deep heart, and moral reason of man. In your exceeding kindness you have drawn a parallel between the scene of sainted suffering, which you describe, and the state, which I had expatiated on, as mine. You have asked me, why, since, in so eminent a degree, pain, and alarm, and unrest have been transfigurated by the faith of one pure soul into joy, and hope, and permanent calm, why, in my instance also, the like blessed effect may not be wrought. I have no right to the parallel, my dear friend. The east is not set further from the west, than the beautiful sight of a meek, reverential, loving spirit, contending always in the strength of the upholding Word, against the weary weight of bodily anguish, or external privations, and the terrible sight of a seared, rent, jarring soul, in which ardent aspirations for good co-exist with domineering influences of sense, and the link is broken, which should connect devotional sensibility with moral firmness. I have been otherwise: I have at least dreamed that I was otherwise: and never, never, I trust, can I become so debased, that I shall cease to look back to that lovely vision of purity, & strength, which God vouchsafed to me in one year of my existence, not alas! that it should merely be a cold, clear star in the distant Past, but far rather the luminous herald of a continuous Future.[2] But this might not be. I set my own will—my perverse, corrupt, natural will

against the will of the Supreme Reason, and in the words of Taylor "turned my back on the Sun to dwell in the dark, and the shadow."[3] May God of his infinite mercy grant that the awful parable, to which his Son gave utterance, may not be realised in me—that "*my second state may not be worse than my first.*"[4] From that first I did not awake till sickness was on me, and everything I saw of beautiful, or dreaded of calamitous, conspired to purify me through agony into faith. From the second—the state of relapse—the shock must needs be more agonizing, that should deliver, if I be delivered at all. That I can yet look forward to that regeneration—that my thirst is not quenched for all that passes not away[5]—that moments are to my mind, in which something speaks within me, greater than I—to these facts I cling, as proofs that the Divine Idea is not altogether obliterated from my mind, that there yet inheres in my self-consciousness a seminal principle of the absolute Life, a quickening energy, that shall one day thrill my whole Being by the intimacy of its presence, and work out, amid my fear, & trembling, my assimilation to that unchangeable Image. Meanwhile the crisis is tremendous. If St. Paul's words be anything more than the magnificent gloom of allegory—and that they are so, I scarcely dare to doubt—with what reflections should we not contemplate these mysterious words—"Ὁυκ ἐστιν ἡμιν ἡ παλη προς ἁιμα, και σαρκα, ἀλλα προς τας ἀρχας, προς τας εξουσιας, προς τους κοσμοκρατορας τοῦ σκοτους τουτου, προς ΤΑ ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΙΚΑ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΝΗΡΙΑΣ ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΠΟΥΡΑΝΙΟΙΣ."[6] I quote the original, not out of pedantry, but because the English translators have, as it were, shrunk from this passage, and not only <weakened> impaired its strength, but, as it seems to me, conveyed a false idea of its meaning. But to the point. How am I, if I am to contend with such foes, to discipline the powers of my mind? How am I to make mine that "panoply of the spirit," which the admirable apostle goes on to recommend with such surpassing eloquence? I must *pray*. And with what confidence can I ask of Him, from whom no secrets are hid, "not to lead me into temptation,"[7] if I will not avail myself of the means, which He has given me, in *Thought*, and in the power of *acquiring Knowledge* by reading, to guard against all occasion of temptation? But Thought how directed? Knowledge of what character? Not surely that which is alien from our immortal souls; not that which by studiously barring the poor, bewildered Psyche from the heights, which, if not so

barred, she is competent to gain, tends to narrow her view to things external, things ephemeral, things momently fluctuating, till she quite forgets the mystery of her origin, the mystery of her destination, the mystery, which is above her, and around her, and is indeed her very self, the common ground of all Being, the comprehending ocean of all Feeling, and all Thought. No, my dear Gladstone! if the toil of mathematics have no tendency to assist me in the great struggle of which I have spoken, if it leaves me weak, and sickly to the influences of the [hea]ted atmosphere around me, tell me not that "this is a tr[ial] to be endured for purification."[8] What madness would it be for a passionate man to walk about the streets with a knife, <in order that his merit> and when he had killed his man, to plead that he wore the weapon with the pure intent that his virtue shd. *undergo a stronger trial*? Without *prayer—meditation*—and *inquiry*—I may be ruined; and these sedulous, and acting in concert. Now if these are so far from being promoted, that they are destroyed, by the consequences of mathematical application, am I to hesitate? So much for obstacles to be removed. But of the aidances, which I seek, you tell me, I am wrong in following the bent of my mind towards Metaphysics, & Poetry. I have not left myself room to meet this with more than an assertion, that it is my firm conviction that these are not only the surest pillars, but even the constituting elements of the Christian Scheme. How indeed can it be otherwise, if the one be rightly defined as the "science of spiritual truths," and the other be that holy effluence of the Imagination, married to the Heart, the sole aim, & condition of whose existing is the spiritualisation of the mind in the idea of the Beautiful. If this seems wild, & mystical, I can only beg of you to suspend your judgement till some future occasion, when we may speak on the subject with that calmness, & earnestness, which it amply deserves. At present I would only add, that to all my purest, & humblest moments, these speculations have given additional strength; that from all that is base, and dark in me they have been essentially disconnected; that I have never considered them, as playthings of an idle hour, to be thrown aside at the first motion of worldly interest, or pleasure, but much rather, to borrow a metaphor from the Jewish Rabbins, as the abiding Cherubim of the Temple, on whose wings alone can the spirit of man be borne aloft into the pure Empyrean. With these views, Gladstone, I cannot but be inclined to

the hope, and that a fervent, and consoling hope, that their effect, nay, their "*support*" will not be found unavailing (to use your own impressive language), "under the pains of disease, or when in the grasp of death, or when before the judgement seat of God." And now, my dear friend, may God bless you, and make efficient to all grace in you the remembrance of one, whom you loved so dearly, and who "*having completed her perfection in a little time*" was taken to be with Christ, "*which is far better.*"[9] Bear with me, if anything I have said should have grated on your feelings: and believe me

Your attached, & grateful friend,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone, Esq. / Christchurch / Oxford.
P/M 18 March 1829

1. The death of Gladstone's elder sister, Anne (b. 1802) on 19 February 1829. She had been in poor health since 1823 (see Checkland, chap. 17). Foot provides the best statement of her impact upon Gladstone's life:

> . . . It was apparently she who encouraged the diarist in many leading characteristics, some of which helped him on his way to greatness; she who made an evangelical of him, and through making him read Hooker showed him also the way out of evangelicalism towards the High Church doctrines he held for most of his life. She died when he was nineteen; he spent much of the rest of his life striving after the almost impossibly severe standards of conduct she had set him (*D*, 1:xli).

Gladstone's reflections on 23 February 1829 are typical:

> If [my] comparative apathy was the result of a *just* view of the case, it was well: if it arose from that estimate which Christianity teaches us to form of time and eternity, life and death, earth & heaven; and from—not a careless belief—but a deeprooted conviction that *she* was happy, and that our first & highest duty, after suffering the tribute of tears to be paid, was to seek what she had sought, and to honour her memory in following (by God's grace) her footsteps. But it was not so. It was from a torpor of mind & habitual selfishness, which she [who] is gone was freed from, & from which "Good Lord deliver us" (*D*, 1:228).

On 17 April 1831, Gladstone read some of Anne's letters to him: "O is it possible

that such a saint can have held communion with such a devil?" (*D*, 1:353).

Gaskell's and Pickering's responses to Anne Gladstone's death (in their respective letters of 29 March and 20 April 1829) are comparatively brief and superficial (B.L.).

2. Apparently a reference to Anna Wintour.

3. "A Vindication of the Glory of the Divine Attributes, in the Question of Original Sin" (*Deus Justificatus*, 1656) by Jeremy Taylor (1613–67), section 1.4: "Adam turned his back upon the sun, and dwelt in the dark and the shadow." The passage is quoted as Aphorism 10 in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, where AHH probably saw it.

4. Matthew 12:45.

5. See Matthew 24:35.

6. Ephesians 6:12, 13: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high *places*. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

7. Matthew 6:13.

8. See Milton, *Areopagitica:* "That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary."

9. See Philippians 1:23.

69. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Monday [23 March 1829].

My dear Father,

I believe this term will be over in somewhat less than three weeks, but I do not know the precise day.[1] I will then come up to London for a fortnight, or thereabouts. I have a great deal to talk to you about then: at present I do not know that I have much intelligence to communicate. I have been reading Pindar of late; for it was some time since I had cast my eyes on the old swan, and I was afraid of forgetting the colour of his plumage. I shall give a revisal to my Sophocles, a good part of whom I have read this term, before its conclusion. Hamilton is still in suspense with regard to the Bell Scholarship: the decision, I believe, will not be announced till the 3d. of April; but report is in his favor.[2] Frere is now employed in reading for a Scholarship, which I heartily hope he will get, as he attaches importance to it; and indeed I think he will. I understand the Eton Scholarship is soon coming on, and that Brown is likely to succeed. However, when my tutor was here, he told me Allies, & Herbert were the most promising candidates, the former being extraordinarily clever, and the latter having already beaten 40 candidates for a Baliol Scholarship at Oxford.[3] As for our politics, the general idea is that Tindal would be very hard run here, but that he would manage his election in the end.[4] The Anticatholics are certainly in much greater force here, than I was aware of some time ago. They have got up an undergraduate petition, signed, I am afraid, by more than half the undergraduates in the University. This the Vice Chancellor[5] endeavoured to prevent, but without effect. Lord Eldon refused to present it; so "in the lowest deep they found a lower still," and it has subsided into the hands of the Bishop of Bath & Wells,[6] who will present it tomorrow night. The majority in the Union was, I believe, less than on former occasions. That society certainly never can have

been at a lower ebb than at present. Sunderland is the only tolerable speaker: but with such a mass of dullness what can he do?[7] Rochfort's is not very prosperous: but more sense is talked there, than at the Union; and it contains a very fair Florilegium of University talent. Several of the literary contributions are excellent. Among the questions we have discussed there, are Mr. Peel's change; the characters of Milton, of Burke, & of Johnson; what is the probability that Italy will ever assume a rank, as an independent nation, among the states of Europe; whether it is in Poetry, or in Science, that the exertions of Genius have been most beneficial.[8] Hare's pamphlet on Niebuhr seems to have been liked here; I thought it much too long, and declamatory. Thirlwall's concluding page was the sharpest, and perhaps the best part. I suppose they will have a dressing in the next Number; especially if Lockhart, as I hear, was the author of that article.[9] The London Review[10] I glanced at, and thought very weak. Something better is surely wanted. Will the Catholic Bill be got through before Easter? I hope the Chandos[11] party will not take, each & all, to writing personal abuse of the Duke (now they see it has answered in one instance), in the hope of having so many chances to get rid of him by powder, & bullet. Tell Mottle I know nothing of her clerical young man, but I had the pleasure of sipping the Professor's tea the other night.[12] My cold is not gone; the sudden change in the weather sometimes works, before the new weather can. An influenza seems to have been going about here; most people of my acquaintance have been unwell.[13] Adieu.

Your affect. Son,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 23 March 1829

1. Lent term ended on 10 April 1829.
2. See letter 66 n. 2.

3. Richard Lewis Brown (b. 1811), King's scholar from Eton, matriculated at King's College, Cambridge (B.A. 1834), and became rector of Westbourne, Sussex. Thomas William Allies (1813–1903), the first Etonian to win the Newcastle scholarship (in 1829), matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford in 1828 (B.A., first classic, 1832), converted to Catholicism in 1850, and became professor of modern history at the University of Dublin. Henry Herbert (1813?–70?), who placed second in the Newcastle scholarship competition in 1829, matriculated at Balliol College in 1828 (B.A.1833) and became vicar of Carno.

4. William Cavendish was M.P. for Cambridge from 1829 to 1831.

5. Gilbert Ainslie (1793–1870), master of Pembroke College, was vice chancellor of Cambridge in 1828; elections for that post took place in November.

6. AHH quotes from *Paradise Lost*, 4. 76; George Henry Law (1761–1845), bishop of Bath and Wells from 1824 to 1845, was politically a Whig, but staunchly conservative in all ecclesiastical matters.

7. On 29 May 1829, Milnes wrote to his father: "There are great outcrys against the Union & I think it will be put down. Hare says it is of a most immoral tendency & resembles the House of Commons far too much to have a good mental effect—the debates have been dull lately—they will have such absurd subjects" (Houghton papers).

8. As Pickering wrote to Gladstone on 18 February 1829, AHH was elected president of this private debating society: "I do not know that he obtains any extra privileges by it, but it is considered the chief honour they have to confer. They debated tonight on the advantages arising to the world from Poetry, and Science, which gave most? I dare say Mathematics suffered very much, for Hallam was angry with them all last week, & only consoled himself with the pleasure of declaiming against them tonight" (B.L.).

9. J. C. Hare's "A Vindication of Niebuhr's History of Rome" (Cambridge, March 1829), with postscript by Connop Thirlwall, was written in response to a critical footnote by Sir John Barrow (1764–1848), founder of the Royal Geographical Society, in a review of works on Russia in the *Quarterly Review* 39 (January 1829): 1–41. Thirlwall (1797–1875), who attended Trinity from 1814–1818, was tutor and lecturer at Cambridge from 1827 to 1834, examiner for classical tripos 1828–34; he wrote a pamphlet deprecating inclusion of religious teaching at Cambridge and was forced to resign his college appointments in 1834. He subsequently became bishop of St. David's and published a *History of Greece* (1835–47). The *DNB* calls Thirlwall's postscript "worthy of his best days as a controversalist," but Milnes, who was Thirlwall's student, disagreed: "Hare's Vindication of Niebuhr is superb. Thirlwall has added two pages of the most dreadful satire ever penned" (21 March 1829 letter to his father, Houghton papers). There was apparently no response in the *QR*; John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854), novelist and biographer of Scott, edited that journal from 1825 to 1853.

10. Apparently the short-lived quarterly, published by Nassau William Senior, edited by Joseph Blanco White; Newman was one of the contributors.

11. Richard Plantagenet Temple Chandos Grenville (1797–1861), marquis of Chandos (1822–39) and Tory M.P. from 1818 to 1839, was a leading opponent of Catholic emancipation and Corn Laws repeal; he introduced the tenant-at-will

(Chandos) clause into the 1832 Reform Bill, extending the franchise, and thus destroying Whig expectations in the counties.

12. Both men are unidentified.

13. See letter 67 n. 5. In his 21 March 1829 letter to his father, Milnes wrote that "all my circle are laid up with violent sore-throats" (Houghton papers).

70. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Cambridge. Wednesday [1 April 1829].

My dear Father,

I assure you I am not as unwell as you seem to think.[1] I have no cough, nor have had. I had some feverishness with my cold some weeks ago: but that went away: and since that time I have had only recurring headaches, and a sort of langour, which I find most men here complain of, more or less, and generally attribute to the air. As for medical advice, I saw a doctor at first, who sent me some draughts, since which I have not troubled him; nor [. . . .][2]

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 2 April 1829

1. See letter 69 n. 13. On 6 November 1828, Milnes wrote to his father that he had "not escaped the epidemic of this dampful place, a violent cold" (Houghton papers).

2. The remainder of the letter has been cut off.

70a. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM *(draft)*

Text: Wemyss Reid, 1:66

[Cambridge.] [19 May 1829.]

Dear Hallam,

Your friend in the skies speeds this note to you at an elevation of about a mile and a half from the base earth, where you are grovelling.[1] Oh, if the spirit of Adonais[2] would sail with me in my little boat, my very crescent moon! The sun has given me a little headache, but a light breeze comes playing along. Now we cross St. Neot's.[3] The whole country looks a beautiful model; the wind near the earth is tremendously high, and the descent will be rather dangerous. We have ascended 2,000 feet since I began this, but no motion is perceptible; now the shout rises from the earth, in a sort of distant wail. The sun is painting the clouds. In a little basket [. . . .]

1. Wemyss Reid supplies the accompanying annotation:

> Before he left Cambridge . . . Milnes had an adventure of a kind which he dearly loved, and which procured for him at the time a little notoriety. This was an ascent in a balloon with Mr. Green, the well-known aëronaut. Another undergraduate, Mr. George Wyndham Scott, afterwards Rector of Kentisbere, in Devonshire, joined him in the adventurous flight. . . . "Ascendat Mr. Milnes, May 19, 1829, W. Whewell," is the exact form in which Milnes obtained leave to make this novel flight from his University. "Precisely at half-past six o'clock," says the local newspaper, chronicling this ascent, "the preliminary arrangements having been completed, the intrepid aëronaut entered the car, followed by his spirited companions, each of whom sat at one end, Mr. Green standing in the centre. At a given signal the cords were loosened, and the machine rose in a most majestic manner, amidst the shouts of the assembled multitude."

Milnes added the following note to this draft:

> "I wrote the above note to my friend Arthur Hallam, on the occasion of my ascent with Mr. Green, from Cambridge, in 1829. We descended in Lord Northampton's Park, at Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire. I intended to wrap up the note with some solid substance, to let it fall as we passed over some town, and to beg

whoever found it to put it in the post. I forget what circumstance prevented me from finishing it" (1:65–67).

See also Edgar Shannon, "Tennyson's 'Balloon Stanzas,' " *PQ* 31 (1952): 441–45.

2. As Donne wrote to Trench on 23 November 1829, "Tennant *cum sex aliis* reprinted [Shelley's] *Adonais* in five hundred copies" (Miss Johnson). Published that year at Cambridge, this was the first English edition. According to Milnes, it was AHH who brought the copy "printed at Pisa, under the superintendence of Byron" from Italy (Wemyss Reid, 2:433); AHH contributed an unsigned textual note (on page iii) to the reprint, and inscribed a copy to Samuel Rogers "with Mr. A. Hallam's Comps." (property of Richard L. Purdy). See Ruth S. Granniss, *A Descriptive Catalogue of the First Editions in Book Form of the Writings of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (New York: Grolier Club, 1923), pp. 72–73.

3. About fifteen miles west of Cambridge.

71. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe

<Trin. Coll.> 67 Wimpole St. Thursday [21 May 1829].

Brava! Bravissima! If I were dying I could not refrain from taking my pen in hand to congratulate the prince of all Aeronauts. You are not yet gazetted, so your letter was the first notice I received of your adventure.[1] To say the truth, I by no means expected such a notice, for I had been sceptical all along as to your possessing <moral> physical courage enough to venture. Henceforward I shall look on you with much increased reverence. A power has gone forth from you; and woe to any idolator of negations, who, denying its influence, should look on "him as flies" with the same coolness as he did before on "him as speaks."[2] Your account is admirable as far as it goes; but surely you could fill another sheet with pneumatologica; talk of Chapels, like ivory-boxes, trees, like bits of stick—why a Lockian could have said as much—for the honor of Transcendentalism, & Shelleyanism, give me something more refined. By all means come, & see me in London; you will have heard from Tennyson,[3] that I am kept within gates here. I am better today than I have been for the last week; but you will pardon me, I hope, for not exerting my eyes more at present. Pray write often to me in the course of the next dreary five months, & believe me

Yours reverentially, & lovingly,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Poor Shelley! in so thin a house, the majority signifies less; but I could have wished a triumph.[4] Dio ti conservi.

Addressed to R. Milnes Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 21 [May] 1829

1. Obviously this is a response not to letter 70a but to a later account.

2. The source of AHH's allusion is unidentified.

3. Probably the first reference to AT, who, as Edgar Shannon has shown, had been residing at Cambridge since his admission in November 1827, although he did not matriculate until the Lent term of 1828 ("Alfred Tennyson's Admission to Cambridge," *TLS* 6 March 1959: 136; see also Motter, "When Did Tennyson Meet Hallam?" *MLN* 57 [1942]: 209–10). But this may be a reference to Frederick or to Charles Tennyson [Turner] (1808–79), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A. 1832). Both the *DNB* and *Alumni Cantabrigienses* say that Charles won a Bell Scholarship, but there is no record of this in the *Cambridge University Calendar* (see letter 66 n. 3). Charles was ordained in June 1832, adopted the name Turner after the death (1835) of his great-uncle, Rev. Samuel Turner, who left him property at Grasby and Caistor. Vicar of Grasby from 1835 to 1879, Charles married Louisa Sellwood, Emily Sellwood Tennyson's younger sister, in 1836. His *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* (1830) was the first of occasional volumes of poetry. Charles was addicted to opium intermittently from 1832 to 1848. On 12 June 1829, Milnes wrote to his parents that "Hallam has not been here for almost the whole term—on account of blood in the head, he did not go in" (Houghton papers).

4. The 12 May 1829 debate in the Cambridge Union, on whether "the spirit of Mr. Shelley's Poetry [has] been beneficial to mankind," was concluded on 19 May. Milnes, Sunderland, Law, Blakesley, and Tennant were among the speakers for the affirmative, which lost 30–19. See also letter 58 n. 7.

72. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

Text: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript

Douglas' Hotel, Edinburgh. Monday July 6, 1829.

My dear Robertson,

What a while is it since I had any intercourse with you by letter! The fault I confess is mine; however I charged Mrs. Gaskell to make my excuses, and those no sham ones, when she last wrote; and therefore I hope now to have some intercourse of a far more pleasurable sort. I should never have made up my quarrel with my stars for preventing my catching a glimpse as you passed through London, had I not revelled in the full expectation of an interview among your own native lakes and hills. I had been at Brighton for a few days—on a sea-breeze speculation—and inasmuch as Brighton in its own capacity of being Brighton is a dull flaunting pert-looking place (and its useful attributes of sea and air may be enjoyed in a thousand other places), the whim accordingly came into my mind to glance aside to Normandy which I had never seen—and which now that I have seen it, I uphold with all manner of panegyric.[1] Still I hoped not to be too late for your arrival in London, in which hope I had the mortification to find myself mistaken. Friday last, at eleven in the evening, I set foot on Scottish soil, having come up by steam from London in 48 hours—a most excellent passage.[2] At that time and since that time it has been incessantly raining, so that of this vaunted city I have seen very little. What however I have been able to discern through the mist strikes me as magnificent and I am disposed to allow some degree of credit to those high-flown descriptions of Edinburgh with which the natives when they come Southward are apt to amaze our scepticism. I wish the houses were higher—in the New Town, I mean. The width of the streets is too without height to balance. But your hills—your fine, simple bold-outlined hills, swelling majestically on this side and that, as if to vindicate the ways of everlasting nature, even in the midst of such a framework of artifice as a large and

crowded Capital must needs be—they indeed being patterns of beauty, demand enthusiastic praise and a fine day, moreover, which I trust is coming tomorrow.[3] I called this morning on Mr. Robertson who gave me your actual address, and said he expected you would return home by the end of the week. We shall leave Edinburgh before the middle of next and since Mr. Glasgow has been so good as to let us see him at Glenarbach, you will perhaps send me word in answer to this letter whether it would be more convenient to him that we should fulfil our promise then, or that we should wait for that pleasure till our return to Glasgow, rather more than a fortnight after.[4] In either case we shall *be at Glasgow* tomorrow week, but we have not fixed whether to East or West from that city. I hope your sister has suffered no ill effects from her long travel; I need not, I am sure, express the delight I shall feel in meeting with her especially and thus having an opportunity, though it be for a little while, to cement what she will perhaps allow me to call our old friendship. They tell me you are grown taller: me too you will find somewhat altered. You have probably heard that I have been ill lately with a complaint in the head; but you cannot have heard and can have no adequate idea of the miseries I suffered in mind, before that complaint came on: the most abject despondency mixed with vague dread and strong remorse. Oh, my God! I hope never to know such days as those again.[5] Since my illness I am much better. I see my way out of my glooms when they come upon me, and I despair less of ultimate peace of mind. Cambridge I hate intensely; which however is no reason why you should not like it. You say you have a bent towards mathematics and if so, you are of the happy few, whose intellects the odious system pursued there is not calculated either to crush, or to deprave. Besides there is a sufficiently pleasant society there, to the best of which I can introduce you, and there are very many scattered enjoyments which when one's mind is free on other points, and disposed to take the world quietly, have a tendency to make one comfortable. But we will talk more of this, when I see you. About two months ago, I received to my great surprise a letter from the dead letter office which I had sent you at Geneva a long while ago. It appears you had left Geneva when it arrived, and the fool of a postman put on the back "n'est plus," by which, if I had not happened to know of your existence from other sources, I might have supposed you quietly dead and

buried. The letter was of no great importance, but it contained a disavowal of an odd accusation you brought against me of having paid for some horses at Naples, which if I ever did, I must have done so in profound sleep, since your letter was the first news of it that was brought to my waking senses. How the man was paid I cannot guess, but I suppose he got money somewhere, for the honesty of carelessness is by no means in the Neapolitan line. This too you will laugh over when we meet, till which time, adieu, and remember me very kindly to all your family

believing me
Yours very faithfully

A H Hallam.

1. See AHH's "Stanzas Written at Caudebec in Normandy" and "Lines Written at Brighton" (whence he evidently returned), *Writings*, pp. 47–49. On 25 June 1829, Gaskell wrote to his mother that "Hallam has been in Normandy during the last few weeks, and he thinks that this little trip has improved his health and spirits: he is going to Scotland immediately" (*RES*, p. 139).

2. See AHH's "Stanzas Written in a Steam-boat," *Writings*, pp. 56–57.

3. See AHH's "Written at Edinburgh" (*Writings*, p. 49):

> Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
> As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
> Of art, abiding Nature's majesty . . .

4. See AHH's "A Farewell to Glenarbach" and "Meditative Fragments. VI" (*Writings*, pp. 52–55, 70–74) for poetic accounts of this visit.

5. On 20 April 1829, Pickering had written to Gladstone: "Hallam has, I am sorry to say, been very unwell lately. He has certainly been in low spirits since he has been at Cambridge, & I fear he has rather encouraged, than attempted to remove them. I sincerely hope however that they will improve with his health, for it is a sad thing for one of his age & talents to indulge a melancholy, which leads too soon to philosophy & retirement" (B.L.).

73. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

Inveraray. July 21st [1829].

My ain dear thing,

Ye'll hae been thinking I'm nae unco canny niver to hae penned ye a line, when ye're far awa', and the mair, that ye suld hae gien me first sae sweet a bit o' prose, an' rhyme, whilk I read a while sin', amang the braes o' Clyde. But dinna whyte me, for I'll nae jank wi' ye langer. In simple English, your letter delighted me, and the sooner you send me another, the better for my comfort, and the consequences accruing to you from my gratitude. I have had many ups, & downs since I left you, alternately hating, and adoring the country, at one moment flushing with true enjoyment, at another groaning under a most pervading hypocondria. Edinburgh is a magnificent city, on which I wrote a bad sonnet. To satisfy my conscience I have since written, in my own humble opinion, the best verses I ever offered to Urania.[1] At Edinburgh I saw Jeffrey, Napier, Scott, & sundry worthies of less note. The first of these is the mildest, the most agreeable, the most benevolent, to all seeming, of literary men. How so douce an animal could have written that critique on Wordsworth I cannot imagine. He is likely to be on the Bench soon, and his title, I presume, will be from his place at Craig Crook—an ominous name, which a mystic, or a Tory might assert to be aptly significant of the hardness of his heart, & the obliquity of his understanding! He gives up the Edinburgh now, & Napier, the editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopedia, takes his place.[2] He is a gentlemanly, acute, and rather liberalminded man, if I may guess. He spoke to me of Stirling, praising his articles in the Athenaeum on Macintosh & Brougham.[3] Scott, the only time I saw him, was dull, bating two good stories, which I reserve for future wineparties. I shall spend a day with him at Abbotsford on my return.[4] Travelling with my father is so far a good thing that it procures me the advantages of an introduction to such stars; in most other

respects it is rife with bores. We are so provokingly similar in dissimilitude that to be attached to him as his shoestring makes me often think of the two Hungarian sisters.[5] The falls of the Clyde are splendid. Have at you with a song.

The Clydesdale, the Clydesdale,
  The bonny Clyde, sae fair, & -wee!
Nae ither burn, nae ither vale,
  Shall ever make a hame for me!
I'll take my luve to the braes o' Clyde
  In a calm, & sunny season,
And there we'll talk o' the world beside
  Nae mair, nae less, than reason.
'Tis a world, we'll say, o' human care,
  An' glorious works o' Nature:
But here, we've a' the Maker's fair,
  Untarnished by the creature.
We'll walk togither by the burn,
  Sae quiet in its running,
And think, sich flow our luves may earn
  Exempt frae Fortune's cunning.
But yet nae privacy o' luve,
  Nae unpartaken treasure,
The hills around, the skies above
  Share, & return our pleasure.
We luve the flourets in the glen,
  The willow's gracefu' sadness,
<The> Yon beetling rocks that yield the linn
  Its privilege o' madness,
And ilka bird that's on the wing,
  And ilka fish disporting,
For what am I to scorn a thing
  That Godhead is supporting!
Sae will we live, without annoy,
  A life wi' blessings furnisht,
An' righteousness that's born o' joy
  Shall be our heaven's earnest![6]

If you like this, pardon me for suggesting tha[t it would] be a

handsome piece of gallantry in you to get it set to music, make your sister[7] sing it all the while you are in Paris, & present it to me on your return. This en passant. I am not quite sure that I have not fallen in love a second time; do you think I have? The hills of Arran, & the Kyles of Bute[8] are the finest things I have seen since my Alpine days. I am going to Staffa forthwith; imagine me sitting on a waveworn column of basalt, surrounded by formations which might have laughed at the garden of Eden as a newfangled thing, a mere Jacobin innovation! and uttering, with a voice solemnly suited to the scene:

> "Too much light
> Would dazzle, not illuminate our sight;
> On earth it is enough to glimpse at Heaven!"[9]

Apropos, where got you the Wordsworthian grandeur of that sonnet? Did a virtue come out of La Fayette, or did the sweet tones of Cousin attune your soul to so full a chord?[10] Be it as it may, "That strain I heard was of a higher mood"[11] than Richard Milnes ever had a touch of before, & I congratulate him upon it. I tried to convert the nicest woman on earth to Wordsworth, & failed!![12] En revanche, I made a convert to Shelley in the Glasgow steamboat, & presented him with a copy of the Adonais, as a badge of proselytism.[13] I am in doubt whether < y > our scheme of periodical quackery at Cambridge will answer. As for "thoughts, not opinions" we have lived long enough in the world to know the humbug of such a profession. However don't consider me as a coldwater thrower; if we find on ripe examination the thing feasible, I will stand by you. In my fits of gloom I so often look death, & insanity in the face, that the impulse to leave some trace of my existence on this bulk of atoms gathers strength with the warning that I must be brief. And yet, Milnes, in spite of your taunts about Eclecticism, I feel day by day that it is only in the pure atmosphere of Feeling (the word is not that which I need, but I have no better at the moment) I shall find ultimate peace of mind. What are thoughts & opinions? Cher ami, devices to grow cold; ever-acting powers of self-palsy! The reasoning faculties are by nature sceptical: there is no *love* in them: and what *man can be happy beyond his love?*

Take my advice; next time you go to Cousin's lectureroom, write on the door the Irishman's notice "This road leads nowhere!"[14] Let us have one aim, while this incurable somnambulism we call Life is

upon us—To become the most *purely*, the most *thoroughly*, the most *excitingly*, & the most *permanently* benevolent that endeavor can make us, & we may safely leave the generation of ideas along with all miscalled philosophies & theologies to the *ἰδιωται*[15] who are swarming on our right, & our left. Write to me at "*The Lodge, Great Malvern*," where I shall be about the middle of August, & believe me

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. of Tennyson I am utterly ignorant: he never wrote to me.[16]

Addressed to R. Milnes Esq. / < aux [. . .] de M. Bland / No. [. . .]
Rue de la Paix / Paris / France >Poste Restante / Milan.
P/M 25 July 1829

1. See letter 72.

2. Francis Jeffrey (1773–1850), lord, Scottish judge and critic, was a prominent Whig, who assisted in founding the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, and edited it from 1803 to June 1829. Jeffrey served as lord advocate from 1830 to 1834 and Whig M.P. for Malton 1831–32. His review of Wordsworth's *Poems, in Two Volumes* (1807) concluded with the hope "that the lamentable consequences which have resulted from Mr. Wordsworth's open violation of the established laws of poetry, will operate as a wholesome warning to those who might otherwise have been seduced by his example" (*Edinburgh Review* 11 [1807]: 214–31). Macvey Napier (1776–1847), who edited the supplement to the sixth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* from 1814 to 1824, edited the *Edinburgh Review* from October 1829 to 1847.

3. John Sterling (1806–44), who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A. 1834), was an original member of the Apostles and leading speaker at the Union (president, 1827); he edited the *Athenaeum* with Maurice in 1829, married Susanna Barton in November 1830, lived at St. Vincent, West Indies, from 1831 to 1833, served as curate to J. C. Hare 1834–35, and met Carlyle, who wrote his *Life* (1851), in 1835. The articles on Sir James Mackintosh and Brougham appeared in the "Sketches of Contemporary Authors," *Athenaeum*, 18 March and 29 February 1828 (pp. 249–50, 161–63, respectively). *John Francis, Publisher of the Athenaeum* (2 vols., 1888), 1:27–30, and all subsequent commentators attribute the sketches to Maurice. See also *Maurice*, 1:78.

4. Scott's property, near Melrose on the Tweed, was purchased in 1812; Lockhart notes this meeting in his *Life of Scott* (1837–38), 7:198–200.

5. A famous set of Siamese twins, Helena and Judith, born in Hungary in 1701 and exhibited throughout Europe. See *Memoirs of the Life of Martinus Scriblerus*, ed. Charles Kerby-Miller (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1950), pp. 294–96. AHH probably saw the reference in the note to "Comment" on Aphorism 24 in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection:* "Superstitions go *by Pairs*, like the two Hungarian Sisters, always quarreling and *inveterately averse*, but yet joined at the Trunk" (p. 360).

6. Published with minor variations as "Stanzas Written at Lanark" in *Poems;* see *Writings*, pp. 50–51.

7. Henrietta Eliza (1814–91), Milnes's only sister, married her cousin George Edward Arundell Monckton-Arundell, sixth viscount Galway, in 1838. Gladstone heard her sing "beautifully" on 31 March 1832 (*D*, 1:463).

8. Islands in the Firth of Clyde.

9. Small island of the Inner Hebrides, location of Fingal's Cave; see Scott, *The Lord of the Isles*, 4, st. 10. AHH quotes the last lines of Milnes's second sonnet on happiness, "A splendour amid glooms," published in *Poems of Many Years* (1844), p. 203.

10. AHH's feelings toward Wordsworth had obviously changed since he was fined at the Eton Society (19 May 1827) for annotating the line from "Ruth," "The breezes their own languor lent" (quoted in Henry Nelson Coleridge's article "On Wordsworth's Poetry" in the *Etonian*, 1:103) with "By Jove they did! at three per cent!!!" Gladstone, who moved the fine, "certainly thought Mr. Wordsworth very absurd, but not rendered less so by the annotation in question." Milnes had met the marquis de Lafayette (1757–1834) during his stay in Paris, and regularly attended the Sorbonne lectures of Victor Cousin (1792–1867), French philosopher, who formulated eclecticism as a method and published a history of 18th century philosophy (1826). Milnes's July 1829 letter to his father describes "a delightful two hours' conversation" with Cousin: "One of his remarks was, 'What is it makes Lafayette a mere idol of the public, and B. Constant a *phraseur*, and Wellington and Peel mere engines of State? They are not metaphysicians. For a man to be now a statesman he must first be a philosopher.' He embraced me most affectionately" (Wemyss Reid, 1:70). Cousin had said to Milnes, in reference to AHH, that "it is a fit thing, that the son of a great historian should be a great metaphysician" (Milnes's 22 October 1829 letter to his father, Houghton papers).

11. Milton, "Lycidas," line 87.

12. See letter 72 n. 4 and account of AHH's conversation with Anne Robertson in "Meditative Fragment. VI" (probably written in September–October 1829).

13. See letter 70a n. 2.

14. Proverbial.

15. "The ignorant, uncultured."

16. AHH's early exposure to the annoying habit of AT and other members of the family. In 1858 (?) AT wrote that "I would any day as soon kill a pig as write a letter—'heaven first sent letters for some wretched Aid!' so I think Eloisa says to Abelard in Pope. For 'Aid' read 'curse.' "

74. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

York. August 15th [1829].

My dear Milnes,

I should be disconsolate at your rebukes in the letter I have only this morning received, if I did not feel almost sure you must by this time have received mine from Inverary. Why, my dear hasty fellow, how little good Cousin's honeyed lessons of eclecticism can have done you, if you cannot calculate somewhat more nicely the times, & seasons, at which letters come & go? Another time just please to think it *possible* I may not be a liar, & an ingrate, even though my letters may not be as regular as Galignani's newspaper. My tour in Scotland is over, & I am as miserable, if not more so, than ever. I really am afraid of insanity: for God's sake, send me letters, many letters, amusing letters. Mountains, or metaphysics; jokes, or arguments; M. Malan, & Stratton,[1] or Shelley, & Galignani: but any thing to distract me; anything to give me hope, sympathy, comfort! Do you ask what is the matter? I cannot tell you: I am not master of my own mind; my own thoughts are more than a match for me; my brain has been fevering with speculations most fathomless, abysmal, ever since I set foot in Scotland. As soon as I reach Malvern I must fling on paper what I have been thinking of, in order to know what *I do believe, what I can believe.* But though I write at present under the influence of a dark hour, think not I have had no sunshine: my poetical faculty has developed itself marvellously: it burns now in my heart: God grant me, if I am to have a Poet's destiny, at least a Poet's power! I have sat within the voice of cataracts, & looked on the silent faces of hills: & have felt glorified by the strong Imagination within me, till I forgot my cleaving curses,[2] & recked of nothing but love to God & man. The hills in Scotland are very grand; & so are the still mountain tarns; but you walk in a higher glory. I envy you the raptured gaze from Mont-Anvert,[3] the perilous tread on the ice-sea, the continuous <splen-

dor> enjoyment of the Simplon; and I envy you more, because the view is your first. I have fed on scenery from my cradle; what ought I not to be? Shame, shame—what am I? I delight in what you tell me of Galignani's intentions: Shelley's star must rise.[4] My verses lately have had more of a Wordsworthian cast. I am writing this letter in such a hurry, & am so impatient that you should receive it at Milan, that you will pardon my transcribing a page or two of my Album to fill it up.

Lines to Ben Lomond.

Mountain austere, & full of kinglihood,
Forgive me, if a child of latter earth
I come to bid thee hail; my days are brief,
And like the mould that crumbles on thy verge
A minute's blast may shake me into dust:
But thou art of the things that never fail!
Before the mystic garden, & the fruit
Sung by that shepherd ruler, vision-blest,
Thou wert, & from thy speculative height
Beheldst the forms of other living souls.
Oh, if thy dread original were not sunk
I' th' mystery of universal Birth,
What joy to know thy tales of mammoths huge,
And formings rare of the Material Prime,
And terrible craters, cold a cycle since:
To know if then, as now, thy base was laved
By mossdark waters of a placid lake;
If then, as now,
In the clear sunlight of thy verdant sides
Spare islets of incertain shadow lay![5]

The next is in a very different strain, being a Chanson à boire, written after dinner, & addressed to you. Mind, *before dinner* I don't consider myself responsible for any sentiments, except those of affection for you, which it contains.

I

I'll pledge thee in this bloodred wine,
Tho' thou art far away:
Heaven bless that honest heart of thine,
And keep it from decay!

2

Thy tricksy spirit takes a pride
In frolics quaint, & elfish:
But never swerved from Honor's side,
And ne'er did ought of selfish.

3

The sprightly doubt, the gay denial,
The wit, like Greek-fire running,
Which, wert thou for thy life on trial,
Would never cease from funning—

4

Those be perhaps who think them vain:
I've learned another lore:
And whether joy be mine, or pain,
I like thee more & more.

5

The world is still opinion's slave:
Truth slumbers in her well:

By the bye considering where this letter expects to find you, I had better postpone the <last> next stanzas till a future occasion. However, take the termination.

It is a world to laugh at, friend;
Reform is but a name.
For till some comet make an end,
These things will be the same.

Then here's to thee in bloodred wine;
Thou merry man, & true:
And I will call that hour divine
Which gives thee to my view.[6]

I am dreadfully pressed for time, or I would write more; I promise you a long answer to your next. Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mr. R. Milnes / Poste Restante / Milan / Italie.
P/M 15 August 1829

1. Probably Caesar Henry Malan (1787–1864), a clergyman expelled from the Swiss Reformed Church in 1823, who founded his own chapel in Geneva. Gladstone heard him preach on 15 July 1832 (*D*, 1:552–53). Thomas Stratton matriculated at Trinity in 1822 (B.A., eighth Wrangler and senior classic, 1826) and was called to the bar in 1830. Stafford O'Brien's 1830 letters to Milnes (Houghton papers) contain a number of amusing anecdotes about Stratton's credulity in religious miracles. See also *Trench*, 1:17.

2. Milton (see letter 41 n. 10); the Wordsworthian overtones—e.g., "Tintern Abbey"—are obvious.

3. Height on the east side of the Chamonix valley, affording a view of the glaciers of the Mont Blanc chain.

4. On 23 November 1829, Donne wrote to Trench: "Galignani is going to publish the poetical works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats in one large volume—a sort of 'Atheism made easy,' I conclude, for the pious public" (Miss Johnson); the edition appeared late in 1829. Earlier that year, as Blakesley wrote to Donne on 2 September 1829, "Hallam (a new apostle by the bye and worthy of the days in which giants walked on the earth) and I had some conversation on the expediency of publishing a 'Beauties of Shelley' containing those parts of his poems the least likely to shock the moral superstitions of the age or to puzzle their obtuseness, and accompanied with a short biographical notice and some observations on the tendency of the writings." But they feared the volume would be "swallowed up" in the edition of *Adonais* (Miss Johnson).

5. Published with minor variations as "Meditative Fragments. V" with the title "Written in View of Ben Lomond" in *Poems*: see *Writings*, pp. 51–52.

6. Unpublished.

75. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 141–44

The Lodge, Malvern. September, 1829.

Dear Gaskell,

When I arrived here I found nine letters awaiting me from different parts of the globe, which may serve as an apology for not answering your Glenarbach letter sooner. However, I have a great mind to be in a terrible passion with you. To go to Glenarbach—to revel for ten days in the conversation of Miss Robertson, to enjoy yourself to the very acme of enjoyment hour by hour—and then to sit down, forsooth, and pen me such a sorry three pages![1] Why, I wanted to know how you spent every minute of the time; what you said to Robertson at half-past three, and how it was remarked on by his sister at a quarter to four; whom you sat next to at dinner every day; what excursions you took; in brief, a whole world of things which you know I never should look on as trifles so long as they have the name Gaskell or Robertson stamped upon them. I entrusted you too, with one or two particular charges, as for instance, to ascertain whether she liked my verses—not an atom of which, I suppose, remained in your head, as soon as you crossed the border. In short, I do not intend to pardon you, unless I receive by return of post a very copious account of all things, unmixed with declamation against "the Florentine druggist,"[2] about whom you have certainly told me all you have to tell. To do you justice, my dear fellow, your letter made me very happy while reading it (barring the Florentine portion): I almost felt with you and Robertson, hearing your laughter, and laughing myself, when I saw your joint postscript. But to return to that story which causes you so much indignation, it lies heavy on me too, and will perhaps lie heavier. There are certain circumstances connecting that man and myself in a way that will render it the last thing possible for me ever to see him. I speak this *to you alone*; and I entreat you earnestly never to say this of me to any living soul. More than this I cannot say even to

you. There are some things which, were it possible, one would never tell oneself. Remember, I do not say he may not make a good husband in the ordinary acceptation of the world: the impediment I spoke of exists merely with relation to myself; of his character I know little or nothing, though certainly my impression of the man is not that I had desired to receive from the chosen partner of the woman I had loved. I have often prayed earnestly to God that He would grant her a sure stay of life—a husband that might appreciate and love her. I believe when my passion was strongest, I should have rejoiced in such an event. But had I known then of such a chance as the present (say, rather, such a link of that Providential chain, which binds all in this world, save that will in man which it was created to help in freedom), I should have felt a deeper anguish at the thought of being thus barred from her sight for ever, than my brain could have well withstood. I am changed now: changed, I willingly allow, for the worse: but I cannot forget: and it is an awful thing to me that I, who she said would be her friend, she knew, in England, if nobody else was; I, who would now coin my heart's blood to do her any service,[3] should alone, of all the world, be separated from her by a destiny for ever. If, as Miss Robertson seems to think, this cold world has chilled that affectionate heart of hers, why, then the more should be my grief, the more, too, my sympathy; for it is my own case! God's will be done! There is nothing for it but a submission to His will, which orders all things rightly, for the atom as for the world.[4]

I am afraid I shall not be able to return to Thornes House.[5] My mother and my sister would be sorry, I think, that these two months of my stay with them should be broken in upon; and my father, after the conversations I had with him some time since, might think, if I expressed a wish to leave Malvern, it was from unhappiness and a desire of change. I do not tell you positively that I will not come, for it is too great a pleasure hastily to renounce, unless duty is positive on the subject. I like Malvern much; it is just the place for philosophizing and poetizing, the only two studies to my mind worth the trouble of thought. Of course, therefore, I am in the clouds, either metaphorical or literal (for our house is on the side of the hill) all day long. I am learning German, by the bye, *avec fureur*, and hope to read Kant in a year. Adio, caro; remember me very kindly to your father and mother, also to Dr. and Mrs. Norris,[6] and ever know me

Your very affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.

1. As his private journals indicate, Gaskell arrived at Glasgow on 22 August 1829 and went immediately to Glenarbach: "I of course was very impatient to see Miss Robertson, and was rejoicing in the realization of Hallam's lines (would to God that the last line may also speedily be realised!)." He then quotes from "To J.M.G. I" (dated May 1829):

> Yes, they are coming, they are coming, friend;
> The passage birds make wing unto their home:
> That gentle lady of the Lomond Lake,
> And she, the orient star of sacred Rome (*Writings*, p. 47).

2. Unidentified. There is no mention of this false report anywhere in Gaskell's journals.

3. *Julius Caesar*, 4. 3. 72–73.

4. See the language of AHH's "Meditative Fragments. IV" (*Writings*, pp. 67–70), presumably written at this time:

> Fancy sounded me a voice
> Borne upward from that sparkling company:
> "Repinement dwells not with the duteous free.
> We do the Eternal Will; and in that doing,
> Subject to no seducement or oppose,
> We owe a privilege, that reasoning man
> Hath no true touch of."

5. AHH and his father stayed with the Gaskells at Thornes House for a few days in late August.

6. Perhaps Thomas Norris, physician, of Liverpool and Chester, the father of John Pilkington Norris (1823–91); almost certainly relatives of Eliza Norris, wife of Colonel Thomas Hunter Blair (d. 1849), whom Gladstone met at Thornes House. See *D*, 1:464 n. 1, and 2:650 (reference to p. 482).

76. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

The Lodge. Great Malvern. Worcester. Sept. 1st [1829].

Oh grazie, caro, grazie! Benvenuta sia la tua dolcissima lettera![1] You are in Italy then—in Italy—what sensations that word has been wont to call up in me! I was happy there: and I have never been happy since. It was in that thrice holy country, that my poor darkling, self-troubling nature caught the rays of "that light, that ne'er will shine again on life's dull stream."[2] When I turn my mind inward, and evoke before its eye those ranges of grey olive-hills, with their pleasant fields between, or the distant purple mountains, so wondrous clear, yet with colours so richly blended, or again the enormous barrier of unfailing snow, on which you are now looking, peak castling above peak, coronet outbrightening coronet, calm too, & very still, not as things that sleep, but as those that have attained a life intense, in which no perturbation is, because beyond it is nothing, and to it can come no desire of change—when I think of these, Milnes, I long to shed tears, though they were as the tears of the Fallen for the amaranth bowers of heaven.[3] The light that rests on those memorial scenes is more than that of nature; it hath something of the sunburst of early friendship, something of the more transient, but more vivid sunset of early love. To you the natural glory is all: for the future you have the best portion then: I could not, I think, return to Italy, the land that is indeed my country, without such heart-sorrow, as would embitter my outward enjoyments. They whom I loved would be there no more, the wellknown spots, bitterly dear because their feet had prest them, would look otherwise upon me: the thought would burn in my brain, and be there, & make me know it was there, whether I turned my mind from it, or not, that I am not what I was, not in happiness, not in goodness, not in intellectual energy. My soul was dawning then, and the sky, all but the little black cloud in the horizon no bigger than a man's hand, was very clear: now the dayclouds have settled down on it, and the time has gone by! My last letter to you (that from York) was a strain of madness: I am calmer now. I past

some days with Gaskell, which strengthened me: and visited a Lunatic asylum, which gave me a very awful, and elevated sense of sadness: so I am calm for the present.[4] My father found one day my little book of Poetry, and read several pieces that assuredly I never dreamt he should see: on which we had a long, but unsatisfactory conversation, full of kindness on his part, & exhortations to turn my mind vigorously from the high metaphysical speculations, & poetic enthusiasm that were sapping its very foundations. It cannot be: whither can I turn? Shall the river complain, that its channel is rocky? I must onward, and Le bon Dieu nous aide! I am seeking Truth—with my whole heart, with my whole being I pray God that he deny me not light. I am seeking Moral Strength too: and though I have been the creature of impulse, though the basest passions have roused themselves in the dark caverns of my nature, & swept like storm-winds over me, lest the glory of the majestic Imagination should make me free, I will struggle yet, and have faith in God, that when I ask for bread I shall not receive a stone.[5] My anathema, as you term it, of Metaphysics was but the whim of the moment: I thought more severely among the Scottish hills, than anywhere ever, and am now employed in committing to paper the result of my strivings in mind. I had many grapples with Atheism, but beat the monster back, taking my stand on strongholds of Reason. But my present convictions are decidedly opposed to all Formal Religion. Till I have attentively examined what Butler,[6] & Berkeley have to say for the creed they loved, I shall not make up my mind. Of course I need not say, I am speaking to you in confidence. Meanwhile Poetry is my exceeding solace, as ever. I transcribe for you a little poemet, that Alfred Tennyson was delighted with; I do not mention this, mind, to check you from abusing it, if you like.

1

I saw a child upon a Highland moor,
Playing with heath-flowers in her gamesome mood,
And singing snatches wild of Gaelic lore,
That thrilled, like witchnotes, my susceptive blood:
I spake a Southron word; but not the more
Did she regard, or move from where she stood:
It seemed the business of her life to play
With euphrasies, and bluebells day by day.

2

Then my first thought was of the joy to grow
With her, and like her; as a mountain plant
That to one spot attached doth bud, & blow,
Then when the winds beat autumn, leaves to vaunt
Its fragrance to the air, and sinks, till slow
Winter consign it, like a satiate want,
To th' earth's endearments, who will fondly nourish
That loosed substance, until spring reflourish.

3

"To be thy comrade, and thy brother, maiden;
To chaunt with thee that antique song I hear,
Joying the joy that looks not toward its fading,
The sweet philosophy of young life's cheer!
We should be like two bees with honey laden,
Or two blithe butterflies a rosetree near."
So I went dreaming how to play a child
Once more with her who 'side me sang, & smiled.

4

Then a stern knowledge woke along my soul,
And sudden I was sadly made aware,
That childish joy is now a folded scroll,
And new ordainments have their several Fair.
When evening lights press the ripe-greening knoll,
True heart will never wish the morning there:
Where archèd boughs enlace the golden light,
Did ever poet pray for franchised sight?

5

When we were children, we did wish to reach
The eminence of a man: yet in our thought,
And in the prattlèd fancies of our speech,
It was a baby-man we fashioned out.
<And> So now that childhood seems the only leech
For all the heartaches of a rough world caught,
Sooth is, we wish to grow a twofold thing,
And keep out actual Self to watch within.[7]

I am much pleased with your Sonnet, though I prefer your Parisian one. Your criticism on the Clydesdale[8] I don't quite see the grounds

for; ma basta così. I am reading German now with great diligence. Oh the glories of Schiller's Braut von Messina! By next year, when we meet, as I trust we shall, at Bonn, I suppose I shall be completely initiated into the divine mysteries of the language

> "Etwas fürchten, und hoffen, und sorgen
> Muss der Mensch für den kommenden Morgen,
> Dass er die Schwere des Daseyns ertrage
> Und das ermüdende Gleichmass der Tage,
> Und mit erfrischendem Windesweben
> Kräuselnd bewege das stockende Leben."[9]

This is to shew I am in good earnest. The idea of your tour is magnificent: Milnes in Egypt, Milnes in Jerusalem! Bless me, how queer! Oh, try to be happy, caro: you can hardly be so weak as I am: we are "quarries" indeed; yet deer have been that baffled the hunters.[10] Let us think of bright things. Hail Monte Rosa in my name; tell her I keep her portrait with a lover's care. Rap the old dead cardinal's skeleton shoulders for me, and ask him if he remembers my looking in at his gaunt phiz some seven year ago.[11] Write a sonnet to me on the evening of the 20th. Septr.; I will write one to you at the same time; between seven and eight, if possible. I had a letter today from Charles Tennyson, in which he asks whether you mean to *allow* the revivescence of Rockfort's. What think you thereof? Let me know what your Wordsworth question is.[12] By the bye, an old friend of mine is coming up to Trinity next October, hight Robertson Glasgow, whom I shall have great pleasure in making you acquainted with. Entre nous, he is brother to the lady fair, to whom I indited a certain Sonnet,[13] you may remember, and who is one of the truest friends I have in the world: and, thank God, I have many. Adio, carissimo; non tralascia, ne, l'aurea occasione dimparar la dolce favella; Italianizzarti ben, sendo in Italia. Per ora,

Credi mi,

Il tuo affettuoso amico,[14]

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mr. R. Milnes / Casa Carellu [?] / Milan.
P/M 1 September 1829

1. "Oh thank you, dear friend, thank you. Your most pleasant letter was welcome."

2. See Thomas Moore, "Love's Young Dream": " 'twas light that ne'er can shine again / On life's dull stream."

3. See *Paradise Lost*, 11. 77–79.

4. See letter 75 nn. 4–5; again the Wordsworthian echoes are obvious. On 11 September 1829 (*D*, 1:258) Gladstone, while staying at Thornes House, visited a lunatic asylum with Gaskell, who took another visitor there on 29 September 1829 (letter to Gladstone, B.L.). See also AHH's description in "Lines Addressed to Alfred Tennyson," dated Malvern, September 1829 (*Writings*, pp. 66–67):

> Within the mansion of the mad
> It is an awful thing to stray,
> And with the man it makes not sad,
> I would not travel on my way
> Through pleasant fields of living flowers,
> Nor own the plenar calm of heavy noontide hours.
> (Lines 1–6)

5. See Matthew 7:9.

6. Joseph Butler (1692–1752), bishop of Durham, was the author of *The Analogy of Religion* (1736) and other theological works.

7. Published with minor variations as "Written on the Banks of the Tay," July 1829, in *Poems;* see *Writings*, pp. 55–56.

8. See letter 73; Milnes's second sonnet is unidentified.

9. *Die Braut von Messina oder Die Feindlichen Brüder* by Friedrich Schiller (1759–1805) was published in 1803: AHH quotes from the chorus, lines 865–70. Milnes had hoped AHH would accompany him to Europe during the summer of 1829, but, as he wrote his parents on 25 February 1829, "[Hallam] is afraid his father would not let him come, as they are just returned from abroad" (Houghton papers). Milnes was in Germany from July to September 1830; he traveled to Greece late in 1832, but did not venture outside Europe until after AHH's death.

10. See AHH's "To One Early Loved, Now in India," dated "Malvern, Oct. 1829" in *Poems*, stanza 12:

> Quarries have been, that foiled th' insidious gin,
> And the swift lance's open levelling,
> Bold though the hunters were, and keen the chase.
> (*Writings*, pp. 81–82)

11. See letter 14 n. 6. The cardinal is perhaps Marino Carracciolo (d. 1538), whose monument is in the Milan Cathedral's ambulatory.

12. See letter 69 n. 8; Milnes's question is untraced. Apparently this debating society was not revived.

13. "To—('Oh, deem not, lady')," dated July, 1828, incorrectly identified as addressed to Anna Wintour in *Writings*, p. 27. The correct ascription is from AHH's annotation in Milnes's copy of *Poems*, property of Mary, duchess of Roxburghe.

14. "Farewell, dearest friend; don't neglect the golden opportunity to learn the sweet speech; Italianize yourself well since you are in Italy. For the present, believe me, your affectionate friend."

77. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

The Lodge. Malvern. Monday [14 September 1829].

Dear Gladstone,

It was very kind of you to write to me, considering how badly I have behaved towards you in that respect. You wrote when I was very unwell in London,[1] and the purpose I then had of answering your benevolent inquiries, as soon as my doctor allowed me to handle a pen, was one of the last I ought to have abandoned. Soon after however I went to Normandy on a speculation of bettering myself, mind & body, by a change of scene; and immediately almost on my return I accompanied my father to Scotland, whence, as Gaskell will have informed you, I have not long returned. It is said, that in philosophy to trace an error to its source is equivalent to the establishment of a new truth. If this maxim holds at all good in things exoteric, I am at least doing my best to repair my ingratitude by shewing you the causes that led to it. I flattered myself for some time too that I might have had the great pleasure of meeting you at Thornes House:[2] but though it requires a triple front of adamant to withstand the kind friendship of the Gaskells, such a front I fear now I must put on, for other, and imperative reasons. I am however fully resolved to come up to Oxford about the 18th. of October for a day or two, as our own term does not commence for some days after: and the seeing you will be among my principal inducements. We have not seen each other, you say truly, for more than two years. I fear too these years, considering the time of life from which they are picked, are not to be reckoned by the calendar. I know not well how it has been with you, my dear Gladstone, but I feel as if I had lived awfully fast—in everything been premature—run round, as it were, the whole circle of this life's opinions, & sensations, before my nineteenth summer has past from over me. I know this sentiment is erroneous, in the generalized appearance at least, which it assumes: but as there are few errors that have not their root in truth, so I have ample reason to

know it is so here. How far it is, I cannot know: time will develop to me. Believe me, I accept your Cordelia-like proffer of sympathy with a more discerning apprehension than Lear's. But I feel from the ground of my heart the sad truth of the sentiment you express—that it is a painful thing not to be able to think, feel, live in the happiness of others, rather than the gratification of self—self, that poor mathematical point, having position not magnitude in the abyss of infinite being! Yet perhaps out of this very pain we may coin hope, thankfulness, joy. For has it not a warning voice? Does it not speak of what ought to be done, & may be done? Perhaps it may be as a wing, vouchsafed from Heaven, to bear us to that height we should not have won without it. But I am growing wild. It is so easy to *talk* on a practical subject; and then between admiration & practice how many a weary step! I am much calmer in mind than I was some months ago; and my views, generally speaking, less thicksighted. Academical honors would be less than nothing to me, were it not for my father's wishes; and even those are moderate on the subject. As for their being "credentials," I believe you are quite right: but then it is for a certain course, and with a view to a certain palm: I am not likely to gird myself for the one, as I never have coveted the other. If it please God that I make the name I bear honored in a second generation, it will be by inward power, which is its own reward: if it please him not, I hope to go down to the grave unrepining, for I have lived, and loved, and been beloved, and what will be the momentary pangs of an atomic existence, when the scheme of that Providential Love, which pervades, sustains, quickens this boundless Universe shall at the last day be unfolded, and adored? The great truth, which when they are rightly impressed with it, will liberate mankind is, That <we are> no man has a right to isolate himself, because every man is a particle of a marvellous Whole; that when he suffers, since it is for the good of that Whole, he, the particle, has no right to complain; and that in the long run, that which is for the good of all will abundantly manifest itself to be the only good of each. Other belief consists not with Theism: this is its centre. Let me quote to this purpose the words of my favorite poet: it will do us good to hear his voice, though but for a moment.

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life

Exists, one only; an assured belief,
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite Benevolence and Power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."[3]

Have you observed how poetical Gaskell has grown of late? I suppose he owes the happy change to Doyle's recent influence; for I had really begun to give him up. I am very glad he takes to Oxford so kindly; but indeed his temper is so clear, and his spirits so uniformly cheerful, that the place must be Pandemonial where he could not make himself a home.[4] I am sure you will much enjoy your sojourn at Thornes House: I do not remember the account I sent you from Rome when I first made the acquaintance of Mr. & Mrs. Gaskell, but it was proba[bly] imperfect, since my opportunities of judging had then been few. That Mrs. Gaskell is clever, very agreeable, and withal rather singular, is a judge[ment] any one may form on first sight: her exceeding kindness, and friendliness will grow on your perception, the longer you know her. I am sorry you report so ill of Doyle's diligence: I heard from him the other day at Spa, where he seems to be frolicking on a black poney, to console himself for the success of Mr. Claughton, the panegyrist of "lean dogs." Doyle's poem I think shews great signs of power, and several lines are highly beautiful: but the language is almost throughout infected with a vicious, ultra-Darwinian tawdriness, which I cannot pardon. Such "vitia" are not even "dulcia."[5] However, it is as immeasurably superior to its fortunate rival, as poetry < almost >always must be to stuff that only claims that title because it would be intolerable in prose. I am glad you liked my queer piece of work about Timbuctoo. I wrote it in a sovereign vein of poetic scorn for any body's opinion, who did not value Plato, and Milton, just as much as I did. The natural consequence was that ten people out of twelve laughed, or opened large eyes; and the other two set about praising highly, what was plainly addressed to them, not to people in general. So my vanity would fain persuade me, that, like some my betters, I "fit audience found, tho' few." My friend Tennyson's poem, which got the prize, will be thought by the ten sober persons afore mentioned twice as absurd as mine: and to say the

truth by striking out his prose argument the Examiners have done all in their power to verify the concluding words "All was night."[6] The splendid imaginative power that pervades it will be seen through all hindrances. I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century. You ask me my opinion of the "omnipresent" gentleman, Mr. Montgomery: what I have read of his I have thought mediocre enough, bating a few happy lines. If his party would cease to puff him so inveterately; or if he would learn to come forward with a demeanor rather more suited to what he has actually performed, and rather less to the number of editions he has attained, his real merits would stand a better chance of being fairly appreciated. The apparent union in one young man of the two very incongruous characters, a puppy, and a saint, naturally prejudices one's judgement, and on the next opportunity I will crave "more talk" with this new "Theban," that I may come to a fair conclusion.[7] Tell Gaskell I will write to him in a day, or two, and procure in the mean time Mrs. Benson's direction from her sister Miss Mitford, who is now at Malvern.[8] I shall stay here, I believe, till about the tenth of next month. If you could contrive on your return to Seaforth to come so far roundabout, I should be delighted to see you: only it is with a bad grace that I make such a request, as I have no bed to offer you; but I can vouch for the goodness of the inn next door. Pray give it your serious consideration, and remember that if you do not already know the Malvern hills by heart, you have still a duty to be performed. Remember me very kindly to your host, and hostess; also to Dr. & Mrs. Norris, the first of whom I hope continues to amend.

Believe me,
Ever yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / at Mr. Gaskell's / Thornes House / Wakefield.

P/M 16 September 1829

1. Gladstone had heard of AHH's illness by the end of April 1829. See letter 72 n. 5.

2. Gladstone arrived at Thornes House, for the first time, on 8 September 1829; he left on 22 September. It was during this visit that Gladstone set down a brief history of his relationship with AHH in his diary (see introduction). On 16 September, Gladstone recorded receiving (this) "very gratifying letter from Hallam" (*D*, 1:257–60).

3. Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, 4. 10–17. See also letter 73 n. 10.

4. Gaskell's letters to Gladstone during this time remained consistently political, but he did take part in "a long conversation on the nature of Poetry & of beauty" with Gladstone, AHH, and Doyle at Oxford on 17 October 1829 (*D*, 1:263). Gaskell was elected secretary of the Oxford Union in June 1829 (25 June 1829 letter to his mother, *Eton Boy*, pp. 165–66), and was a charter member of the debating society organized by Gladstone at Oxford on the model of the Cambridge Apostles (Gladstone's 27 September 1829 letter to his father, St. Deiniol's). On 22 October 1829, Milnes wrote to his father that "Gaskell is leading the Union at Oxford triumphantly. Old G. has abandoned unitarianism & the young one laid the first stone of a church in their village the other day & Mrs. G. is delighted in the triumph of her religious principles" (Houghton papers). See letter 44 n. 3.

5. See letter 59a n. 9, and p. 12 of Claughton's poem: "There swarthy hunters mount their cars again, / Lash their lean dogs, and scour along the plain." [Latin]: "faults, vices"; "pleasing, attractive"; see Quintilian 10.1.129; Seneca *Epistles* 114. 16–17.

6. See letter 65 n. 3. For AT's "Timbuctoo," see *Ricks*, pp. 170–81, which quotes this passage, and Gaskell's 25 June 1829 letter to his mother: "Have you heard that Alfred Tennyson, a great friend of Hallam's, was successful at Cambridge in the Timbuctoo business? I received a letter this morning from Hallam. He is delighted that Tennyson is successful. He says that Tennyson deserved it, but that he borrowed the pervading idea from him, so that 'he is entitled to the honours of a Sancho Panza in the memorable victory gained in the year 1829 over prosaicism and jingle jangle, of which Charles Wordsworth was the goodly impersonation' " (*RES*, p. 139). In his 22 October letter to his father, Milnes quotes fourteen lines of AT's poem "for you to admire. . . . Is not this immortal?" (Houghton papers). Milnes was probably the author of the 22 July 1829 *Athenaeum* review (p. 456), which, after a lengthy quotation, concludes "How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?" The responses of his Etonian companions seemed to reflect their current friendship with AHH: after his first day at Oxford together with AHH, 16 October 1829, Gladstone "read the Cambridge Prize Poems at n[igh]t—Tennyson's sundry times in order if possible to understand it—liked it exceedingly" (*D*, 1:263). On 1 November 1829, Gaskell wrote to Farr: "I do not quite agree with you about Tennyson's prize poem; I think some parts of it obscure, but others strikingly fine" (Rylands). Tennyson's prose argument has apparently not survived; the poem in fact concludes "All was dark." AHH quotes from *Paradise Lost*, 7. 31.

7. Robert Montgomery (1807–55), poetaster, published *The Omnipresence of the Deity* (1828), *A Universal Prayer* (1828), and *Satan* (1830); all were immensely popular, though critically castigated, especially by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* (April 1830). Favored by the evangelical party, Montgomery was personally engaging

and generous. AHH's 1831 *Englishman's Magazine* review of AT's *1830* volume begins with some disparagement of Montgomery's *Oxford*. See also *King Lear*, 3. 4. 148.

8. Bertha-Maria, eldest daughter of John Mitford (d. 1851), of St. Pancras, London, and Lincoln's Inn, and thus granddaughter of William Mitford, married Christopher Benson (1788–1868), canon of Worcester. Her sister is unidentified; Gladstone met her brother, John Reveley Mitford (1807?-38), vicar of Manaccan, Cornwall, with the Hallams at Malvern on 14 October 1829 (*D*, 1:263).

78. TO JOHN FRERE

MS: Texas

The Lodge. Gr. Malvern. Worcester.

Wednesday [16 September 1829].

Dear Frere,

I ought to be able to bring forward some better apology for not having answered sooner such a letter as yours, than the trite one of constant occupation; which though it shares its reproach with many better things than itself, has not, like them, wherewithal to render itself attractive in old age. I arrived at Malvern about a fortnight ago, and have settled myself down very quietly, and very diligently to philosophical studies—the only studies, which to my mind, with the exception of "That sovereign dearling of the Deity"[1] which by the name of Poetry we both worship, are worth the trouble of thought. I had suffered so much from the tyranny of my own thoughts, during a long, and to most intents, & purposes, solitary journey, that it was an inexpressible comfort to be again among my books at my own fireside. I have taken up German eagerly, reading Schiller every evening with my sister, who is a considerable proficient in that glorious literature; and as she makes a good report of my capabilities, I hope to walk with Kant, and the author of Faust in another year.[2] My morning companions are mostly Aristotle, or Locke, or Stewart;[3] and when you add to the hours of reading those of writing (for few days go by in which I do not commit something to paper, either after the fashion of those severe thinkers, or from the gentler promptings of the Muse), and again those necessary for rides through this magnificent country, you will have the history of my every day, and guess moreover, that you are not the only correspondent that may have to complain of me. I am sorry that I have mislaid your letter; yet I think it made too much impression on me, that I should forget any of its contents. I am sure I need not say, that I would never have

spoken flippantly about your stay in Norfolk, had I had the slightest guess of what you acquaint me with. It is singular enough, that a parallel incident should have occurred with respect to myself; parallel, I mean, in outward appearance; I too have heard, that the lady whom I loved ardently, as boys love, and whose character, I believe, was more conformed to mine, more likely to bless me both by her points of resemblance, and those of dissimilarity, than that of any other person I ever met with—she is going to be married, and to a man, I fear, not worthy of her.[4] God knows I have often prayed with earnestness that she might be taken from her unprotected situation, and find one on whom she might pillow her heart. I do not think, that when my passion was strongest, I should have been pained by such a result: for I had ever loved her as a sister, and her happiness with another, in the absence of all possible hope for myself, was the nearest wish to my heart. I may have deceived myself; but so I then felt. But had I then heard *this* report, it would have given me a shock, that I doubt whether my brain would have withstood: for I believe I have a tendency towards insanity. Now I am a colder, say therefore if you will, a worse creature than I was: I have been such a spoil for other thoughts, that the fervency of my first love is gone from me for ever: but I am not such an ingrate, as to forget the facts of her sweetness, and kindness, and I know not, were I again in her presence, what change I should experience in my soul. This report therefore (after all it is no more) is painful to me; I know it ought to be more painful than it is; and this is a very terrible thought. You speak of exerting self-control: if you have, how your own conscience must bless you! How I shall honour, and revere you! Whatever certain schools of philosophy may teach, I can conceive nothing more awful than the mystery of Will, nothing more beautiful than its manifestation. Yet between admiration, and practice is many a weary step. But let us take a lighter tone. I am much obliged to you for your Sonnet, and think you are far too unjust to yourself in precluding the final Alexandrine. I do not even understand your reason: it certainly is not allowed in Italian composition; but there are many objections to making the Italian canon our own. Milton, the most scrupulous observer of it (though in the *matter* of his sonnets he is far more national than Spenser, or Shakespeare, who were strictly Petrarchesque in spirit, and not at all in form), Milton, as you have mentioned, allowed the

usage. Whatever metrical variety gives additional strength, and harmony, ought, I think, to be chartered to all. Now from the genius of the Italian language it is manifest that it would not gain, but lose by such a variation of the Sonnet: with us the case is exactly the reverse. I am glad you like the stanzas I sent you, inasmuch as I was pleased with them myself.[5] The second stanza is certainly faulty, because it breaks in upon the unity of the piece, distracting the attention through a long similie, just when it ought to be concentrated. I confess however I am not aware of any fault in the diction, to which you rather seem to point. I should be much obliged to you if you would point out any that may have occurred to you, as I doubt whether the difference you speak of between our several opinions on the very interesting subject of language has any real, or at least any extensive existence. I believe at least we should be found on the same side of the great line of demarcation between those who look up to Custom as paramount, and those who acknowledge no primary rule but that of Idiom, and Analogy, as expounded by the best writers of the best age. And those writers I should suppose we both agreed were the divines, and dramatists of the Elisabethan time.[6] I send you some more prey. It is necessary to premise that I visited Melrose Abbey in the company of Sir Walter Scott.

1

I lived an hour in fair Melrose:
It was not when "the pale moonlight"
Its magnifying charm bestows;
Yet deem I that "I viewed it right."
The windswept shadows fast careered,
Like living things that joyed or feared,
Adown the sunny Eildon hill,
And the sweet winding Tweed the distance crownèd well.

2

I inly laughed to see that scene
Wear such a countenance of youth,
Tho' many an age those hills were green,
And yonder river glided smooth,
'Ere in these now disjointed walls
The Mother Church held festivals,

And fullvoiced anthemings the while
Swelled from the choir, and lingered down the echoing aisle.

3

I coveted that Abbey's doom:
For if, I thought, the early flowers
Of our affection may not bloom,
Like those green hills, thro' countless hours,
Grant me at least a tardy waning,
Some pleasure still in Age's paining;
Tho' lines, & forms must fade away,
Still may old Beauty share the empire of Decay!

4

But looking toward the grassy mound,
Where calm the Douglas chieftains lie,
Who, living, quiet never found,
I straitway learned a lesson high:
For there an old man sat serene,
And well I knew the thoughtful mien
Of him whose early lyre had thrown
Over these mouldering walls the magic of its tone.

5

Then ceased I from my envying state,
And knew the aweless Intellect
Hath power upon the ways of Fate,
And works thro' Time, & Space uncheckt.
That minstrel of old chivalry
In the cold grave must come to be,
But his transmitted thoughts have part
In the collective mind, & never shall depart.

6

It was a comfort too to see
Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,
But always eyed him revrently
With glances of depending love.
They know not of that eminence
That marks him to my reasoning sense:

They know but that he is a Man,
And still to them is kind, & glads them all he can.

Turn over, if not asleep

7

And hence their quiet looks confiding;
Hence grateful instincts seated deep,
By whose strong bond, were Ill betiding,
They'd risk their own his life to keep.
What joy to watch in lower creature,
Such dawning of a moral nature,
And how (the rule all things obey)
They look to a Higher Mind to be their law, & stay![7]

I have written these verses so ill, that your charity must be extreme if you take the trouble to make sense of them. I cannot agree with you by the bye that Alfred's poem is not modelled upon the Alastor,[8] nor by any means that it is a specimen of his best manner. The bursts of poetry in it are magnificent; but they were not written for Timbuctoo; and as a whole, the present poem is surely very imperfect. Now I do not think less highly of Alfred's knowledge of Art, than of his rare imaginative energy; and I cannot consent therefore to the giving this poem the palm above his other compositions, however it may outsoar the flight of weaker wings. Send me word how you like Sir Isaac? Have you read the fine closing chapter of the Principia yet?[9]

Ever yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I have found your letter, & see you inquire after my health. Thank you, I am for the present *quite well*, but cannot flatter myself that the natural liability to disorders in the head, which are half the effect, & half the cause of a morbid disposition of mind, should be removed so quickly. *AHH.*

Addressed to John Frere Esq. / 14 Athol St. / Douglas / Isle of Man.

1. Spenser, "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty," line 184.

2. AHH's "Love's Decease" (unpublished transcript in Ellen Hallam's notebook, Yale) was written as a deliberate imitation of Goethe (1749–1832). There is no evidence that AHH attempted to read Kant (1724–1804) in the original German.

3. Dugald Stewart (1753–1828), nominalist philosopher, departed from the empiricism of John Locke (1632–1704).

4. See letter 75 n. 2.

5. Frere's sonnet is untraced; see letter 76 n. 7 for AHH's "Written on the Banks of the Tay."

6. See letter (probably from Doyle) to Henry Hallam, dated 12 April 1834, on AHH's literary tastes, printed in *Remains*, pp. xxvi–xxx: "Besides Shakespeare, some of the old English dramatists were among his favourite authors; he has spoken to me with enthusiasm of scenes in Webster and Heywood, and he delighted in Fletcher; Massinger, I think, did not please him so much; I recollect his being surprised at my preferring that dramatist to Fletcher. He used to dwell particularly upon the grace of style and harmony of versification for which the latter is remarkable" (xxviii).

7. Published with minor variations as "Stanzas Written After Visiting Melrose Abbey in Company of Sir Walter Scott" in *Poems*, with the misprinted date August 1828 (corrected to 1829 in *Remains*); Lockhart prints the poem in his *Life of Scott* (see letter 73 n. 4). In stanza 1, AHH alludes to Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto 2, stanza 1; in his conclusion, to the famous paintings of Scott and his dogs at Abbotsford by Sir Edwin Henry Landseer (1802–73).

8. See letter 77 n. 6. AHH noted "an allusion to that magnificent passage in Mr. Shelley's 'Alastor,' where he describes 'the spirit of sweet human love' descending in vision on the slumbers of the wandering poet" in lines 84 *ff.* of the 1830 version of his own "Timbuctoo" (see *Writings*, p. 40).

9. Newton's *Principia* was published in 1687. In his "Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero" (letter 110 n. 1), AHH eulogized Newton as a patient thinker who "found room for the Creator in the creation, and passed with ease from the interrogation of second causes to the exalted strain of piety, in which he penned the concluding chapter of his Principia" (p. 45).

79. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

Text: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript

The Lodge. Great Malvern. Friday Oct. 2, 1829.

My dear Robertson,

Your letter gave me so many different and mingled sensations, that I hardly know how to answer it. I am much pained by your not coming to Cambridge, and much more that your health should be the cause. You enter into no particulars, so that I am left totally in the dark as to the bearing of this recent hurt or this change of plan. But I hope that I may interpret your silence on the subject into evidence that you are convalescent. Cambridge is not remarkable as an unhealthy situation but neither, considering the flat, and in many parts, marshy country that surrounds it, can I consider it as the reverse. I will of course do my best, immediately, about the lodgings I engaged. A year—another year! well—I must submit to it.[1] I wish I could have seen you before you went: we had both many things to say to each other. The luxury of conversation with one whom I knew in Italy, was just in my grasp, and to my cost I find it like the "lightening, that is gone ere one can say it lightens."[2] You must promise me to write frequently. I am habitually fond both of writing, and receiving letters and perhaps this is idle; yet the heart warms by it and I should be loath to turn away from any custom as idle which serves to keep pure and limpid, the source of all generous emotions. Whether I can see you next summer is—I fear—very doubtful. It is I believe my father's wish that I should spend some time in Germany and I am in some measure bound to a friend of mine who will be there; still this is not incompatible with a visit to the South of France, and I hope no consideration of duty will be found to set its veto on what I so earnestly desire.[3] I continue at Cambridge, as you rightly suppose till January 1832, and shall be there, consequently, during a year and a quarter of your residence. Of that brief period, we must make the most—for your own sake. I am sorry you should not think of

remaining for a degree, since your attachment to what you term the deep "studies" of the University would in all probability make you distinguished. For my own part I hold in little esteem the "digito monstrare, et dicere, Hic est"[4]—and perhaps, with my turn of mind, the less a man holds it in esteem, the better. And now, my dear Robertson, I delay no longer to advert that third page, for which I still tremble with thankfulness. I shall be the better for it in solitude, in society, in the press of occupation and in the silent hour of prayer. You may well say your sister is "sager" than I: true wisdom is more of the heart than the head, and often, where reasonings would be vain, a few tones from a gentle womanly voice strike on the soul, like the irresistible force of music. Miss Robertson, I would hope, never for a moment had so bad an opinion of me as *seriously* to suppose I could take in ill part, such a "lecture."[5] Some persons, I know, dislike counsel or even conversation on matters of that high and absorbing interest: to me, there is nothing more welcome or more sacred. The only realities are those beyond the grave; all else is baseless, all else is untrue. Tossed on the waves of Time, our sure anchorage is in the idea of Infinity. Should my letters have conveyed to you the notion that I was more unhappy now than I have been for some time past, or that in bodily health I was unwell, such impression was certainly not intended by me. The contrary is the fact. I am not ill: and my mind has been calmer since I reached Malvern, than for months before. I cannot expect to change the habit of my soul in a moment. Perhaps it is God's will that I should never change it; my natural mood has been always melancholy. In the chain of individual minds which the Creator sustains, there are links of gold, and there are links of iron: "Heureux le chainon d'or; plus heureux encore, s'il sait qu'il n'est qu' heureux"—but the iron equally performs the part assigned him by Infinite Wisdom.[6] I apply this only to differences in original dispositions: I would neither extenuate my own faults, nor seek to deny the unhappiness they have caused me. But I hope that I am progressive in moral strength, and I lay the conviction nearest to my heart, that, in proportion as I yield obedience to the law of duty, pure spaces of calm will open out within my soul. Miss Robertson will permit me to doubt whether the separation she appears to make between Philosophy and Poetry on the one hand, and Religion on the other, is conformable to truth. It has seemed to me that Religion never gains

by being, as Mdme. de Stael expresses it, "conduite hors du cercle des connaissances humaines, à force de Reverences";[7] ought not the idea of God to be the sun of the system, penetrating with light & heat every faculty and every knowledge? I never made the confession because I would not lie to my own thoughts, that I called for comfort to the sages and poets—and they gave me none. I owe them much, every way; chiefly because they stablish in my mind the pillars of that temple, in which Religion is the Cupola. But whether my views are right or not can make no difference to the feelings of deep gratitude with which I look upon your Sister's letter. Let her read what I have written—and let her read this also, that as I have never ceased since first "her presence on me shone"[8] to mingle her name in my prayers, so now when the remembrance of the letter comes over me, I shall pray for her welfare, with far more intense fervor. God bless you all!

Ever believe me
Your attached friend

A H Hallam.

1. Robertson was admitted to Trinity in November 1828, but did not matriculate until Michaelmas 1830.

2. See *Romeo and Juliet*, 2. 2. 119–20.

3. See letter 76 n. 9. As Trench reported to Donne on 18 October 1829, Kemble was then in Germany: "I rejoice at it. I am nearly certain it will do him a great deal of good, and quite so that it will do him no harm" (*Trench*, 1:37). Robertson accompanied AHH and AT on their return voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin in September 1830 (see letter 92 n. 5), but there is no evidence that he met with the Spanish conspirators.

4. "The pointing out and saying, this is the man" (adapted from Horace *Carminum* 4.3.21–22).

5. Described in AHH's "Meditative Fragments. VI" (see letter 73 n. 12).

6. See Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. 3, sect. 1, member 1, subs. 2: "And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from Heaven to Earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator." See also *Iliad* 8. 19–27. The source of the French quotation is unidentified.

7. AHH apparently paraphrases Corinne's sentiments in book 10, chapter 5.

8. See AHH's "A Farewell to Glenarbach," stanza 5: "Thou speedest to the sunny shore, / Where first thy presence on me shone" (*Writings*, p. 54); he applies the same phrase to Anna Wintour in "A Farewell to the South" (*Writings*, pp. 8–27), lines 196–97.

80. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

The Lodge. Great Malvern. Sunday. Oct. 4 [1829].

My dear Gladstone,

I am very happy to be able to tell you that we do not leave Malvern till the 19th., and I therefore hold you to your conditional promise of coming to Malvern next week. Come any day you chuse; the sooner the better: let me know beforehand & I will secure you a bed. I see no reason why I should not go on with you to Oxford, whenever you go. Gaskell writes me word he will be there on the 16th.[1] I fancy I must be at Cambridge by the evening of the 22nd., but I am not certain: at all events friend Milnes spoke more than he had warrant for, when he announced my performance in his debate. The subject is one of which I am not master, and in which I take little interest: but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of hearing his present style of speaking, and judging how far he has improved.[2] I am pressed for time; so, as we are to meet so soon, perhaps you will excuse the shortness of this note. I am very much obliged to you for your letter.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Your Greek quotation is delightful; & I admire your way of forcing Aristophanes into sound sense against his own intention.[3] *AHH.*

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.

1. Gladstone stayed at Malvern with the Hallams 13–15 October 1829; afterward AHH accompanied him to Oxford, where they spent time with Gaskell and Doyle. AHH apparently remained until 20 October 1829 (*D*, 1:263–64). See also letter 77 n. 4.

2. Gladstone met Milnes on 26 November 1829 at the Oxford/Cambridge Byron/Shelley debate (see letter 82a n. 1): "I cannot help liking Milnes, with whom I had a great deal of conversation, and we scarcely agreed on one point excepting the universality of love; and then on the end not the means" (*D*, 1:271; 28 November 1829 entry). Milnes's impression of Gladstone was correspondingly favorable: "The man that *took* me most . . . I am sure, a very superior person" (5 December 1829 letter to his mother, Wemyss Reid, 1:78). AHH apparently refers to the 27 October 1829 Cambridge Union debate on whether "the Cultivation of the Potatoe in England [is] likely to be attended with injurious effects?"; Milnes and Blakesley spoke for the (losing) affirmative side. AHH did not participate. On 3 November 1829, the Union debated whether Wordsworth or Byron were the greater poet, a topic, as letter 82 n. 1 suggests, in which AHH took more than a little interest; Blakesley also spoke for Wordsworth, but Byron was voted greater 50–23.

3. Gladstone's quotation is untraced.

81. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

[Malvern.] Sunday [11 October 1829].

Hail to thee comer from the prostrate land,
  Where darkly hate th' oppressor, and th' oppressed;
  England recalls thee: let a stair of sand
  Symbol thy fixedness, where thou art guest,
But to the isle, whose voices earliest
  Thrilled thy born soul with pleasure, give thy hand
  And heart of love: not hindmost in her band
  Of bright, and good hereafter thou may rest.
Enough of flickering mirth, and random life!
  Yearnings are in thee for a lofty doom.
  Trample that mask: a sterner port assume,
Whether thou championest th' Uranian strife,
  Or, marked by Freedom for her toged array,
  Reclaim'st thy father's soon abandoned bay.[1]

Ebbene, cosa ne dici?[2] I will be candid enough to acknowledge that I totally forgot my engagement, respecting the Sonnet, at the time appointed, but in return you must shew your courtesy by accepting of it thus late in the day. I mean this note to be put into your hands in Wimpole St., should you call, and I mention this of course for the old Hibernian reason, that you may ask for it there. I shall remain here probably till Friday next, and then think of going for a day or two to Oxford with a Ch. Ch. crony of mine, whom I expect here daily.[3] Wednesday, or Thursday at latest I shall be at Trinity, where I hope to have the great pleasure of a welcome from you. We shall have much to talk of. Indeed, indeed you are quite in error when you speak of learning from me that art of spiritual warfare. If my letter conveyed the notion that I felt myself victorious I must have written with strange haste. I have in truth been calmer since I settled down to my books at Malvern: I have linked some reasonings, which afford me a

restingplace, on some highly important subjects: I have read much, enjoyed my sister's society, more & more dear to me, and drawn nurture to my imagination from the magnificent hills, and valley around me. But it were fatal to cry out "ἐιρηνη" and "ασφαλεια"[4] too soon. A little gust would upset me quite. My dark hours are less frequent, but they come. For God's sake do not flatter me by talking of "victory in the wilderness" & "selfraised music of the mind": I am very weak, & fleshly. But we will do each other all the good we can, my dear Milnes; and at all events hold together. You have my free vote for publishing along with Tennyson, and myself: but mine alone is not enough, and as he refused his brother on the score of not wishing a third, some difficulty may lie in your way.[5] As for the German, you know I always had some previous knowledge of the language: but my whole capital is so very small, that I shall be of service to you without there being the slightest impediment to our studying together. I really think learning German a branch of moral duty. Is Galignani's Shelley published?[6] Dr. Card, our vicar at Malvern, a conspicuous person among the thirdrate writers of the day, and a *devoted Shelleyan*, longs to see it. "Shelley," said he to me one day, "seems to have lived almost the life of a saint." This Dr. Card (a trump, as you see) fostered the education of young *Beddoes*, whose Bride's Tragedy I suppose you have read, and who converted the worthy tutor to Shelley & Keats.[7] That same Beddoes must be a wonderful creature: he is now at Gottingen, where I presume he has found a Matilda Pottingen,[8] for he writes no more. Adio, carissimo.

Addressed to R. Milnes Esq. / to the care of Mrs. Mary Priddie / 67 Wimpole St. / London (This note to be given to Mr. Milnes, if he should call. *AHH*).
P/M 14 October 1829

1. Published with slight variations in *Poems*; see *Writings*, p. 75. Milnes quotes the last six lines in his 22 October 1829 letter to his father (Robert Pemberton Milnes [1784–1858], M.P. from 1806 to 1818), in which he described AHH "in my great-

chair . . . looking very well, and in full force; his marvellous mind has been gleaning in wisdom from every tract of knowledge" (Houghton papers).

2. "Well, what do you say of this?" See conclusion of letter 76.

3. See letter 80.

4. "Peace"; "safety, security."

5. The joint publication of AHH's and AT's poems was prevented by Henry Hallam, as he admitted in the preface to *Remains* (xxxviii); see my "The Hero and his Worshippers," *JRLB* 56 (1973): 152–53. AHH's *Poems* was privately printed and distributed toward the end of May 1830; AT's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* was published in June 1830. Charles Tennyson's *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* appeared in March 1830. Milnes's first published volume of verse was *Memorials of a Tour in Some Parts of Greece, Chiefly Poetical* (January 1834), dedicated to Henry Hallam. See also Simon Nowell-Smith, "A. H. Hallam's *Poems*, 1830," *Book Collector* 8 (no. 123): 320–21.

6. See letter 74 n. 4.

7. Henry Card (1779–1844), vicar of Malvern in 1815, was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries (in which Henry Hallam was prominent); he published verses and historical and theological tracts. Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803–49) helped to sponsor publication of Shelley's *Posthumous Poems* (1824), attended the University of Gottingen 1825–29, and began *Death's Jest Book* in 1825. His *Bride's Tragedy* (1822) was dedicated to Card.

8. A character in *The Rovers; or the Double Arrangement*, a burlesque of contemporary German drama, by John Hookham Frere, Canning, et al., published in the *Anti-Jacobin* (1798). The allusion is to Rogero's "Song" (1.1):

> There first for thee my passion grew,
> Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
> Thou wast the daughter of my Tu–
> –tor, *Law Professor* at the U–
> –niversity of *Gottingen!*–
> –niversity of *Gottingen!*–
>
> (Stanza 5)

82. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Wednesday [18 November 1829].

My dear Father,

I have not your letter by me, but I think I can remember most of what you asked. With regard to reading I have been principally employed in reading over my old favorites, especially Theocritus; and I think of taking Aristophanes in hand, who is no favorite. I do not remember to have heard you ever express an opinion about Theocritus: I know none more perfect in melody, or richer in pure language, and few who have possessed a deeper insight into humanity. I am sorry you should think my fondness for modern poetry so excessive as to militate against correctness of general views, or the formation of other literary tastes. I do not believe this is the case. I am much less poetical by nature than you imagine; but till I discover, that what little good I have in me is less closely connected with my poetical inclinations, such as they are, than I now conceive it to be, I shall hardly be persuaded to think I have done wrong in feeding myself with Wordsworth or Shelley. "Misty metaphysics" is soon said; but that phrase in my opinion will apply with far more distinct, & weighty meaning to the works of Lord Byron, than to those of his great cotemporaries. That it was a foolish subject for discussion in a large assembly I fully agree; I spoke merely to oblige Milnes.[1] You mention Barrow. Do you mean that Ch. Barrow is here? I have heard nothing of him.[2] Of the freshmen I know little. Two Scotchmen, Monteith, & Garden seem very clever, and agreeable men: they were for some time in Dr. Hooker's house at Glasgow.[3] There is also an O'Brien spoken highly of, but whom I barely know.[4] Rothman is come to reside here, softening his baronial glory into the mellower lustre of a Trinity fellow. The rest of the world here go on much as usual. I dined the other day at Downing: Mrs. Frere's voice declines visibly, or rather audibly.[5] Let me know how the London University

prospers; I hear good accounts abroad, but you will know the truth.[6] Tell Ellen I have been reading some of Schiller's Kleine Gedichte, and especially recommend the Kassandra, and Die Blumen, the latter of which I have translated.[7] I hope she got the Alfieri safe.[8] Adieu. Love to the whole party.

Yours affect:ly,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 18 November 1829

1. See letter 80 n. 2. On 8 November 1829, Milnes wrote to his mother: "Our debate on Wordsworth & Byron went off very ill. I spoke for an hour and twenty minutes—they tell me, very fluently—but I was so anxious to be quiet & simple, that I am afraid I overshot my mark, & became rather prosy, & it was altogether more a serious essay or a sermon than a speech. Hallam spoke well, but shortly; he would be a splendid speaker, if he had more nerve. The votes were only twenty-three for Wordsworth. Hare said the number was too large, for that there were not twenty-three men in the room really worthy to be Wordsworthians" (Houghton papers).

2. Christopher Barrow (d. 1902), in the fifth form at Eton in 1826, matriculated at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1830 (B.A. 1834) and became rector of Langridge, Somerset.

3. Robert Joseph Ignatius Monteith (1812–84), grandson of the founder of the cotton trade in Scotland, matriculated at Trinity in 1829 (B.A. 1834) and became calico printer at Blantyre and Barrowfield, Lanarkshire. Monteith, in Pope-Hennessy's words, "seems to have done nothing with his life, but evidently thoroughly enjoyed it" (1:102 n. 1). Francis Garden (1810–84), whose mother, Rebecca, was evidently Monteith's step-sister (see letter 83), matriculated at Trinity in 1829 (B.A. 1833), won Hulsean Prize (for essay on "Advantages accruing from Christianity") in 1832, became curate to Hare (following Sterling), and edited the *Christian Remembrancer* from 1841 to 1884. As subsequent letters show, Monteith and Garden were inseparable companions; both were elected to the Apostles (upon AHH's proposal) in March 1830. Sir William Jackson Hooker (1785–1865), director of Kew Gardens, was regius professor of botany at Glasgow from 1820 to 1841.

4. Stafford Augustus O'Brien (1811–57), a close friend of Milnes, matriculated at Trinity at Michaelmas 1829 (M.A. 1832), and was M.P. from 1841 to 1847.

5. See letter 59 n. 6. William Frere's wife, Mary Dillingham (1775–1864), considered the best nonprofessional singer in England, established a salon in the

Master's Lodge at Downing College and arranged private theatricals in the hall. On 8 November 1829, Milnes wrote to his mother that "Mrs. Frere sung last night to me; her voice in the low notes is still good—in the high a complete scream" (Houghton papers).

6. See letter 56 n. 10.

7. "Kassandra" was written in 1802, "Die Blumen" in 1781; AHH published his translation of the latter, together with two other translations from Schiller—"Das Mädchen aus der Fremde" (1796) and "Die Teilung der Erde" (1795)—in *Poems;* see *Writings,* pp. 308–11.

8. The specific work by Conte Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803), Italian dramatist, is unidentified; late in December 1830, Tennant, at AHH's request, sent AT three volumes of Alfieri from AHH's rooms at Cambridge (accompanying letter in MS. Materials, 1:180–81). In his "Remarks" on Gabriele Rossetti's *Disquisizioni* (letter 178 n. 6), AHH disputes the "extravagant admiration" of Alfieri among contemporary Italians: "never did a man set up for a poet with so small a capital as Alfieri. There is some poetic material in his 'Life;' but none that we could ever discover in his plays. How much poetic genius indeed can we suppose a man to possess, who writes a drama in French prose in order to translate it into the verse of his own language!" (note *gg,* p. 75).

82a. FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

MS: Trinity

[Oxford.] [20 November 1829.]

My dear Hallam,

I really hope that you will make your appearance. It would be singularly magnificent particularly as there is going to be war in Heaven afterwards. The Sporting magazine and his angels are going to fight and the Princes of cant and their angels and I trust on Friday morning to be able to finish the quotation with and prevailed not. Though I have no doubt that we shall have a push for it.[1] I send you part of my introduction to "the First Poet." I hope you will like it though I am not altogether without some fear of your nonapproval.

> Oh To have walked in glory then, and breathed
> The breath of those Elysian airs which lived along
> The Wooded banks of that Assyrian stream
> Euphrates, whose soft fountain fed the groves
> Of Eden, ere the meteoric steel
> Waved high in viewless hands, to sevenfold wrath
> Was kindled by the breath of God, to concentrate
> Upon those fertile fields continuous heat
> Of Wasting flames, and fill the air with death.
> Yet Even then though deep the fall of man
> Magnificent was earth; Our wearied sun
> Profuse of Paradisal splendour, stood
> Rejoicing in his strength, our vacant moon
> Smiled like a living Spirit, every Star
> Glowed vividly, an angel's Throne, and moved
> Sublime in unrelaxing love; the earth
> Went bounding through the spacious universe
> In Primal exultation; and the sea
> Virgin as yet of storm and Death, rolled on

Resistless in her native energies;
No Ship profaned her bosom, no pale slave
Kneeling with white and parched lips, invoked
The Nameless God of ocean, or presumed
Hoping his worthless life, to deprecate
The revel of her roaving waves: Ay then
Erect in patriarchal majesty
The sons of Adam shone, nor needed they
The meteor lamp of cold Philosophy
To pour her narrow fire upon the span
That bounds our human insight; while around
The Overhanging mysteries of heaven
And earth—the vast and wondrous mind of man—
The brooding prescence of Eternity
Which feeds the universal air, with life
And love and harmony—And every truth
Most subtile and sublime is clothed in gloom
More fearfully, and frowns in black relief
Upon the edge of that unstable flame.
No—in those days the soul of man was led
To virtue by the sense of holiest awe:
For then the voices of the highest floated down
From the supernal throne, Thrilling with fear
The voiceless empyrean as they passed.
Then earthly eyes were not unvisited
By essences of heaven, and some there were
Upon Whose human vision, from above
Robed in the thunder of his power, there fell
A shadow from the secret form of God.[2]

Be severe if you please as severe as is consistent with Justice because I am new to blank verse and wish to have my particular faults pointed out as also I am at present anxious to know whether that light which I gazed upon in my youth was really the rising sun or only a reflection in the western horizon. The cause of Shelley prospereth. I quoted a Stanza in a letter to my father; the answer was Pray send me the names of Shelley's best poems distinctly written that I may get them immediately. A man to whom I had lent the Cenci told me the only

thing he disliked was having been obliged to read it at two sittings and the Might of Gladstone is a convert.[3] Do you think this would do for a finis to my speech: after praising him fiercely to say; but I [will] not stain his immortality by predicting it in any [langu]age but his own

Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity.[4]

<I believe you will find the books all right.>

Farewell

F H Doyle.

Addressed to A. H. Hallam esqre / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 20 November 1829

1. On 26 November 1829, AHH, Sunderland, and Milnes came over from Cambridge to support Doyle's motion in the Oxford Union that Shelley was a better poet than Byron. (Cardinal) Manning's speech carried the debate in favor of Byron 90–33, but, as Gaskell wrote to Farr on 8 December 1829, "Both parties cheered loudly, as both were quite satisfied with the result" (Rylands). The most extensive, authoritative, and amusing account of the debate appears in *Reminiscences*, pp. 108–13, where Doyle epitomized Manning's argument: "Byron is a great poet, we have all of us read Byron; but . . . if Shelley had been a great poet, we should have read him also; but we none of us have done so. Therefore Shelley is not a great poet—*à fortiori* he is not so great a poet as Byron. *In hanc sententiam*, an immense majority of the Union went *pedibus*" (pp. 112–13). See also Milnes's 5 December 1829 letter to his mother and his 1866 account (Wemyss Reid, 1:78; 2:162–63), and Blakesley's 24 January 1830 letter to Trench: "[Sunderland, Milnes, and Hallam procured] to themselves the reputation of atheists. Howbeit, they gained some converts, and spread the knowledge of the poet; so that some *illuminati* of the sister university, who at first took him for Shenstone, and then for 'the man that drives the black ponies in Hyde Park,' at last went away in the belief 'that he was a man whom Lord Byron *patronized*, and who was drowned a few years ago' " (*Trench*, 1:50).

According to Gladstone, "Sunderland was the only one of the Cambridge men who made a *great* speech. But then he was a born orator. Arthur Hallam spoke very clearly and nicely, but it was a different thing altogether. And the same of Monckton Milnes" (Hamer, "Conversation Notes," p. 65). Pope-Hennessy—who notes that

"The occasion was memorable for bringing together for the first time a number of men destined to mould the character of Victorian England" (1:24)—states that Milnes had obtained Christopher Wordsworth's sanction for the journey by telling him only that the Cambridge men were to speak against Byron, thus letting the master of Trinity assume that they were to support his brother, William.

The motion to take the *Sporting Magazine* (begun in 1792) into the Oxford Union had been narrowly defeated (with Doyle, Gaskell, and Hanmer supporting, Gladstone opposing); as Gladstone wrote to Farr on 17 November 1829, interest in its reconsideration was likely to shorten the Byron/Shelley debate: "All the hunting men who will make their appearance in the room on that occasion, many probably for the first time, will listen I should think with little interest and less patience to a discussion so abstract as it is likely to be" (*Autob.*, p. 211). The *Magazine* carried 65-58 (*D*, 1:270); the Cambridge visitors apparently did not participate in this "private business."

2. Doyle's lines are apparently unpublished.

3. Gladstone began reading Shelley on 9 November 1829 with "Alastor"—"wh is astonishing"—and had finished *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci* (first published in England in 1821) before the 26 November debate. He returned to Shelley frequently thereafter, and on 5 November 1830 composed a poem on him (*D*, 1:267–68; 328 n. 5).

4. "Adonais," lines 7–9. Doyle did not participate in the debate.

83. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

Text: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript

Trinity College, Cambridge. Dec. 12 [?] 1829.[1]

Dear Robertson,

Shame upon me! for I see the date of your last letter is October 20th. You will find however on coming to Cambridge how near impossibility it is to keep up a vigorous correspondence even with one's best friends. Whether I am idle or busy, I never can tune my mind to the epistolary key—indeed any pursuit requiring calmness and ease of mind along with diligence, I would rather undertake in any part of the globe than at Cambridge. Perhaps I am judging of others empirically by my own case; and the fault may be deep in my own temper. So we will postpone the question for a year's time. This odious place has been less odious to me this term than before, yet I fear I have purchased my increase of pleasurable excitement by a diminution of thoughtful habits, and energies. And why not say at once you have been abominably idle, without such absurd periphrases, will be your question; I truly think, I must answer with Shakespeare (is it not?) "True 'tis, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."[2] A little metaphysics—a little modern poetry rather less ancient, and a minimum of mathematics have passed into my mind since I last wrote; whether they have been digested, or went out as soon as they came in, I cannot determine, so I had rather not guess. By the bye part of the first division of the aforesaid small mass of knowledge has been some chapters in Brown's Philosophy of the Human mind which I heard Mr. Glasgow one day recommend in such high terms of approbation. As far as I have yet read, he appears to me to be an original thinker, and elegant writer, tho' somewhat too diffuse, and too fond by far of quoting Akenside.[3] I take him to be the most akin by far to the Germans, of all the Scotch brood—in Philosophy. I have been making way in that divine language of late, and if I can but bring myself to apply systematically to it, I doubt not to walk crowned with the glory of Goethe or even with the rays of gloom that dart from

forth the cavernal throne of Immanuel Kant, before I meet you on the fairy banks of Rhine next summer. I have now every possible inducement to fulfil my original design of going to Germany; the expectations you gave me in your last, were quite new to my hopes, and very delightful. I hope some of my Cambridge friends will be there with me—two or three have almost promised.[4] If that promise is kept, I shall have the pleasure of bringing you acquainted with Milnes—the witty, frank, light-humored Milnes, whose temper was never yet ruffled nor his sauciness abashed, but in whose uniform kindliness of feeling one forgets the extravaganzas of his always random conversation, which however is less superficial than at first hearing it seems.[5] If that promise is kept, you will see Leighton,[6] who within the first half hour will kill you dead with laughing at his jokes, and in course of the next, will laugh you into a second existence, destined to the same doom, yet who himself is a food [?] for wasting melancholy. If that promise is kept Tennant[7] shall know you—the calm earnest searcher after Truth—who sat for months at the feet of Coleridge, and impowered his own mind with some of those tones, from the world of mystery, the only real world, of which to these latter days Coleridge has been almost the only interpreter. Tennyson I know will not be there; but him you will know at Trinity, when you come up: I forgot whether I showed you his beautiful poem, which was this year dis-honored by a Cambridge Prize. All these bright anticipations may be knocked on the head a thousand ways; but whatever fails me, I trust your coming hither next year will not fail me. By the bye two Scotchmen are freshmen of this year whom I think you must know, or at least, have heard of. Their names are Monteith and Garden, and they lived in Dr. Hooker's house at Glasgow for a long time. By a singular chance Monteith the youngest, is Uncle to Garden the eldest! Both are very clever, and very agreeable men. No difficulty was made about your lodgings; you are quite free. I must now take more particular notice of your last letter, or you will never forgive me. Accept all possible sympathies from me on the subject of your love and may your Emma never give you cause (sighs) to utter such a moan as Schiller uttered for *his* Emma:

Kann der Liebe süss Verlangen,
Emma, Kann's vergänglich seyn?
Was dahin ist und vergangen

Emma, Kann's die Liebe seyn?
Ihrer Flamme Himmelsglut,
Stirbt sie, wie ein irdisch Gut?

Alas! my dear fellow, if you really are in love, I wish you joy, and I envy you. I feel as if not only the feeling, but the capacity of that feeling is gone by for me:

O! dass sie ewig Grünen bliebe
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe![8]

The world may laugh at its own morbid will but I have a deep knowledge that there is no period in that great cycle of feelings, which most of us must *run through*, so happy in its very sorrows—so invigorating in its very despair! Most languages nowadays confound under the same term, that wonderful and beautiful affection of which I speak, with that less intense, but more calmly great and more divinely good sympathy, for which *Benevolence* and *Charity* are terms too inadequate; which comprehend the living and the mute, the Creature and the Creator, in the same effulgence of transcendent energies. For confusing the name, when the things are different, we are wrong; yet even this error points to their connection, and to remind us, that fair as individual Love is in itself, it is fairer for the vistas it opens out into our intellectual and moral destinies and for the trust we may thereby acquire in the undefeated aspirations of humanity. I never knew how to think till I had loved—nor can anyone love, in that other, and extensive sense of the word I have alluded to till he has first thought. There is a short passage at the end of your letter, which I am fearful how to answer. Had I written to your Sister expressly, I could have said but what I did say. I should have found it difficult to have been more thankful and more earnest, in the use of the second person than I have been in the use of the third. Is she dissatisfied with anything I have advanced? I am open to castigation, and the same scourge is in her hand, which I crouched to before. But I feel too strongly my own unworthiness to reply otherwise than I have done.[9] I understand you have passed through Florence where the Wintours are residing. If so, pray write me word concerning their welfare, and prospects. Let me know also how Rome smiles on you this season, whether you have made any new acquaintance, and if so, whom? And of what kind—what adventures happened to you by the

way—though indeed you are all now so practised in knight errantry, that anything short of a leg or neck broken would barely seem an adventure. My long proposed letter to Pifferi recedes, I fear, like the Ithaca in Tele.[10] as I continue my course. However, "Raccomanda mi a lui, come ta dei"[11] and tell him that when I publish my Libricciuolo of Poems he shall have a copy. Remember me to all your circle and

Believe me
Ever yours affect:ly

A H Hallam.

1. The transcript of the letter is dated alternatively 12 and 18 December 1829.

2. *Hamlet*, 2. 2. 97–98.

3. Thomas Brown (1778–1820) was the last of the Scottish school of metaphysicians; his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* (4 vols.) and *Sketch of a System of Philosophy of the Human Mind*, part 1, were published posthumously in 1820. Immensely popular at the time, he was later criticized for his derivativeness. Mark Akenside (1721–70), poet and physician, published *Pleasures of the Imagination* in 1744.

4. See letter 79 n. 3. AHH's manner of introducing his friends ("You will see") follows Shelley's *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, lines 196–253.

5. As Milnes's 11 February 1830 letter to his parents shows, AHH was not alone in remarking on his friend's flightiness: "Prof. Smyth has been sitting with me . . . & advising me to go to North America—he says a winter at New York wd. do me an immensity of good among those dull fact-bound men—I must beg leave to differ from him" (Houghton papers).

6. David Hillcoat Leighton (1806–79) matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was ordained deacon in 1832, and became rector of Worlingham, Suffolk. Leighton was Senior Grecian at Christ's Hospital school in 1826, where Coleridge knew him: "He will be a sound Clergyman, and a worthy Successor to the late Bishop of Calcutta, whom he much resembles in his person & manners" (*Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. Earl L. Griggs [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971], 5:491). On 15 January 1830, Blakesley wrote to AT that Tennant was considering proposing Leighton as an Apostle: "I like the man much as a good-hearted and agreeable companion, but do not think that he has sufficient earnestness to make one of a body which I hope and trust will do much for the world. I had much rather from what I have seen of them have Monteith or Garden, especially the latter" (*Materials*, 1:84–85).

7. Robert John Tennant (1809–42), who matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A. 1831), was elected to the Apostles in November 1828, and proposed AHH for

membership on 9 May 1829. Later an Anglican minister in Florence, Tennant married Mariquita, who after his death kept the House of Mercy at Clewer, Windsor, where Gladstone sent prostitutes for rehabilitation (see *D*, 3:xlv and 316 n. 6). As Senior Grecian at Christ's Hospital school in 1829 (after Leighton), Tennant knew Coleridge personally; see Coleridge's *Letters*, 6:618–19, 647. Ellen Hallam's notebooks of her brother's poetry contain an unpublished sonnet to Tennant, dated 1831, exhorting both Tennant and AHH himself to fulfill "that holy task / To which our souls are called." Other hortatory poems addressed to Tennant by AHH and AT appear in *Writings*, pp. 77–78, and *Ricks*, pp. 282–83, respectively. On 9 August 1839, Henry Hallam wrote to Sir Francis Palgrave, who was about to leave for Florence: "Introduce yourself to Mr. Tennant, the English Chaplain who was a very near friend of Arthur—he is a little uncouth in manners, but an excellent man & good scholar—as poor I believe as a *church mouse* (which is symbolically a curate or other small functionary) usually is" (property in 1936 of Miss G. F. Palgrave).

8. "An Emma" (1796), lines 13–18; "Das Lied von der Glocke" (1799), lines 78–79, both by Schiller.

9. See letter 79 n. 8.

10. Perhaps the *Telemachy*, or first four books of the *Odyssey*. But AHH's abbreviation (or perhaps a faulty transcript) may refer to the lost 6th century B.C. continuation of the *Odyssey*, the *Telegonia* by Eugammon of Cyrene; or to the didactic romance by François de Salignac de La Mothe-Fénelon (1651–1715), *Télémaque* (1699).

11. "Recommend me to him, as from yourself"; see letter 81 n. 5.

84. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

67 Wimpole St. Saturday [9 January 1830].

My dear Milnes,

I had intended returning to the place of tombs yesterday, and desired Pickering about a week since to tell you so, but was taken with a vehement attack of the Arch Fiend Bile, who holds me even now in durance.[1] However I hope to see you Monday next about halltime. I am in ill cue for writing, and shall with your permission (or rather without it) make you pay for this very barren announcement of my purposes. Of Bowood I shall have sundry things to say, when we meet: at present I am dumb.[2] Doyle has been in town, and I have introduced him to Blakesley, & Spedding[3] who take much to him; as well they may—there is no more delightful animal on the face of this earth. I have struck up an acquaintance with Donne—a very nice lion, who roars much to my taste. Only conceive his being in love with an adorable creature, who wrote out all The Revolt with her own hands!![4] This puts me in mind of the divine Fanny: I have seen her Juliet; I hurl my father's opinion to the dogs, and worship that even more than the other. I mean to live in her idea.[5] Have you seen Coleridge's new book? If not, take the following extract, chew it well, and tell me what it means Monday.

"Without the vegetive life, or productivity, the second power, that of total and locomotion, commonly but most infelicitously called irritability could not exist i.e. manifest its being: Productivity is the necessary antecedent of irritability, & in like manner irritability of sensibility. But it is no less true that in the idea of each power the lower derives its intelligibility from the higher. Thus the specific character of Sensibility is found to be the general character of life, & supplies the only insight into the possibility of the first & lowest power. Indeed evolution as contradistinguished from apposition or superinduction ab aliunde is implied in the conception of Life; and is

that which essentially differences a living fibre from a thread of Asbestos, the Floscule, or any other of the moving fairy shapes of animalcular life from the frost-plumes on a windowpane."[6]

Goodbye, and believe me

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 9 January 1830

1. See Coleridge, "The Destiny of Nations," lines 176–77: "she had lived / In this bad World, as in a place of Tombs." An account of AHH's activities immediately prior to this letter, and his response to Fanny Kemble, appear in my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson," *Review of English Studies* 28 (1977): 32–48. On 10 January 1830, Pickering wrote to Gladstone: "Hallam has not returned, & I cannot think the reason: as he took his place, when I was with him in Town, & ought to have been here last Thursday" (B.L.). AHH plays on the traditional phrase "in durance vile."

2. AHH and his father were at Lansdowne's estate circa 4–7 January 1830; see Thomas Moore's *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence*, ed. Lord John Russell (London, 1854), 6:103.

3. James Spedding (1808–81) matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A. 1831), was elected to the Apostles in 1828, won the declamation prize in 1830 and Members' prizes in 1831 and 1832; he edited Bacon's *Works* and *Life and Letters*, reviewed AT's *Poems* (1842) in the *Edinburgh Review* (1843), and contributed a critical essay to Charles Tennyson's *Collected Sonnets, Old and New* (1898). His elder brother, Edward Spedding (d. 1832), evidently never attended college. See *Friends*, pp. 393–437.

On 24 January 1830, Blakesley wrote to Trench that he had been introduced to two of AHH's Christ Church friends: "Doyle is a very clever man, and will, I think, do much good. Gaskell I also like much. He is certainly not brilliant; but, I think, is unprejudiced, and will do something for the great cause" (*Trench*, 1:49). In his 15 January 1830 letter to AT, Blakesley wrote that "Hallam has gone back to Cam: He was not well while he was in London, moreover he was submitting himself publically [to the influences of the outer world more than (I think) a man of his genius ought to do"] (MS. Materials, 1:85: but the bracketed section has been added by Hallam Tennyson, after obliterating the original words).

4. William Bodham Donne (1809–82) matriculated at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1825, was elected to the Apostles before 1828, but did not graduate owing to reservations about the religious tests. He married his cousin, Catherine Johnson

Hewitt, on 15 November 1830, succeeded Kemble as Examiner of Stage Plays, 1857–74, and published works on classical and modern literature. As Donne's 23 October 1833 letter to Trench makes clear, this was his only meeting with AHH: "I had fondly hoped, some day, to have renewed and increast my brief acquaintance with him, which, personally, had been but for an hour or two at most. Hallam had not come to Cambridge until just before I went away. I have never been there since: and only when visiting James Spedding in London in '29, have I ever been in company with him" (Miss Johnson). Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* was first published as *Laon and Cythna* in 1818; AHH's copy, presented to Alford, was the latter's wedding gift to his wife (Alford, *Poetical Works* [London, 1865], p. 131).

5. Frances Anne (Fanny) Kemble (1809–93), daughter of Charles and Maria Theresa Kemble, sister of John Mitchell, was educated in France, and made her stage debut at Covent Garden on 5 October 1829 as Juliet, with her father as Mercutio and mother as Lady Capulet; she appeared as Belvidera in Otway's *Venice Preserved* on 9 December 1829, and in a variety of roles in subsequent months. Her performances were so successful that the theater was able to pay its £13,000 debt. During the following season (1831–32), she played Lady Macbeth, Portia, Beatrice, and Constance. Fanny left England for an American tour in August 1833; she married Pierce Butler, a southern planter, in 1834 (they were divorced in 1848) and returned to England in 1847 to repeat her performance as Juliet.

AHH's enthusiasm was shared both by older literary men, including Rogers, Macaulay, and John Wilson (who compared her favorably to her aunt, Mrs. Siddons), and his contemporaries. In late October or November 1829, Milnes described her Juliet to his mother: "She seemed too good for Romeo—her execution of the last scene was as original as simple & sublime—no tossing about & dragging & convulsions. She came forward on one knee, drove the dagger into her heart with the calmest look of desperation—gave a look of deep agony, turned her head round with a smile of triumphant defiance, bounded up as with a tremendous convulsion & fell flat on her back—the impression was quite awful" (Houghton papers). Kinglake characterized her acting as indescribable: "[It] differs, not in degree but in *kind*, from that of every actress I have ever seen. She seems like one of Shakespeare's women rather than anything else. Her *Juliet* is certainly not the *Juliet* of the poet, for in our cold climate that will never be adequately represented; but while you see her in it, you can fancy that she is a sister of Juliet and Imogen" (24 January 1830 letter to Trench; *Trench*, 1:48–49). Late in December 1829, AHH and Doyle saw Fanny Kemble act Belvidera: "Hallam had an opera glass which whenever I asked for it he presented to me with a damn as deep as a paviours and went raving home to write two sonnets about her. When I go back to town I expect to see about a dozen more. As for me I was exceedingly moderate and tranquill as I merely wished to shoot Mr. Ward, who was acting Jaffier upon the spot" (B.L.). The two sonnets are (apparently) "How is't for every glance" and "To an Admired Lady" (*Writings*, pp. 83 and 52 respectively).

6. Excerpted, with omissions, from "Appendix" to Coleridge's *On the Constitution of Church and State*, published December 1829.

85. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trin. Coll. Sunday [7 March 1830].

My very dear Poppet,

Your small grey eyes have, I do not doubt, been twinkling every day as the post came in with an expectation, not realised in a hurry, of receiving a letter to your most important, beautiful, and quizzical self. Your letter to me contained a shocking, but, luckily for my conscience, an audaciously false imputation, that I never take the trouble to write to you. Now I solemnly protest, calling Harry and Julia to witness, that whenever you write to me, the inevitable consequence always has proved to be my sending a moderately amusing, and brotherly answer. The fact being so, I am lost in amazement at your singular coolness in adducing the abovementioned charge. I begin to entertain strong fears, that Mr. Law[1] (after the fashion of his countrymen, who, as every good Englishman knows, are sad darkeners of counsel), has mystified you to such an extent that things in particular have for you no reality, and not being able to see my readiness to write in the light of the Idea you wisely conclude that it has no existence. Depend upon it however, that Mr. Law is wrong, and you are wrong, and I am right; the logical proof of which Shakespeare has admirably expressed in this line, "For a quart of ale is a dish for a king!" If you cannot see how this line proves anything to the purpose, I am particularly sorry for you; and my reason is that "the rain it raineth every day."[2] I am not mad, sweet Nell; only I had a visit last night from the Genius of Drollery, a squat, pugnosed, squinting little deity, whose countenance, as I gazed on him with mingled awe, and exhilaration, changed suddenly (conceive my horror!) into the face of Harry! I screamed, and awoke, and found it was a dream; but the effects thereof are still manifest in the composure of this letter, nor can you blame me for following an impulse which is not only the humour of the time, but even an

inspiration from the Funny Powers. It suddenly occurs to me however, that your serene, imperial Nellship will chafe, and rage properly, if I take no notice of its own thickly written billetdoux. Now the fact being that I don't know where the said billet is, what apology shall I make? I remember being much pleased when I read it: will that do? No, she frowns. I thought the handwriting excellent. Oh, she takes that to be an insult to her style. But I thought the style superb. Now she relaxes to a grin, and the chuckle comes in her throat, and the grey eyes twinkle. That will do. I had intended to say something else, especially about Milnes on whose character you are so pert, but I find myself prevented from adding more, so now "O Ellen fair, beyond compare,"[3] I sign myself

Ever your darling & your brother,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Eleanor Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 7 March 1830

1. Edmund Law (1703–87), disciple and editor of Locke, published *Enquiry into the Ideas of Space and Time* in 1734. AHH alludes to Job 38:2: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel."

2. *Winter's Tale*, 4. 3. 8; *Twelfth Night*, 5. 1. 381.

3. "Fair Helen of Kirconnell," part 2, line 21; published in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802).

86. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 150–53

Trinity College, Cambridge. [7–21] March, 1830.

My dear Gaskell,

I received your letter just as I had made up a parcel for Doyle, and shall answer it, of course, by the same conveyance. I respect, admire, and love the sentiments you express; never, never have I done otherwise than felt the greatest reverence for your strength of affectionate disposition, and I hope I honour it the more because I am humiliated by it. Yet, perhaps, you are too angry. You speak to me as to one perjured, and refer to a certain engagement. Now you cannot suppose I meant to promise that my feelings should always subsist as they might be then; for the thing was not in my power; will has no jurisdiction over it. I might as well have sworn never to die. You assert roundly, "the feeling is worth nothing unless prolonged." Now it is hardly fair thus to judge of another's mind, avowedly in a different state from your own, since your feelings "have been prolonged." That I had much in that blessed time of pure and earnest feeling, I am quite sure; you may say, if you will, the soil was too corrupt for such flowers to blow in long, therefore they have withered and left no perfume. This would be severe, but it would contain at least the truth. You call me "inconsistent," because I wrote certain verses expressive of my joy when I heard of the probable return of the Wintours, whereas now I ask how the return of the former will advantage me. This statement of itself suggests half my answer; but consider, moreover, that I then expected they might come to live near Cambridge, whereas now I have no hope of renewing our intercourse.[1] Remember too that I wrote then as a poet, from the first impulse of joyous knowledge; and I write now as a man chilled by the survey of reality, unstrung by the consciousness of inward evil. But "the unkindest cut of all"[2] is your mention of her illness in a reproachful tone at the end of your letter, as if this melancholy circumstance tinged with a darker criminality

the weakness of my temperament. You tell me nothing farther, as though you thought me unworthy the hearing. Yet, believe me, Gaskell, heaven knows I have little to boast of in the way of moral firmness; yet were I again to see her, live near her, often converse with her, the effects on my mind might, for aught I know, be as strong and vivid as on your own. The whole matter resolves itself into this: I am one of strong passions, irresolute purposes, vacillating opinions. I feel not within me that strength of soul by which the distant in place and time become as present; I may look to the past, I may love the past, but it is the past still. I do very solemnly entreat you, Gaskell, not to let distrust come between us; I believe I know you well, it is not my fault if you know not me. Pray tell me more in your next, especially from whom you received your intelligence. I am so busy just now, after a term spent in utter idleness, that you must let me leave off here. I heard of your illness some days before I heard from Doyle, and was much alarmed; but I am very glad you are so far recovered.[3] Let me hear very soon how you are going on. I fear seeing you this Easter is out of the question.

Affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

P.S. Would you be so good as to desire your Scout, or my old friend James, to take the enclosed parcel to its address?[4]

1. See letter 75 n. 1. Anna Wintour's residence in England in 1830 is unknown.
2. *Julius Caesar*, 3. 2. 183.
3. Gaskell was ill during most of March 1830 (see *D*, 1:287–91).
4. James and Gaskell's Scout are unidentified.

87. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

Text: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript

Trinity College. Cambridge. March 14th. 1830.

My dear Robertson,

I was much frightened two days ago by hearing that a plague, or something horrible of that description, had broken out in the neighbourhood of Rome—I hope to God this is not true.[1] The report however will have had this good effect, that my conscience has been roused to recollection how ill I treat your kind and pleasant letters, in leaving you whole months without an answer. I trust to your good nature yet, that you will return good for evil. I assure you I want much to hear of you and I protest against the supposition that I do not think of you very often, for all my slackness of correspondence. Have you been well? Has your Sister been well? These are the two great points. Next comes my wish to hear all your pleasant thoughts, and your sad thoughts for some time past—as many at least, as may fill three thick written pages—all you have been doing, or seeing or hearing, and what your plans and expectations are. Have you still in view that Rhine, that "Herr so gross und fein" as the old song calls him?[2] Or are sweet visions of the sunny France floating before you, bringing up the long-ranged vineyard, the hill slope, or the green lizard sleeping, or feigning sleep on the white wall or (better still) the Provencal dance in the cool still of evening, broken only by fierce crashing melody, from a thousand cicalas, who sit perched up among the leaves—and entertain there a most profound disrespect for men, women, and children, and all worldly follies? I should like to be a cicala: let stupid fools (stumpfers in the expressive German) like Mr. Bailey, wish to be a butterfly![3] Give me rather that luxury of leafy life, that plentitude of animalcular self complacency, that brotherhood in the exertion of song! But alas! "There's something dark doth all existence wrap!"[4] My theory of happiness is knocked on the head in an instant, for I just remember with what gusto little birds crunch

away these, their lesser competitors in music. No! I daresay cicalas are very uncomfortable sort of people after all. I will not be a cicala, till I know more of their private history. This is a digression, as unpardonable as any in Rabelais or Cervantes: what I was about to say before this fancy of chirping insects ran away with me, was that I hope much to see you in the summer, wherever you may be. But I am not so far master of my designs as to feel certain of it. I question whether my Father may not be obstinate against my leaving England this year—but I shall do battle gallantly for so good a cause, and if I prevail intend being very happy at Bonn, Heidelberg or such like fine place. I am promised an introduction to the principal Burschen Clubs, in which I will drink beer, and clash swords for fatherland with as good a grace as one so green in the business my pluck up for the nonce. A friend of mine has lately returned from Deutschlands, and made me rather mad by singing the patriotic songs of our brethren on the other side of the sea.[5] I can conceive nothing equal to the delight and Schwärmerei of hearing Körner's[6] divine war melodies hurled forth from eight hundred voices on the plain of Jena, an event, thank Heaven, which is now a matter of history. The mischief is that all this enthusiasm goes no whit further, and most Germans while singing the Glory of freedom are content to know themselves slaves. The friend of whom I spoke is earnest in reproof of their national character, as compared with our own. He says the station women hold in society is degraded, and what more need be said to damn a people utterly. But as he is a man of less calm judgment than honest feeling, I make some allowance for over charge in the statement and mean to see with my own eyes.[7] Come what will there must ever be communion of heart between an Englishman and German, [more] than we can have with any other people on the face of the Globe. Their literature has of late mightily and nobly influenced our own.[8] They almost vindicate to themselves our Shakespeare, less understood by any than Schlegel and Tieck.[9] Let a man go further back and, taking up the English translation of the Bible then think of Luther, the greatest Northern mind that ever shone. To turn darkness into light—is there no marriage of spirit there? Let us go back further still, read our glorious old ballads along with the Nibelungen Lied—or let him ponder over the republican spirit which makes us properly Englishmen—and straightway the old Saxon forests will ring out a witness to our primeval and inviolate alliance.

"We must be free indeed, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake—The faith and morals hold
That Milton held! in everything we are come
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."[10]

Very divinely has Wordsworth spoken this, for the essence of Freedom never abode, nor can abide in governments which are forms: it is cooped in no positive institution or code, but with a manifestation as universal as the sea, or gliding air; it breathes through the habit of a nation's mind, giving a soul of good to their pastime and their worship, their household occupations, their language, and their art. Especially by this last is the strength of a nation to be measured, for without moral energy, no poetic energy can exist—and they alone are free in whom the moral nature preserves its ascendancy. I wish I could write a letter without prosing—but it seems to be bred and born with me. Do you know anything of a young Englishman named Trench now at Rome, a most excellent creature and right poetical. If you should fall in his way, make much of him; he is a pearl indeed—"one of the richest of the deep."[11] By the bye I believe there are two brothers—but the man I mean you will easily discern by his solemn voice and large beaming eyes, and fine head. The mention of Trench brings naturally to my mind two poets, whom he adores, and whose ashes lie together in the Protestant burial ground. Do you ever visit the graves of Shelley and Keats? If I were again to see Rome, I would live many hours on that spot.[12] Their melancholy story is to me the most interesting thing in these latter days. If you are not already familiar with their works (and I doubt you are not) lose no time till you have repaired your defect. I see Galignani, that great benefactor to the human species, has just published an edition in one Volume of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley. There has been a volume of Wordsworth before.[13] The man who possesses these two has an inestimable treasure; truly "The price of wisdom is above rubies."[14] I suppose you will have much to tell me of the amusements of the Eternal City. I should like a detailed account of all factions, bickerings, and scandals—what new lunes may have seized Lady Westmoreland,[15] and how much may be increased [. . . .] the affectations of Lady Northampton. I really think that considering you are at Rome and I at Cambridge, you might have written to me oftener. Things are much too stupid here to pack them or dispatch to such a distance! I am the

idle of the idlest—and the utmost I do is to read German by fits and starts—very vigourously. My existence however is greatly bettered by the arrival of Kemble, the friend whom I mentioned, from Germany. One of his songs makes me feel capable of a terrible quantity of fine things, so that blowing out my brains is by no means so favorite a thought as it became two or three months ago. I have not heard from Gaskell a long while: but the other day I heard to my sorrow that he has been seriously ill.[16] The absurd report I alluded to in the first line of my letter, has been satisfactorily contradicted while I have been writing it. Pray let me know how you are in health and whether your Sister is well, has been well and intends to be well. Does she long for home as much as ever? or have you found new friends this winter, more powerful to make you all forget Scotland, than *we* "the old familiar faces?"[17] Remember me very kindly to each and all of your party—also to Pifferi and believe me always

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

1. On 13 March 1830, Milnes wrote to his father (then in Italy): " We have just heard of the plague in Rome. Trench is there—I wish you would tell me the last news" (Houghton papers). The apparently false report may have been an early rumor of the cholera epidemic in Europe by 1832.

2. Unidentified.

3. "Stumpfer" was a favorite term of contempt among the Apostles. Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1839), miscellaneous writer, was author of the immensely popular song "I'd be a butterfly."

4. Unidentified; possibly AHH's version of Shelley, "Mont Blanc," lines 27–29: "the strange sleep / Which when the voices of the desert fail / Wraps all in its own deep eternity."

5. See letter 83 n. 4. On 10 April 1830, Milnes wrote to his parents that "I fear Hallam will not go abroad at all"; a month earlier, he noted that "Kemble's return has quite broken up the German party" (Houghton papers). See also Milnes's description of student life in Bonn in his 14 July 1830 letter to his sister (Wemyss Reid, 1:98–99).

6. Karl Theodor Körner (1791–1813), German poet, dramatist, and patriot, was killed in the Napoleonic wars.

7. On 2 May 1830, Blakesley wrote to Donne that "Kemble has brought more enthusiasm than good taste with him from Germany, and is somewhat of a stumbling block to the Neophytes" (Miss Johnson).

8. In his 23 November 1829 letter to Trench, Donne decried the German influence: "I have lamented the obvious tendency towards imitation of German thought and style, which our present best writers seem disposed to encourage . . . in critical metaphysics and the pursuit of the beautiful and the secondary true—that is, truth represented either to the outward sense or the inward spirit—why should we seek beyond ourselves as contained and reflected from our spiritual ancestry?" (Miss Johnson).

9. Probably August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767–1845)—or possibly his brother Friedrich (1772–1829)—and Ludwig Tieck (1773–1853), German men of letters. AHH published a translation of Tieck's "Wie lieb und hold ist Frühlingsleben" in *Poems*; see *Writings*, pp. 312–13.

10. Wordsworth's "It is not to be thought of that the Flood," lines 11–14.

11. Shelley, *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, line 232. Francis Chenevix Trench (1805–86), who matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1824 (B.A. 1834), became rector of Islip, Oxfordshire, and published miscellaneous theological and literary works.

12. Trench described his "pilgrimage" to the tombs in his 18 February 1830 letter to Donne (*Trench*, 1:52). AHH's "Two Sonnets, Purporting to be Written in the Protestant Burial-Ground at Rome by Moonlight" on Keats and Shelley were published in *Poems*; see letter 59 n. 10.

13. See letter 74 n. 4; *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* was published in Paris in 1828.

14. Job 28:18.

15. See letter 45 n. 2. Priscilla Anne Wellesley-Pole (1793–1879), artist, married John Fane (1784–1859), eleventh earl of Westmorland, in 1811.

16. See letter 86 n. 3.

17. Title of poem by Charles Lamb.

88. TO JOSEPH WILLIAMS BLAKESLEY

MS: Mrs. C. G. Chenevix-Trench

Somersby Rectory. Spilsby. Tuesday [13 April 1830].

My dear Blakesley,

You have been surprised perhaps at my not writing, and will be still more so to hear that I am not about to return for the Scholarship.[1] The weather has been playing the devil with my upper chamber, and my life here has been one of so much excitement and enjoyment, that I could hardly expect mere temperance of outward living should secure me from illness. How I am to get through the summer, "the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,"[2] only knows. If I die I hope to be buried here: for never in my life, I think, have I loved a place more. I feel a new element of being within me—don't laugh—and if my past follies and reckless life have not clipped my wings, I trust soon to—fly over the moon, unless indeed I tumble into it in the shape of a lunatic. You are perhaps by this time disposed to think the catastrophe is past praying for, and in truth I do feel rather mad at times here—but Wallawaw! (as Tennant has it) sanity after all is a dull, old woman, very plain, and very *blue*. "But what the deuce have you been doing" must be the question your dialectical soul is putting me all the while. I can hardly tell you: I have floated along a delicious dream of music and poetry and riding and dancing and greenwood-dinners and ladies' conversation till I have been simply exhaled into Paradise, spiritually speaking, while my "dull brain" by "perplexing and retarding,"[3] or (to adopt Kemble's method of misquotation in order to come nearer truth), by throbbing and swelling and reeling, takes upon it the odious office of reminding me that I am dust. I heard the other day from Spedding, who was in London—poor fellow! and professed his intention of returning to you on Friday. He had shewn Charles's book to a young lady, who told somebody else he had brought her a strange book all about kissing the ladies![4] This moves my bile immensely. Gracious God! what an amalgamate of Mephi-

stophilisms that London society is! If the angel of the Lord appeared to Coleridge, as in the olden time to Abraham, and threatened fire and brimstone to this new Gomorrah, are there ten, think you, whom "the hooded eagle" could fix upon to avert the storm of death by their righteousness[5]—Possibly at Snowhill or Whitechapel such might be found, but in the Westend, within the sweep of the whirlpool, hardly, hardly! Spedding suggests that as Charles's line about "finches & thrushes" is abused by everybody, he had better to stop the mouths of the cavillers add a note to the next edition, "it is a wellknown fact in natural history that finches and thrushes never build in the same nest!" Rather a splendid scoff—but woe to those who revile the line—on their foreheads through a burning eternity "Stumpf"[6] shall be pecked out by the indignant bills of legioned and immortal finches!! I shall return about the beginning of next week, and expect to be very miserable all next term. The damnable part of me now is that I cannot be happy without forecasting unhappiness: there is a cold speck on the heart, even when it glows with enjoyment. Recommend me to the prayers of the Church—I me[an] <that in Cambr> the Apostolic,[7] not the Catholic and specially impart my friendly greeting [to] Kemble and Tennant, who I suppose are still with you. Wishing you a happy issue out of your Scholarship troubles, I am

Faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P.S. I wish you could send a line to say what day we must return. Alfred and Charles desire affectionate remembrances.

Addressed to J. Blakesley Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.

1. This was almost certainly AHH's first visit to Somersby; see my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson" (letter 84 n. 1). Cambridge Lent term ended on 2 April, Easter term began 21 April 1830. Blakesley had despaired of gaining a scholarship at Corpus

Christi, and had therefore migrated to Trinity in March 1830, where, as Tennant predicted, he was more successful: "Blakesley is going to trouble us with his presence at Trinity: I speak seriously when I say *trouble*, for I am afraid he stands a better chance of a Fellowship than is pleasant for a rival to think of" (19 March 1830 letter to Donne, Miss Johnson).

2. Charles Dibdin, "Poor Jack": "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, / To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

3. See Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale," line 34.

4. Charles Tennyson's *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* (published in March 1830); AHH refers to sonnet 2 ("When lovers' lips from kissing disunite") and, below, to sonnet 42 ("His was a chamber"), lines 12–13: "And ringing all with thrushes on the left, / And finches on the right."

5. See Shelley's description of Coleridge in *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, lines 202–8:

> —he who sits obscure
> In the exceeding lustre and the pure
> Intense irradiation of a mind,
> Which, with its own internal lightning blind,
> Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
> A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
> A hooded eagle among blinking owls.—

6. See letter 87 n. 3.

7. For "The Cambridge Conversazione Society" or "Apostles," founded in 1820, see CT, pp. 67–74 (Sir Charles was a member), and *Merivale*, pp. 80–81, which notes that their name was initially applied "by the envious and jeering vulgar, but to which we presumed that we had a legitimate claim, and gladly accepted." With the exception of Frederick and Charles Tennyson, and Brookfield, virtually all of AHH's close Cambridge friends were members. AHH was elected on 9 May 1829, upon the proposal of Tennant, and became an honorary member on 10 December 1831. In his *Life of Sir James FitzJames Stephen* (1895), Leslie Stephen noted that "the very existence of this body was scarcely known to the University at large; and its members held reticence to be a point of honour" (p. 100); this was apparently not true during AHH's membership, however. On 19 November 1829, Farr (not a member) wrote to Gladstone that Pickering had become an Apostle—"there goes his reading"—and in his 10 January 1830 letter to Gladstone, Pickering commented on the composition of the Society: "Our meetings are very interesting & delightful. It is perhaps in some degree unlucky that there are scarcely any in it, who read for Cambridge honours; however this makes the Society a source of greater interest to those, who don't, & benefits those, who do. . . . I should not think that Gaskell should like it, as it leaves no room for 'Mr. Peel' &c." (B.L.). See also Peter Allen, *The Cambridge Apostles: The Early Years* (Cambridge: At the University Press, 1978).

89. TO WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

MS: William D. Paden

Trin. Coll. Monday [31 May 1830].

My dear Donne,

I incline to hope that in respect of my being an Apostle, and a friend of some of your best friends, you will pardon the liberty I take in sending you a little book, which I have just committed the sin of printing, and was on the verge of committing the greater sin of publishing.[1] You will find in it, I believe, little or no poetry, but here and there perhaps some halfdeveloped elements of poetic thought, which, if the sun shine, and the dews fall, may come hereafter to maturity. I hope in a short time to have the much greater pleasure of sending you a volume of Lyrical poems by Alfred Tennyson, of whom you cannot but have heard from Blakesley and others, and whose genius, I do not doubt, you will admire as fervently as we do. Friendship certainly plays sad pranks with one's judgement in these matters; yet I think if I hated Alfred Tennyson as much as I love him, I could hardly help revering his imagination with just the same reverence. The book will be small; but did not Samson slay some thousand Philistines with a jawbone? and what hinders but a little 12 mo. of a hundred & fifty pages may in the hand of a right and true spirit do the Lord's work against the Philistines of this viperous generation?[2] His brother's Sonnets you have seen, I am told; and I rejoice much that you like them: but Charles, though he burns and shines, is a lesser light than Alfred.[3] I do not understand from Spedding that you are likely to be in town any part of next month: if you were, I know few things that would give me more pleasure than the opportunity which would thereby be afforded me of improving my acquaintance with you.[4] Meanwhile I trust you will excuse my plaguing you with this note, and will believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. B. Donne, Esq. / Mattishall.

1. See letter 81 n. 5. Donne's copy of AHH's *Poems*, now in the B.L., is inscribed "W. Donne from the Author, May 26th., 1830"; see Motter, "Hallam's *Poems* of 1830: A Census of Copies," *PBSA* 35 (1941): 277–80.

2. See Judges 15:15; Matthew 12:34.

3. See John 5:35–36. Spedding had sent Donne a copy of *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* on 20 March 1830. On 29 April 1830, Donne wrote to Trench that Charles Tennyson "has published a little volume of sonnets of great beauty. His imagination is of the right mould—a strong graft on Wordsworth, and a fine outgrowth of healthy feelings; but he wants your fine moral sensibility to the force and integrity of single words" (*Trench*, 1:61). By 10 October 1830, as he wrote to Kemble, Donne had read AT's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*: "I think him promising—but in the energy & impression of thought very inferior to Trench. . . . I have a much more lively sympathy with Trench's inward moral configuration, and with his intensity of apprehension than with the lighter and more superficial imagination of the Tennysons, or the too superficial and philosophic fancy of Hallam" (Miss Johnson).

4. See letter 84 n. 4.

90. TO MRS. GEORGE CLAYTON TENNYSON[1]

MS: TRC

[London.] [20–30 June 1830.]

My dear Madam,

As I have at last the pleasure of sending to Alfred his longexpected book, I take this opportunity of begging that you will accept from me a copy of some poems, which I originally intended to have published in the same volume <with his>.[2] To this joint publication, as a sort of seal of our friendship, I had long looked forward with a delight which, I believe, was noway selfish. But there are reasons which have obliged me to change my intention, and withdraw my own share of the work from the press.[3] One of these was the growing conviction of the exceeding crudeness of style, and in parts morbidness of feeling, which characterised all my earlier attempts; and I should consequently be unwilling to offer you anything so imperfect, did I not know that you would see them in the possession of Alfred & Charles, and as I cannot preclude the chance of their being read, it is better at least that I secure you one pleasure in looking at them, that of considering this volume as a token of sincere gratitude for all the kindness which I experienced at Somersby.[4] Should you ever cast your eye over these verses, I trust you will bear in mind, that they were written at different periods, mostly to give vent to peculiar and transitory states of feeling, which were very often by no means poetical.

But I have little reason to apprehend your wasting much time over that book, when I send you along with it such a treasure in your son's poetry. He is a true and thorough Poet, if ever there was one; and, though I fear his book is far too good to be popular, yet I have full faith that he has thrown out sparks that will kindle somewhere, and will vivify young, generous hearts, in the days that are coming, to a clearer perception of what is beautiful, and good. No labour on my part shall be wanting to bring his volume into general notice.[5]

Meanwhile there is nothing I regret more, than my inability to enjoy the reading of it with you all at Somersby. I am afraid it is quite impossible for me to accept your very kind invitation before my leaving England early in next month. I earnestly hope Alfred & Frederic will be able to join me then; I think nothing will do the former especially so much good as travelling awhile.[6] Later in the summer, or in the beginning of autumn I yet cherish the hope that I may visit Somersby, should it then be equally agreeable to you. But at all events, my dear Madam, rest assured, that I can allow nothing unconnected with my duty ever to stand in the way of so great a pleasure, as that visit must be to me. I beg to be kindly remembered to all your family, none of whom, I am rejoiced to hear, are in ill health, in spite of all the vicissitudes that have been changing & counter-changing "the summervault of leaden weather."[7]

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,

A H Hallam.

P.S. Will you remember me also to Miss Tong, & say to her from me that in these days of prophecy she will assuredly bear no small part, inasmuch as the first part of her cardpredicting to me squared excellently well with the event on my arrival at Cambridge? I shall certainly consult her henceforward, whenever I wish to be destinywise: indeed part of her former oracle still lies dark in the future.[8]

Addressed to Mrs. Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.

1. Elizabeth Fytche (1781–1865), daughter of Rev. Stephen Fytche, vicar of Louth, married (Dr.) George Clayton Tennyson in 1805; they settled at Somersby Rectory, where her husband was rector from 1806 to 1831. All of their eleven surviving children, except Frederick (who was born at Louth), were born at Somersby. Accounts of Elizabeth Tennyson's character appear in *Memoir*, CT, and *Tennyson*.

Since Dr. Tennyson was in Europe from May 1829 to July 1830, on a tour designed to separate him from his family (see *Tennyson*, pp. 22–26), AHH had not yet met him.

2. AT obviously had not received his copy of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* when he wrote on 18 June 1830 to Effingham Wilson, the London publisher, requesting him "to disseminate it immediately, as everybody is leaving Town."

3. See letter 81 n. 5.

4. See letter 88.

5. On 9 May 1830, Tennant wrote to Donne that both Charles and AT would "want some helping hand in the reviews & other authorised guides of the public taste: if you have any snug corner in any of the said poetometers I recommend you to write a notice if not a full & critical review" (Miss Johnson). The first half of AHH's 1831 *Englishman's Magazine* review of AT's book supports Wordsworth's contention that "immediate or rapid popularity [is] not the test of poetry" and asserts that AT's "participation in [Keats's and Shelley's] characteristic excellencies is sufficient to secure him a share in their unpopularity" (pp. 616, 621).

6. On 15 June 1830, Charles Tennyson wrote to Frere that "if Fredk. & Alfred do go into France, it will not be before the very end of this month or the beginning of next, & I am not going at all" (TRC). AHH and AT left England for the Pyrenees on 2 July 1830.

7. See AT's "Dualisms" (published in 1830), lines 17–18: "Like, unlike, they roam together / Under a summervault of golden weather."

8. Although her prophecy remains dark, the oracle is identified in Emily Tennyson's 18 April 1835 letter to Ellen Hallam: "Miss Tonge our old music mistress came to spend the day with us last Thursday; she possesses a superior mind, has much feeling, and is altogether a very nice person, & being a great florist, thou mayst suppose that she was very busy with Mary the greatest part of the morning in the garden" (Trinity).

90a. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM *[draft]*

MS: British Library

[Oxford.] [22 June 1830.]

I have been for some time divided between the fear of an intrusion, and <unwillingness> desire that you should <suppose> not have reason to believe me regardless of your kindness in sending me your book.[1] <As it is, I fear a selfish motive has prompt> Though you may have been surprised at not hearing from me, yet I trust you will believe <unwillingness to write> has not been the cause of my silence hitherto. As it is I fear a selfish motive has had some share in prompting me to send this letter; for the main object of praise which neither does nor ought to claim any value for itself, too often <is unwisely> in all probability will be, to vindicate him <self> who utters it from the supposition of insensibility to what is high and good. Be that as it may I wish to thank you heartily for sending me a book in which there is so much to admire: and what is more than that, in which there is so much to instruct and to elevate. <I do not speak of any points in wh. I am unable to enter into your views, for it is more pleasant to dwell upon those where I in common with many may sympathize admire without attacking.> I am more particularly delighted with the development of your "imperial truth" and your views of Nature in all its parts and all its laws as the mirror of man: of its Father as our Father & its God as our God.[2]

With reference to writing I do not know what to say. Perhaps I had better not to speak at all, for believe me I have neither the intention nor the desire to give you the smallest pain: <Only this> Pity <sacrifice> alone <to self> will I <make> sacrifice to self much—do not suppose <me> that I am silent because <I am> indifferent.

"For as I gaze old visions of delight
That died with th' hour their parent

There mind is now on loves grown cold
On friendships falling slow away[3]

Had not an occasion been brought to me I need have said nothing—but it has come unsought. Now that it has come I shall not let it pass neglected. <You> I shall use it only to beg you not to communicate to me heights & depths to which I am unequal, nor to enter into commerce when there is nothing to return: for this I have not the smallest <grain> title to expect: but in any hour when the sunshine of your soul is dimmed and even the poorest may offer something, then to remember me.

Again and again let me assure you that my only purpose (I trust) in touching on this painful subject which recalls so many images like the mournful memory of a song once "very pleasant" or a dream that returns not is to intreat you if ever you should be reduced to such destitution as to have need of intercourse with such as me, not to shun it because the interval has been long and the heart grows cold in spite of itself and its long but unaided strivings. Be assured that I do indeed and from the bottom of my soul believe I have no right to complain of the cessation of intercourse: None: I never had a right to the enjoyment of it: that was a gift, unmerited, <and> perhaps unappreciated: I am far from repining because the Giver has withdrawn it in order to bring me to what is nearer my own level & therefore doubtless less [. . . .] to my mind. May God bless you with light the highest of all blessings save one: and may he crown it with that one—love.

<I remain affectionately>

Whether I have written wisely or not, I cannot tell: I have written truly.

That I much regret not having heard from you it would be vain to deny: at the same time let me assure you that I do not conceive I ever was properly qualified for intercourse with you—therefore it was not my legitimate possession—therefore I have no right to desire its restitution—these deductions are all <plain> alike obvious and certain. But my reason for introducing them is to subjoin the expression of my ardent hope that <I may if > any day shall come to dim the Sunshine of your intellect and heart, you will then remember

me as one desirous according to his ability of being your friend. Meantime May God bless you.

1. Gladstone "received & read a good deal of Hallam's Poems" on 19 May (his copy is at Hawarden Castle); on 22 June 1830 he "wrote & wrote over a letter to Hallam" (*D*, 1:304; 309). On 11 April 1830, Thomas Gladstone wrote to his brother Robertson: "From what William says, Hallam must have got a strong bias towards free thinking—He sees a great change in him for the worse since he left Eton" (St. Deiniol's). But perhaps the immediate cause of Gladstone's response is AHH's sonnet, "To A. T." dated May 1829 (*Writings*, pp. 45–46):

> Oh, last in time, but worthy to be first
> Of friends in rank, had not the father of good
> On my early spring one perfect gem bestowed,
> A friend, with whom to share the best and worst.
> Him will I shut close to my heart for aye.
> There's not a fibre quivers there, but is
> His own, his heritage for woe, or bliss.
> Thou would'st not have me such a charge betray.
> Surely, if I be knit in brotherhood
> So tender to that chief of all my love,
> With thee I shall not loyalty eschew.
> And well I ween not time with ill or good
> Shall thine affection e'er from mine remove,
> Thou yearner for all fair things, and all true.

Clearly, the bosom friend of AHH's youth is not Gladstone (as Motter's note suggests) but Gaskell. On 2 June 1830, Gladstone wrote to Farr that AHH's poems "I think display uncommon talent though with one or two quite *minor* faults if I may be permitted to say so, of taste"; a month later, on 5 July, he wrote again that "Hallam's poems are not indeed in every place comprehensible, at least not to me, but I do not think it would be fair to call them obscure and I do think that they have uncommon merit" (*Autob.*, pp. 215, 217).

2. See AHH's "Meditative Fragments. III" (*Writings*, pp. 33–34), lines 29–31:

> And thence may man learn an imperial truth,
> That duty is the being of the soul,
> And in that form alone can freedom move.

3. AHH's "Meditative Fragments. II" (*Writings*, pp. 44–45), lines 16–17, and "On My Sister's Birth-Day. Written at Callander, Near Loch Katrine," dated 3 August 1829 (*Writings*, pp. 58–61), lines 33–34; the latter quotation begins "Their mind."

91. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

67 Wimpole St. Thursday Eveng. [24 June 1830.]

My dear Gladstone,

I read the latter part of the letter which I received this morning, with much sorrow. I am somewhat surprised, but more grieved, that you should consider the state of our intercourse requires the tone you have taken. I have always found you a true friend, and have always wished to prove the same to you. Never, since the time when I first knew you, have I ceased to love & respect your character. Never will anything breathed from your heart be unwelcome to mine. Never most assuredly (unless I be altogether changed) will I arrogate to myself "a level" above the interchange of human sympathies, on any fancied ground of intellectual superiority. I am utterly unworthy of the admiring sentiments you express; every day brings me stronger evidence of my own weakness & hollowness: but so far as it is a token of your affection, I thank you heartily for your praise. The wishes with which you close your letter deserve a deeper acknowledgement in the grateful silence of the heart. I am not without the hope (and this alone has power to cheer me in the weariness of this life) that one day the conflicting elements of my mind may settle into a calm, & I may fulfil the aim of my being in a clear harmony of action. In that day it will be my proudest <reflection> thought, that I may thenceforward act worthily of their affection, who, like yourself, have influenced my mind for good in the earliest season of <his> its development. Circumstance, my dear Gladstone, has indeed separated our paths, but it never can do away with what has been. The stamp of each of our minds is on the other. Many a habit of thought in each is modified, many a feeling is associated, which never would have existed in that combination had it not been for the old familiar days, when we lived together. I am aware that your letter points to something more. It speaks with affectionate regret of the intermission

of that familiarity. Now if you mean that such intercourse as we had at Eton is not likely again to fall to our lot, this is undoubtedly a stern truth. But if you intimate that I have ceased, or may cease to interest myself in your happiness, indeed, Gladstone, you are mistaken, however culpably I may have behaved in neglecting to give you an outward sign of it by letterwriting. I am grown, to be sure, a very careless & wilful correspondent, but it is rather a cruel inference that therefore I shou[ld] consider the letters of an old friend as "intrusive." With regard to the poems, I am glad you find anything in them to like; for my own part I have very much outgrown my parental partiality, and they are very discordant with my present views of what poetry ought to be. However I value them as the record of several states of my mind, which may all be comprehended in a cycle out of which I fancy I am passing. I have today seen Rogers, who tells me amongst other things that you know Maurice.[1] I know nothing better suited to a letter of somewhat a serious kind than an exhortation to cultivate an acquaintance, which, from all I have heard, must be invaluable. I do not myself know Maurice, but I know well many whom he has known, & whom he has moulded like a second Nature, and these too men eminent for intellectual power, to whom the presence of a commanding spirit would in all other cases be a signal rath[er] for rivalry than reverential acknowledgement. [The] effect which he has produced on the minds of ma[ny] at Cambridge by the single creation of that society, the Apostles (for the spirit though not the form *was* created by him), is far greater than I can dare to calculate, & will be felt both directly & indirectly in the age that is before us. By the bye, I hope you will buy & read Alfred Tennyson's poe[ms.] Any bookseller will get them for you: they are published by Effingham Wilson.[2] I am sure you will perceive their extraordinary merit. I leave England for Nor[mandy] in a few days; where I shall be on my return is quite uncertain. I shall possibly be at Oxford at the commencement of the October term. A letter addressed to Wimpole St. will always find me out; I shall not however conclude you never think of me, even if you never write.[3] Wherever you are & whatever you do, may God ever bless you is the prayer of

Your old & attached friend

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Ch. Ch. / Oxford.
P/M 25 June 1830

1. John Frederick Denison Maurice (1805–72), who had matriculated at Trinity in 1823, edited the *Athenaeum* (with Sterling) in 1829, matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1829 (B.A. 1831), and was a founding member of the Oxford Essay Society (begun by Gladstone on the model of the Apostles). Maurice became professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge and was one of the leaders of the Broad Church movement. Gladstone had known him since February 1830 (*D*, 1:283), and spent much time with him during 1830–31; AHH apparently never met him.

2. Gladstone "received [from AHH?] and began to read Tennyson's Poems" on 14 July 1830 (*D*, 1:312). Effingham Wilson (1783–1868) was a bookseller and publisher with radical connections; AT's *1830* volume was one of his first publications.

3. AHH again saw Gladstone 9–15 June 1831, when he and Frederick Tennyson came over to Oxford from Cambridge (*D*, 1:363–64); writing on 17 October 1831 to congratulate Gaskell on his twenty-first birthday, Gladstone sent his love to AHH (Gaskell papers). While visiting Cambridge in late December 1831, Gladstone met several times with AHH, who "invited a renewal of our correspondence—to my *very* great joy. I ought to be very thankful for it" (*D*, 1:397–99; entry for 19 December 1831).

92. TO CHARLES TENNYSON

MS: Yale

Dublin. Sunday [12 September 1830].

My dear Charles,

I had a short time ago the great pleasure, and I must say the very rare pleasure, of receiving two letters from you, written indeed at different dates, but reaching me within fortyeight hours of each other. You are the most unsatisfactory, and provoking correspondent I ever had to deal with; Alfred is enraged that you say nothing of his father's disposition towards himself in the character of prodigal son,[1] taking French leave to go to France; I am enraged at you for many reasons, but I am weak enough to care for you still, and to be somewhat more glad at hearing you and yours are well, than angry at your unpardonable behavior. Alfred will not have me send this letter by the post, in order forsooth that he may produce a poetical effect by appearing improviso at Somersby. My maxims of conduct are extremely different; I confess to an avaricious appetite for the sight of sympathies excited, necks stretched out, and butlers looking round the corner, not to mention a wellaired bed, and a providently augmented dinner.

I send your brother back, much better, I think, in bodily health, than when he left you, although of course when asked the question he will deny it stoutly, and somewhat strengthened in heart, I hope, by the scenes he has been witnessing. For myself, I return much as I went, satisfied at the thought of having done my duty by the cause in which I was engaged,[2] pleased at the prospect of living awhile with my family, and experiencing that quiet way of existence to which for some months I have been a stranger, but afraid that with that existence I needs must resume its perplexities and apprehensions. Paying a visit to Somersby, my dear Charles, is completely out of the question, and I fear for some time. My father's letters have been more & more urgent for my return, nor can I flatter myself that I shall again get leave of absence, until earned by one or two vacations domes-

tically spent amidst smoke & coteries. Had I returned to England as I at first intended before the end of last month, it might have been otherwise; but as soon as the intervention of higher claims than traveller's pleasure made such a return impossible, I saw that the sacrifice of an expectation, which I had fostered with delight, became part of what my duty required. Whatever may become of me henceforward, one portion of my destiny is doomed, and sealed; I have felt the possibility of happiness; two intense points of light gleam through the obscure and baseless regions of the past; one is the sunny season of my Italian youth, the other is the far shorter, yet more vivid, because unforeseen period, and more complete, in so far as sad experience had taught me to comprehend my bliss, the period of three weeks, which I lived at Somersby.

I have heard nothing of Frederic for some time; far from finding him at Bagneres, as we had hoped, we found a letter, cool almost to effrontery, desiring us to hasten after him on a wildgoose chase to Paris.[3] Not being at all disposed to such absurdity in our mutual state of fatigue, and Alfred's of actual indisposition (for he had been detained ten days by a fever at Montpellier), we remained at Cauterets, and recruited our strength with precipitous defiles, jagged mountain tops, forests of solemn pine, travelled by dewy clouds, and encircling lawns of the greenest freshness, waters, in all shapes, and all powers, from the clear runnel bubbling down over our mountain paths at intervals, to the blue little lake whose deep, cold waters are fed eternally from neighbouring glaciers, and the impetuous cataract, fraying its way over black, beetling rocks, which seemed as if ages had been necessary to make them yield a passage to the element now so overwhelming, and so lavish of its triumphant strength.[4] On the eighth of this month we left Bordeaux in a steampacket for Dublin, in which city we arrived this morning, after a voyage, not long, but sufficiently rough. The usual annoyances of sickness were somewhat relieved by the lucky accident of pleasant companions, and one, or two fine, starry nights I enjoyed on deck, with certain agreeable samples of womankind, as old buck would have called them, who sang songs, played games, & talked & acted with that more relaxed and more pleasant freedom of society, which is usual in seavoyages.[5] In the presence of that awful element human beings forget the colder maxims of convention, which may be suitable enough between the

four walls of a drawingroom. Worse than the traveller from Dan to Beersheba,[6] anathematised of old is the man, who in full presence of Nature's Godhead, shrouds himself in the anchoritism of the fashionable world, and feels not his heart glow with a more kindly warmth towards his fellowbeings, equally capacious with himself of affection & joy, equally yearning for some point at which their spirits may be at rest, but equally weak too, equally creatures of an hour, equally shamed into atomic helplessness before the immutable laws of physical existence.

But I am beginning to talk nonsense, and it is well that I should end my letter. Your philosophical indifference respecting the affairs in which I have been engaged seems to be so exalted, that probably anything I could tell you on that subject would hardly modify your yawning. However you may care to know that Trench is in Spain; whether Kemble is, or not, I am not certain.[7] All things, I believe, are well; but little seems to be actually done: all the rumours of which the newspapers are full I hereby give you full authority to pronounce lies, and the more circumstantial they seem, why the better lies, but lies still. The French journalists talk as if they know much; but they are blind leading the blind; some of the English know more, but do not talk at all. However a day or two must, if my latest accounts be correct, bring decisive intelligence. I now leave you to your usual state of indolent satisfaction expecting nevertheless that ere long you will break it to write once more to one who is always overpleased to see the Somersby postmark. Send me [poems and] such gear, if such you have; as for me I have not touched a pen to paper for months, & feel as though I could never write another line. Have you heard from Tennant? He never answers my letters by any chance. And remember me to all about you.

Affect:ly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to C. Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.

1. See letter 90 nn. 1 and 6. George Clayton Tennyson (1778–1831), eldest son of George Clayton (later of Bayon's Manor) and Mary Turner, attended St. John's College, Cambridge; he was called "Dr. Tennyson" after obtaining an LL.D. in 1813. He was ordained in 1801, and became rector of Somersby and Bag Enderby in 1806, after his father had determined that his younger brother, Charles Tennyson [later d'Eyncourt] should inherit the major part of the Tennyson estate. See CT and *Tennyson* for accounts of his character and family difficulties.

2. For accounts of the participation of the Apostles in Spanish revolutionary activities, see letters following; *Trench*, 1:65–109; accounts in *Memoir* (1:51–54), CT (93–96), and Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*; and A. J. Sambrook, "Cambridge Apostles at a Spanish Tragedy," *English Miscellany* 16 (1965): 183–94. On 27 July 1830, Charles Tennyson wrote to Frere that he had just heard from AHH: "he complains rather of the heat & says Alfd. is delighted with his journey, tho' regretting the impermanence of his impressions in the hurry of travel" (Yale). This is probably the source of the quotation ascribed to AHH in *Cambridge Apostles*, p. 132: "Alfred was only troubled to think he could not keep in his mind the vivid impressions he got of people, scenery and atmosphere." In his 11 September 1830 letter to Spedding, Charles Tennyson perhaps redeems his character as a correspondent: "Hallam's last letter was dated from Cauterets, Dept. des hautes Pyrennees, but from what he there intimated of return about this time, it wd. be foolish in you to hazard your good things in an Epistle directed thither. The said Hallam or one of his fellow travellers, it should seem, wrote a letter to Tennant . . . [who] informed me that he had received a communication from 'Les administrateurs de la Poste' adverting him of a letter wh. had taken up its abode at Perp:n on account of its not being paid to the Water. What news it contained 'no one dreameth' " (TRC).

3. Frederick was totally uninvolved in the Spanish cause, and apparently took the opportunity to compensate himself for his father's year-long tour. Bagnères is a small resort in the French Pyrenees.

4. Note similar descriptions in AT's "In the Valley of the Cauteretz" and "Oenone" (especially lines 203–15), part of which was written during this trip (*Ricks*, p. 384).

5. See *Memories*, pp. 84–86, where Rawnsley reprints two sketches (originals at Trinity) made by John Harden, an amateur artist, of AHH, AT, and Robertson. Mrs. Jessy Harden, the artist's wife, and his two daughters, Jane and Jessie, together with a cousin (?) of Robertson, Robert Glasgow, also appear. A letter to Rawnsley from Mrs. Jessie Clay, née Harden, describes the meeting: "In the summer of 1830 my father, mother, and sister, with myself, spent the summer in the Pyrenees, and started from Bordeaux on the 8th of September in the steamer 'Leeds' for Dublin. Our fellow-passengers were four gentlemen—two of them Mr. Robertson, of Glasgow, and his cousin, of whom we knew something through my mother's relatives, and two others, who were none other than Mr. Tennyson and his friend Mr. Hallam. The weather was fine, and we were sitting on deck. Mr. Hallam was a very interesting, delicate-looking young man, and we saw nothing of him the first day; he was in the saloon. The second day was warm, and he came on deck, and kindly read to us some of Scott's novels, which had recently been published in one volume. We were all much charmed with our group of fellow-passengers. In my father's original pencil sketch Mr. Tennyson had a large cape, a tall hat, and a very decided nose" (*Memories*, pp. 85–86).

According to Mrs. Clay's grandson, she told Rawnsley that "she did not wonder that Tennyson was not thought of as being an Englishman in the Pyrenees, and that she never saw a more Spanish-looking man in her life" (A. S. Clay to Motter, 12 December 1969; Princeton). Mr. Clay also quotes (in the same letter) a passage from Jessy Harden's account of the voyage (in her private journal): "found the Boat very commodious and clean beds and we suffered very little from sickness although several of the passengers were obliged to keep their beds all the time—spent the 9th., 10th., and 11th. as pleasantly as things could be at sea and arrived in Dublin on Sunday the 12th. at 7 after a passage of 95 hours. . . . Mr. Glasgow dined with us and we were joined in the Evening by Messrs. Halham, Tellison and Haynes Higginson. Thursday, 16th. Went to the Lectures in the morning and again in the Evening with Messrs. Robertson & Glasgow who dined with us" (which perhaps suggests that AHH and AT had left Dublin by this time). A third brief account from the diary of Jane Sophia Barker (née Harden) is excerpted in K. J. Cable's "Mrs. Barker and her Diary," *Journal of the Royal Australian Historical Society* 54 (1968): 67–105. Cable points out that the two sketches are "the only surviving pictures to show together Tennyson and the man whose tribute was to be *In Memoriam*" (p. 71). The Harden journals are now in the National Library of Scotland.

6. See Judges 20:1 (etc.) and Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*, ed. Gardner D. Stout (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), pp. 115–16.

7. Kemble left England shortly after AHH, Trench "with the main body" on 11 July 1830. In his 11 September 1830 letter to Spedding, Charles Tennyson noted that "Kemble is said to be at Gibraltar. Trench either on the way thither or arrived, and Hallam expressed some apprehensions on the score of their Safety" (TRC).

93. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Hallam Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Forest House, Leyton, Essex. October 4, 1830.

I am sorry, dear Alfred, that I have left your note so long unanswered; but I don't doubt you have found already that to return to one's native land is to throw oneself into the jaws of all kinds of importunate people, from creditors upwards or downwards, who leave one no time for pleasant things. Yet this excuse lies arrantly, I discover upon second thoughts. I am living here in a very pleasant place, an old country mansion, in the depths of the Forest,[1] with cedars in the garden, the seed of which is vouched to have been brought from Lebanon, and a billiardtable within doors, by dint of which I demolish time pretty well. I have been studious too, partly after my fashion, and partly after my father; i.e. I read six books of Herodotus with him, <to do him> and I take occasional plunges into David Hartley, and Buhle's Philosophie Moderne for my own gratification.[2]

I cannot find that my adventures have produced quite the favourable impression on my father's mind that his letter gave me to expect. I don't mean that he blames me at all; but his old notions about the University begin to revive, and he does not seem quite to comprehend that after helping to revolutionize kingdoms, one is still less inclined than before to trouble one's head about scholarships, degree, and such gear. Sometimes I sigh to be again in the ferment of minds, and stir of events, which is now the portion of other countries.[3] I wish I could be useful; but to be a fly on that great wheel would be something.

Spanish affairs, you will have seen by the papers, go on slowly, not therefore, I trust, less surely; but I wish something was done. Sterling has had little direct news for awhile, and Perina[4] never wrote to me. Kemble and Trench have been heard of through a letter from the latter to Blakesley. He was well and in sanguine mood. Mrs. and Miss Kemble[5] are in London, but I dare not go near them. Sterling has been

unwell, and is going to be married. I am glad he does not go out of the Apostolic family, for his lady is to be Susan Barton,[6] of whom you may often have heard Blakesley rave. I had a letter from Spedding the other day, full of pleasant scoffs. I found one on my return from Leighton, dated two months ago, and extolling your book above sun, moon, and stars: I have written to him, but as he has not answered, he has probably quitted Upfield Lodge. I cannot make out that you have been reviewed anywhere, but I have seen no magazines, and a letter from Garden, also of very old date, gives hope of Blackwood.[7] Effingham of course I shun as I would "whipping to death, pressing, and hanging." Moxon very civilly sent me two copies of Lamb's Album verses, one for you: the book is weak as water.[8]

What think you of Belgium? The opinion of everybody here seems against them; yet I cannot well conceive their present resolution, and increasing unanimity, unless the grounds of their aversion to the Dutch were stronger than it is the fashion to represent them. At all events, now blood has flowed in torrents, all union is rendered impracticable.[9] The chances of a general war in Europe are great; the iniquitous prudence of the Allied Wolves, who struck the Lion down, has guaranteed the possession of Belgium to the Dutch crown, and should the insurgents, as is very likely, declare they never can submit to the government of a Thing who has made war upon them, the inevitable consequence will be that the Prussians will interfere to preserve the sanctity of the guarantee, and the French to maintain the principle, that the allegiance of a people depends on its consent, not on the autocratic transfer of another power. 'Twas a very pretty little revolution in Saxony, and a respectable one at Brunswick.[10]

I am surprised you have not heard of Frederic; have you not written to the Hotel de Lille? You really ought, for he may be in distress, and Templeton has very likely left Paris.[11] I beg your pardon for this stupid note, and rest in expectation of your promised letter, which I hope will explain your intentions for the future, and the details of things as they are at Somersby. Remember me most kindly to your mother and sisters, and tell Charles to write.

Affectionately yours,

A. H. H.

1. Forest House in Waltham Forest was the home of Samuel Bosanquet (1744–1806), governor of the Bank of England, and his sons, friends of the Hallams.

2. David Hartley (1705–57), philosopher who propounded the doctrine of association, strongly influenced Coleridge; AHH's essay "On Sympathy," almost certainly delivered at the Apostles' 4 December 1830 meeting, was based on Hartley's ideas. See Helen Pearce, "Homage to Arthur Henry Hallam," in *The Image of the Work: Essays in Criticism*, ed. B. H. Lehman (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1955), pp. 113–33. Johann Gottlieb Gerhard Buhle (1763–1821), philosopher and historian, published *Geschichte der neuern Philosophie seit der Epoche der Wiederherstellung der Wissenschaft* (1800–1804).

3. In Europe alone, 1830 saw the French Revolution, the French attack on Algiers, the Polish insurrection from Russia, increasing friction between Holland and Belgium, and uncertainty over the Greek monarchy.

4. Colonel Felipe Perena, one of the Spanish rebels, was a member of Torrijos's party. See Vicente Llorens, *Liberales y Románticos: Una Emigración Española en Inglaterra (1823–1834)* (Mexico City, 1954), p. 97 n. 38.

5. Maria Theresa Kemble (1774–1838), actress, married Charles Kemble in 1806.

6. Susannah Barton (d. 1843) was the eldest daughter of a lieutenant general in the Lifeguards; her brother Charles, an Apostle, accompanied Kemble to Germany in 1830 and was involved in the Spanish cause. See *Girlhood*, pp. 293, 326.

7. As Shannon (pp. 3–5) points out, AT's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* had been reviewed (favorably) in the *Atlas* (27 June), the *Spectator* (21 August) and *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* (25 September 1830). But AHH probably hoped for some notice by this time in the literary weeklies such as the *Athenaeum* and the *Literary Gazette*, where advertisements for the book had been placed (Paden, p. 16 n. 10); neither reviewed the book. See letter 90 nn. 2 and 5, and Paden and Shannon for the efforts of the Apostles to promote AT's work, and the poor timing of its publication. See also letter 161 n. 1 for Wilson's *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* review.

8. Edward Moxon (1801–58), publisher and poet, published *The Prospect and other Poems* (1826), dedicated to Samuel Rogers, who introduced him to other men of letters. Charles Lamb (1775–1834) became his close friend in 1827—*Album Verses* (June 1830) was Moxon's first independent publication—and in 1833 Moxon married Lamb's adopted daughter, Emma Isola. AT thanked Moxon for his copy of Lamb's verses in his 13 October 1832 letter (letter 195 n. 6). Apparently Moxon continued to send AHH virtually every book he published.

9. In 1830 Belgium revolted from its union with Holland, forced upon her by the Versailles treaty of 1815. The liberal British government of Grey and Palmerston was sympathetic to her cause, but objected to its possible exploitation by the French, who had helped to instigate the revolt. In 1831 a conference of European powers agreed upon Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg as king of the first independent Belgian state.

10. Incited by the French Revolution of 1830, the states of Saxony and Brunswick revolted against their rulers, revolts that led to their abdication and the appointment of relatives as successors. Promised reforms were never realized, or were short-lived.

11. See letter 92 n. 3. Charles Templeton (1806–34), who matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1830), died in Paris.

94. TO WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

MS: Miss M. Barham Johnson

Trinity. Wednesday [3 November 1830].

My dear Donne,

I have behaved towards you so ungratefully, that I can hardly flatter myself I shall obtain a ready pardon. I dare not count the months which have now left far behind the date of your kind & courteous letter. Yet I assure you it is from no want of thankfullness for the unmerited praise expressed in it, or of pleasure at the offer of a closer mental union with one whom I have long esteemed, that my delay has proceeded.[1] Almost immediately after the receipt of your letter I went to France with Alfred Tennyson, bearing letters &c. from Torrijos[2] and Sterling to the Spanish patriots on the Pyrenean frontier: and this business, with the events that soon thronged in with so awful a rapidity, completely occupied me for the time. I returned in September, and ought certainly to have seized the first opportunity of writing to you. But I was not quite sure you were then at Mattishall: indeed in these days the presumption is always in favor of one's friends being far away, sucked into the race of some revolutionary Maelstroom. I doubt not but you, in common with us all, are very anxious concerning Kemble & Trench.[3] The chances are fearfully against them. Yet if one tenth part of the favorable intelligence which Sterling used to receive from all parts of Spain had been correct, who would not have been certain of a prosperous issue? I fear much from Kemble's rashness of temper. A man, who never could command himself in the Union society must be exposed to perpetual danger in an Insurgent Camp. Trench, who has far less of that practical, and outwardly developed power, which is never content save when realising itself in action, is less likely to come to harm. But both are in extreme danger; and suspense till the next accounts will be cruel. Alfred Tennyson has been very unwell, and it was supposed would not keep this term. However he returned last night. I will not

apologize for sending you one of the poems he has lately written, not inferior, me saltem judice, in unity of feeling, and lyrical compass of harmony, to any in his printed volume.

1

A dark Indian maiden,
  Warbling in the bloomed liana,
Stepping lightly, flowerladen,
  By the crimsoneyed anana,
Wantoning in orangegroves,
  Naked & darklimbed & gay,
Bathing in the slumbrous coves,
In the cocoashadowed coves
  Of sunbright Xaraguay.
Who was so happy as Anacaona,
  The beauty of Espagnola,
    The golden flower of Hayti?

2

All her loving childhood
  Breezes from the palm did fan her,
She was queen of the green wildwood,
  Lady of the green savannah.
All day long with laughing eyes,
  Dancing by a palmy bay,
In the wooded paradise,
The cedarwooded paradise
  Of still Xaraguay,
None were so happy as Anacaona,
  The beauty of Espagnola,
    The golden flower of Hayti.

3

In the purple island
  The mild Indian did enthrone her
Lady over wood & highland,
  The Indian queen, Anacaona;
Dancing on the blossomy plain
  To a woodland melody,

Playing with the scarlet crane,
The dragonfly & scarlet crane
  Beneath the pappaw tree,
Happy, happy was Anacaona,
  The beauty of Espagnola,
    The golden flower of Hayti.

5

The white man's white sail bringing
  To happy Hayti the newcomer,
Over the dark seamarge springing
  Floated in the silent summer.
Then she brought the guavafruit
  With her maidens to the bay,
She gave them the yucaroot,
Maizebread & the yucaroot
  Of <still> sweet Xaraguay.
Happy, happy Anacaona,
  The beauty of Espagnola,
    The golden flower of Hayti!

6

Naked without fear, moving
  To the Areyto's mellow ditty,
Waving a palmbranch, wondering, loving,
  Carolling "happy, happy Hayti!"
She gave the white men welcome all
  With her damsels by the bay,
For they were fairfaced & tall,
They were more fairfaced & tall
  Than the men of Xaraguay,
And they smiled on Anacaona,
  The beauty of Espagnola,
    The golden flower of Hayti.

7

Following her wild carol
  She led them down the pleasant places,
For they were kingly in apparel,

Loftily stepping with fair faces.
But never more upon the shore,
Dancing at the break of day,
In the deep wood no more,
By the deep sea no more,
No more in Xaraguay,
Wandered happy Anacaona,
The beauty of Espagnola,
The golden flower of Hayti.

With my usual tact for blundering I have omitted the fourth stanza in its right place. Eccolo.

4

Many an emerald flyer
Thro' the snowwhite thicket flitting
Glanced, & birds plumeflecked with fire
In the lustrous woodland sitting
Looked with bright, bright eyes across
The glooming ebony tree.
Only came the albatross,
The shadow of the albatross,
Floating down the sea.
Happy, happy was Anacaona &c.[4]

It may be as well to apprise you that the Poet swears no being, existent or possible, can read this but himself: argal, if you light upon a fault you are to presume it only subjective, in yourself. I must now bid you farewell, for I have to vindicate Rousseau this evening to a set of auditors, who are strictly orthodox, because it is the only virtue that they find requires no selfdenial, and very naturally therefore uphold it to the exclusion of all the rest.[5] I am very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. Donne Esq. / Mattishall / East Dereham / Norfolk.

1. On 1 September 1830, Donne wrote to Blakesley: "Do you correspond with Hallam? If you are near writing to him, give my kindest remembrances. I hope he had my letter or he must deem me a Gepida or loitering Goth." Blakesley responded two days later that AHH had gone towards the Spanish frontier: "[he] received a letter from you and felt much flattered" (Miss Johnson).

2. General José Maria de Torrijos y Uriarte (b. 1791), leader of the Spanish rebel group, was executed in 1831; see references in *Trench*, and characterization in Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, chap. 10.

3. See letter 92 n. 7. On 21 October 1830, Trench wrote to Donne from Gibraltar shortly before leaving for Spain; postscripts to the letter suggested an uncertain outcome. Trench wrote again from Gibraltar on 17 November announcing that only "a chink of hope" remained (*Trench*, 1:78–84).

4. "Anacaona" (see *Ricks*, pp. 283–86). AHH's version corresponds to that in the Heath MS, and may be the earliest transcription (see *Ricks*'s discussion of stanza four, p. 285); it certainly suggests that the "2nd version" of this poem in *Materials*, 4:457–59 is Hallam Tennyson's substitution.

5. In his 3 November 1830 letter to Milnes, O'Brien describes the organization of "The Fifty": "I must tell you of a new Union—Blakesley being president, which is established for the purpose of debating in a more gentlemanly manner. First thirty five members were appointed by invitation and these are to ballot for the remaining fifteen—the office of so doing comes on tonight. Colvile, Peck, Grey, Monteith, Garden, Warburton &c. were among the first party; I was invited to add my name but after much fuss with Hallam I declined doing so fancying that the Apostles disliked me—for this you will smile at me but if I am elected a member tonight I shall return the smile—the Society as originating in the set which *you belonged to* has been the butt of much merriment but it now seems likely to stand its ground—they meet in our Theatre at the Hoop and by all accounts the president looks like a fog and speaks like an east wind. Hallam is to make a grand speech tonight on Rousseau" (Houghton papers). After hearing AT read "Anacaona" and "The Hesperides," Alford also attended the first meeting: "a society for true practice in speaking culled from the Union; a very pleasing meeting; they elected Blakesley president and myself secretary, and Cameron, Hallam, and Spedding committee-men" (*Alford*, pp. 60–61). John Allen, a Cambridge contemporary, reported that Thompson and [John ?] Heath also attended this debate: "Hallam opened about Rousseau. Tennant, Colvile, Blakesley, Garden, Merivale & Farish spoke. I asked a question—poorish Debate" (diary at Trinity). Pickering's 4 December 1831 letter to Gladstone reported that the last meeting of "The Fifty" was to take place on 15 December 1831 (B.L.).

95. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:84–85

Trinity College. December 2, 1830.

My dear Trench,

I cannot let this letter go without saying one word of affectionate [greeting] to you and Kemble.[1] I heard with great joy that you were safe on the 21st. of last month, but I earnestly hope to have soon the greater pleasure of knowing you returned, and really safe in England. I had hoped and believed till the very last for the success of the noble cause for which you are struggling; but in spite of Kemble's sanguine letters, I can hope and believe no longer. The game is lost in Spain; but how much good remains to be done here! The country is in a more awful state than you can well conceive. While I write, Maddingley, or some adjoining village, is in a state of conflagration, and the sky above is coloured flame-red. This is one of a thousand such actions committed daily throughout England.[2] The laws are almost suspended; the money of foreign factions is at work with a population exasperated into reckless fury. I do not, however, apprehend a revolution, as the intelligent part of the community are tolerably united, and the present ministers seem prepared to meet the emergency. I know not whether Blakesley has told you anything about the Tennysons. Alfred went, as you know, with me to the south of France, and a wild, bustling time we had of it. I played my part as conspirator in a small way, and made friends with two or three gallant men, who have been since trying their luck with Valdes.[3] I found too many signs of that accursed jealousy which has since broken out; and a certain friend of yours was looked upon with no very amicable eyes. La Fayette I was delighted with. Kemble's anti-Gallican propensities may be damned; there is sterling stuff in that man.[4] I must bid you farewell. God of His mercy preserve you both. Pray remember me most earnestly to Kemble, and think of me as of one who sympathizes heart and soul in your cause, but who strongly doubts, or rather, altogether

disbelieves, the practicability of success, and would therefore fain have you back again in old England and old Cambridge.

1. AHH's note is added to a letter from Blakesley. See letter 94 n. 3.

2. The most complete description of the disturbances around Cambridge appears in Merivale's 3 and 4 December 1830 letters to his father:

> You will be wishing to hear of the proceedings which are going on about us, and which are assuming a more alarming character than heretofore. I suppose the account of our second great fire will be in the papers to-morrow; the place was a farm at Coton, about two miles north-west of Cambridge.
>
> For some days before there had been a strong report prevailing that a grand attack was to be directed on Cambridge, which had been pretty generally disregarded; but being in Hallam's rooms yesterday about half-past six, we heard a considerable row in the court, and, immediately after, that Trinity Lane was crowded by hundreds. Out we sallied, some half-dozen, with single-sticks and such weapons, and had just reached the great gate quite ignorant of what was going on, when on turning round we saw a general red glare hanging steady and still over the Master's Lodge. In a few minutes half Cambridge was in arms (in sticks, that is) and on the road to Coton. There was no dwelling-house burnt, but according to accounts to-day, twenty-three ricks—I should have thought more. The people for the most part appeared to me to look on with perfect carelessness: one of the engine pipes was cut also.
>
> To-day the gownsmen have set on foot a system of organization, which has not however proceeded very far yet, and chiefly contemplates an attack on the place, the report of which gains ground. For myself I utterly disbelieve anything of the sort, but if it does take place no doubt it will be accompanied with setting fire to some houses, to many of which there have been letters sent. If we are in some degree of discipline there will be less confusion. The report is not a mere undergraduate one, the Mayor having sworn in an amazing number of special constables yesterday and to-day.
>
> We had a meeting among ourselves in College this afternoon and elected six captains, of whom I am one, each of whom is to bring a troop of ten men to begin with. The system will then probably be extended. The same is going on in Trinity. Of course we are to put ourselves under the direction of the Dons, who insist very properly on no fire or steel. . . .
>
> I feel somewhat ashamed and disgusted with myself, with the idea that I may have alarmed you in a greater proportion than I was myself alarmed, by my somewhat precipitate letter of yesterday. I have been making inquiries among the tradespeople this morning, and find them apparently unanimous in the notion that the danger is chimerical. Mr. Sewell of Trinity has been sending a circular to his men to the same effect. Yesterday there was a grand meeting of the country gentry, at which they settled a plan of defence, swearing in several hundred constables, and establishing a cavalry force, and this put us on our mettle also. It

was imagined that there was a plan for a general strike for wages throughout the county, but I believe there is only one place near Cambridge (Stapleford) at which anything of the kind has taken place. For myself, who have never been in any great alarm, I am perfectly reassured. I look on with exceeding amusement at the alarms of my neighbours. Some of my friends could not go to bed last night without looking into their beds, and overhauling their trunks for fireballs and other dreadful engines which Swing [the alleged leader] is supposed to be in the habit of placing there by means of air-guns. I heard one unfortunate man exclaim "I wish to God there were open war on the Continent rather than this." I shall be very glad if the spirit our men have shown has had the effect of reassuring some of the populace and keeping down others, if it were only to balance the danger of entrusting the freshmen with bludgeons which they flourish about in a most unreasonable manner (*Merivale*, pp. 110–12).

Gladstone's 29 November 1830 letter to his sister Helen records similar disturbances at Oxford (St. Deiniol's).

3. Colonel Francisco Valdés, one of the Spanish rebels; see Llorens, pp. 74, 99–108.

4. Lafayette, then commander of the French National Guard, was in Paris during the entire summer (see *The Earlier Letters of John Stuart Mill*, ed. Francis E. Mineka [University of Toronto Press, 1963], p. 58 nn. 4–5; p. 66 n. 9); he gave his blessing to the English supporters of the Spanish rebels in July (Llorens, p. 95). On 24 January 1830, Blakesley wrote to Trench that Kemble had visited the Tyrol, "gratifying his prejudices with the sight of the glen where ten thousand French fell beneath the rifle-balls of the peasantry" (*Trench*, 1:49).

96. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Monday [13 December 1830].

My dear Father,

All alarm has now ceased with respect to this part of the country, and indeed there seems every reason to suppose that a great deal of it originated in hoax and humbug.[1] Our swords are now turned into ploughshares;[2] not that our rather hasty equipment was distinguished by a great number of actual blades: the principal weapon was a kind of Homeric *ἔγχος*,[3] which might be thrust, or thrown as occasion required, i.e. an ashen or oaken stick, of overwhelming thickness at one end, and terribly feruled into a point at the other. The term ends in a day or two; I rather wish, if you have no objection, to go for a few days to Somersby, as I have been much pressed to do so for a long while by the old Tennysons, and I think it probable that they will leave the place early in the summer, perhaps not to return.[4] Charles & Frederic have not kept this term; one will certainly be at home, and perhaps the other. If however you have any objection to my going, or indeed at any rate, perhaps the Mottle or you would write me a line before Thursday, on the evening of which day I should go. This has been a very eventful term; I have been upon the whole in better spirits, and in a more settled & quiet temper of mind, than I remember myself for some time. I have been reading too as much as the disturbed state of things would permit a man, who has due care for his throat & ears. Next term I hope will be quieter, & that my diligent humour will not relax. On Thursday morning Spedding who gained the Declamation Prize <last> this year, is to make his speech, which is about the Nineteenth Century, and which will be good. Southey has come down here to meet Wordsworth; I have not seen the man.[5] Adieu; we shall meet very soon.

Your affect:e son

AHH.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 13 December 1830

1. See letter 95 n. 2. On 20 December 1830, O'Brien wrote to Milnes that "the most preposterous stories were duly invented and believed. The dons were in the most awful fright and Higman positively turned almost pale with terror" (Houghton papers).

2. Isaiah 2:4.

3. "Spear, lance"; mentioned in *Iliad* 6. 319, for example.

4. Cambridge Michaelmas term ended 16 December 1830. AHH returned from Somersby on the evening of 22 December 1830, "full of love and happiness" (*Alford*, p. 65); he certainly had declared his love, and probably proposed to Emily Tennyson during this visit. There is no indication that the Tennysons planned at this time to leave Somersby.

5. Spedding had won the first Trinity declamation prize (a silver goblet worth £ 20) for a speech on a subject "relating to the History of England" delivered the previous year; according to collegiate rules, he delivered his prize declamation, "Apology for the Moral and Literary Character of the Nineteenth Century" (published at Cambridge in 1830) in the Trinity chapel on Commemoration Day (16 December). Declamations for the 1831 prize—which AHH won with his defence of the Independent party (see letter 40 n. 2)—were delivered at the same time. On 16 December 1830, Spedding wrote to his mother from Trinity: "I have not only received the accompanying cup: but likewise various compliments of all sorts & sizes: and not only received compliments, but likewise held communion with the Poet Laureate. . . have likewise been introduced to the Master of Trinity, aye and the Brother of the Master of Trinity: and not only been introduced to him likewise talked with him, even with the Great Poet—& heard him dilate largely on matters moral, poetical, and philosophical—also received a free offer to walk with him and talk with him, which if the Gods permit I mean to avail myself of. Moreover I have this day delivered in the presence of the said Poet, and the assembled worthies of Trinity, and the ghosts of the Benefactors of Trinity, & fellows that are, and Senior wranglers, & senior Medallists, that are to be,—a speech of wonderful fame, for wh. I have received much honour, and expect to receive much more" (property of J. H. Fryer-Spedding).

On 10 February 1831, Monteith wrote to Milnes that Spedding's declamation had been greatly praised: "A. Tennyson calling on Whewell said it 'quite smelled of Spedding' to which the enthusiastic tutor rejoined 'and, my good sir, a rare good thing to smell of too'—such an encomium has done him a deal of good. Hallam in all likelihood is to have the declamation prize for this year;—it was verily splendid to see the poet Wordsworth's face, for he was there, kindle as H. proceeded with it" (Houghton papers). According to *Friends*, p. 90, AT and Lushington also heard AHH's declamation. Alford reported a "glorious" conversation with Wordsworth in Spedding's room on 19 December 1830, with Blakesley, Thompson, Tennant, and Brookfield also present (*Alford*, pp. 61–65).

96a. WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD[1] TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

MS: Downside Abbey

Sheffield. 15 Jan. 1831

My dear Hallam,

That I have had great inclination to write to you sooner I profess:—that I have not been without sufficient leisure I am free to acknowledge:—but that my brain has been dry as the remr. biscuit[2] I am not at liberty to deny. At length however I tax my energies for three sides entirely in the hope of provoking rather than deserving to myself the pleasure of a reply. You have long ago discovered that (to convert Addison's bumptious metaphor) I carry most of my money loose in my pocket, and that any draughts upon my bank stand a marvellous chance of being dishonoured.[3] I premise this in order to disarm you if I be dull. You must not in cataloguing me as a correspondent look for many Birdisms:—my feathers, if I have any, moult when I would pluck them for quills; and when seated in the deliberate solemnity of a letter your paraquito droops into a penguin. Our house too is no aviary; & in the stupid fog of a "serious and well regulated family" the linnwhite & the throstlecock get as hoarse as ravens. This mewing however will soon have an end in a fresh plumage, & in a fortnight we will all up & crow once more in Trinity

> Blow up the fire Gyp[4] Haggis,
> Bring brandywine for three;
> Bard Alfred, Bird William, and Clerk Arthur
> This night shall merry be.

I just discover that I might have saved you & myself much trouble by inscribing on the last side nothing more than a very large I. I will now however try a few variations on U. I and U parted last at the Bal[l]. Of course Alfred soon fell asleep & I am particularly curious to learn how many things you presently fancied yourself besides a Swan, a shower of gold, a Dragon, a Bull & a flash of lightning

according to Jupiter:—a finger and thumb going to crush a rose leaf according to Tennyson:—a shepherd seeking a pet lamb according to Shenstone,—a quart or so of dew dropping upon a Violet according to Waller—a melody falling upon an ear that loves to hear it according to (very probably) Mrs. Hemans—A mountaineer chasing a Gazelle accg. to Mirza Djami; and a Dove hastening home according to all the World.[5] I am aware that you wd., like Grumio, "knock me here soundly"[6] if you were here, but a tender boned thing like myself feels that face to face and sheet to sheet are very different modes of intercourse. Standing therefore like Æsop's goat on the house top I beseech you, most valourous lion, to make a merit of necessity and tell me all that I know. Indite me a few sighs; they will reach me in very good appetite as I am myself once more sobbing & floundering in that Fount of love I told you of, having again encountered the bright, romantic harp-playing Sonnettee of last Summer;—e'en while I speak to ye I see my Jullia I hear my Jullia I talk with my Jullia.[7] By the way it just occurs to me that a mind more apt than your own at malconstruction might think the above Jove-ial allusions more jovial than delicate, but I am sure you will credit me when I say that I meant the nonsense to be quite free from sense, i.e. altogether spiritual, & that I do not make this apology for the sake of the puns.

I Constitotional Historo for the last few days, & find that it wd. have been advisable to have Moddle Ogen first, but began the former by reason that I had heard you pronounce it the moister book.[8] I enjoy it very much but will not commit myself by vague criticism. I was delighted to find that Tennyson had been reviewed in the Westr. I was about preparing a sort of Newspaper notice of the poems with extracts for the S. Courant, but in the meantime the Editor had extracted, rather injudiciously, a part from the Westr., so that I can not now well do what I purposed.[9] I took opium last night & I suppose the C. History brought you to my dreams. Methought that I gazed as of you closely [. . . .] blue eye. Me-further-thought it changed into the calm [?] sea:—there was a dark haired dreamy looking lady in white, sailing about delicately steering a huge college cap—then came Alfred & became a great Kraken—the female sailed by him in safety, which made me think it was somebody he had a respect for—then the sea became your eye again & the lady a mote which your Father bid you pluck out. What the devil did it mean.

I don't know whether this will find you in London or at Trinity—if the latter remember me to them all. I think of leaving this place on Monday week & going by Town, where I shall be on Tuesday. You may perhaps know that a requisition was getting up for me to stand for the Pres. of the Union next term. But if chance will have me king chance may crown me—for I will not move in the matter.[10] I shall hope to hear from you in a day or two. Direct *W. H. B. Sheffield.*

Lest you shd. think from the sublimities about moulting feathers in the first side that you are corresponding with Warburton, I beg to add myself, my dear [Brookfield sketches a heart within a square] (hearts being trumps)[11]

Yours very affectionately

Wm. Henry Brookfield

Addressed to Arthur H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole Street / London
P/M 18 April 1831

1. William Henry Brookfield (1809–74), who matriculated at Trinity in 1829 (B.A. 1833), was president of the Union in 1831 and 1834, won second declamation prize in 1832, and married Jane Octavia, youngest daughter of AHH's uncle, Sir Charles Abraham Elton, in 1841. Brookfield served as inspector of elementary church schools and prebendary of St. Paul's. Jane Octavia's relationship with Thackeray, and its influence on his novels, is discussed by Gordon Ray in various works on Thackeray; see, for example, *Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom: 1847–1863* (New York: McGraw Hill, 1958) and *The Buried Life* (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1952). For Brookfield's later life, see *Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle.* Emily Sellwood Tennyson's journal entry for 1 August 1862 records that the Tennysons considered Brookfield unequaled for "freely flowing wit and humour" (TRC).

2. *As You Like It,* 2. 7. 39.

3. Joseph Addison (1672–1719) on his deficiencies in conversation, as reported in Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* 7 May 1773: "I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds."

4. Cambridge nickname for servant.

5. See AT's "Lilian" (published in *1830*), lines 29–30: "Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee, / Fairy Lilian"; "Elegy XVIII" (for example) by William Shenstone (1714–63); "To a Lady in a Garden," ll. 11–15 by Edmund Waller (1606–87):

Should some malignant Planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless Shower,
Upon the Autumn or the Spring,
And spare us neither Fruit nor Flower;
Winter would not stay an hour.

But Brookfield may refer to (Walter) Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, 1, stanza 3:

The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835), née Browne, was a popular poetess; Nur uddin Abdurrahman ibn Ahmad Jami (1414–92), classical Persian poet and mystic, was an exponent of Sufi philosophy.

6. See *Taming of the Shrew*, 1. 2. 9.

7. Brookfield's sonnettee is unidentified.

8. Henry Hallam's *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* and *Const. Hist.*

9. Unsigned, highly laudatory review of AT's *1830* volume by William Johnson Fox (1786–1864), dissenting divine, politician, author, editor of the *Monthly Repository* 1831–37, in the *Westminster Review* 14 (January 1831): 210–24. The notice in *The Sheffield Courant* (7 January 1831, p. 4) quoted the *Westminster's* discussion of "Mariana" (*Shannon*, p. 184 n. 19).

10. Brookfield was secretary of the Union in October 1830, treasurer in Lent 1831, and president in October 1831. See *Macbeth*, 1. 3. 143.

11. Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton (1810–52), who matriculated at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1829, migrated to Trinity in 1830 (B.A. 1834), and was president of the Union in 1833; writer of biographies, historical novels, and travel books, Warburton was an intimate friend of Milnes (see Pope-Hennessy, 1:36–38). Brookfield's copy of AHH's *Poems* (Yale) is inscribed "Arthur Henry Hallam to William Henry Brookfield, because he thought him a trump, and this book trumpery."

97. TO LEIGH HUNT[1]

MS: Iowa

Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Tuesday 18th. Jan. [1831.]

Will you excuse, Sir, the liberty which a perfect stranger to you takes in sending you two little volumes of Poetry, with which I cannot but think you will be pleased. They are the compositions of two brothers, both very young men, and both intimate friends of mine. The larger volume was reviewed in the last number of the Westminster Review (I believe by Dr. Bowring),[2] and the high praise bestowed on it by the reviewer is not higher, in my opinion, and I hope in yours, than its merits demand. I flatter myself you will, if you peruse this book, be surprised & delighted to find a new prophet of those true principles of Art, which, in this country, you were among the first to recommend both by precept & example. Since the death of John Keats, the last lineal descendant of Apollo, our English region of Parnassus has been domineered over by kings of shreds & patches.[3] But, if I mistake not, the true heir is found: "if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance, that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle, and the jewel about the neck! The letters whose character is known! The majesty of the creature, in resemblance of its father, the affection of nobleness, and many other evidences proclaim him with all certainty to be the king's son."[4] The other, & smaller volume, written by his brother, contains poetry of a very different character, but sterling, I think, & shewing a mind, capable of noble thoughts, although inferior in depth & range of powers to that, which I first described. Should you agree with me to any extent in my judgement of these volumes you will not perhaps object to mentioning them favorably in the Tatler, which I believe you at present conduct. I do not suppose that either of these poets is at all likely to become extensively or immediately popular: they write not to the world at large, which "lieth in wickedness"[5] & bad taste, but to the elect Church of Urania, which we know to be small, & in tribulation. Now in this Church you have preferment, & what you

preach will be considered by the faithful as a "sound form of words."[6] Should you after all, Sir, not like these books, I can only hope you will pardon the liberty that has been taken by one who has derived pleasure & benefit from your writings, and therefore subscribes himself as

Yours in gratitude & respect,

Arthur Henry Hallam.

Addressed to Leigh Hunt Esq. / J. Onwhyn / 4 Catherine Street, Strand / London. For the Editor of the Tatler.

1. James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), essayist and poet, who introduced Shelley to Keats in 1816, edited the *Tatler* from 1830 to 1832.

2. See letter 96a n. 9. Sir John Bowring (1792–1872), linguist, writer, and traveler, who edited the *Westminster Review* from 1824 to 1829, published *Poetry of the Magyars* in 1830 and the *Cheskian Anthology* (of Bohemian poetry) in 1832.

3. *Hamlet*, 3. 4. 103.

4. See *Winter's Tale*, 5. 2. 30–39.

5. 1 Epistle John 5:19

6. See 2 Timothy 1:13: "the form of sound words."

98. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Friday [4 February 1831].

My sweet Ellen,

I am not able to write you so long a letter as I could wish just now, but be sure that I think about you often, and that your birthday note was very pleasant to me.[1] I beg you will thank all your fellow-writers in my name, saying to the Mottle that I will write to her soon. I am up to the ears in the business of reading; pity me therefore.[2] Do not forget all the little recommendations I gave you about your own reading, specially about the Italian. I fancy you have very much forgotten what you once knew of that language, nevertheless "coraggio, cor mio; non c'è luogo pel disperar: v'hanno cose, che apprese una volta non si staccheranno dalla mente."[3] I am afraid these two lines prove at least an equal forgetfulness of idiom on my part, however I should talk well enough & so would you if we were sitting in a smoky room of some palace, which out of penitence for old luxuries, had humbled itself into an inn, at Terni, or Ferrara,[4] or the like, with waiters grinning at us foreign people, and macaroni pudding saying "Eat me, please" on the table. Necessity first made people talk, and without necessity few now will talk anything but their own familiar jargon. But I am in hopes, my little woman, that one day we shall be under the same pleasant necessity. You & I may see Italy again, "Rivedremo, se non m'isbaglio, l'Italia, e quando torman agli occhi le desiate sponde, alla lingua verran anzi le sospirate parole, e così goderemo vita più dolce, ed aura più serena."[5] Really I ought to beg pardon for running on in this way, but I have nothing else to say, which must be my excuse, so believe me ever,

Your most affect:te brother,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 4 February 1831

1. AHH's twentieth birthday was 1 February 1831.

2. On 26 February 1831, Merivale wrote to Frere that "Hallam [is] reading for a scholarship and philosophizing on the minus sign" (*Merivale*, p. 113). Alford won the 1831 Bell's scholarship for third-year students.

3. "Courage, my heart; here's no cause to despair. There are things which once learned never will depart from the mind."

4. Capitals of their respective Italian provinces.

5. "We will see Italy again, if I'm not mistaken, & when the longed-for shores return to our eyes, the desired words too will come to the tongue, and so we shall enjoy a sweeter life, and a more serene breeze."

99. TO WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

MS: Miss M. Barham Johnson

Trinity. Sunday [13 February 1831].

My dear Donne,

I know not whether any one of the Faithful has yet acquainted you with the very welcome probability, that Kemble & Trench will be speedily in England, the latter perhaps within a few days. Blakesley received a letter from Gibraltar some days ago containing this news. They seem to have learned by this time there, what every one has been long sure of elsewhere, that there is no hope for Spain, the nation being, to use Kemble's words, "willingly & exultingly enslaved."[1] In order to deviate his bile (this idiom is classical on the other side of the Apennines) he abuses all actual & possible generations of mankind, and seems to think them hardly worth a "latter Luther's" while. By the same post we heard the still more joyful tidings, that Sterling is decidedly convalescent: I trust this warm and springlike close of winter is working good to him. He speaks much now of going into the Church, and Kemble of studying the law. I think the soldier predominates so much over the priest in Kemble's character, that I hardly regret his altered intention, although there is no question but "our dusted velvets have much need of" Churchmen of a very different sort from those whom we may hear for our sins most Sundays in the year.[2] Irving and his Millenarians[3] have great reason to denounce the Judaising temper, in which the "religious world" have substituted a prostration to verbal doctrine for a living & spiritual faith, and, like the Pharisees when Christ came, have learned so much about their religion that they forget their God. Is this the way to repel Sennacherib from the gates of Sion? Exactly in the same wise manner act the defenders of our ecclesiastical polity, making weak head against an active and vigilant enemy, whose name is Legion, by clumsy defences of uncertain outposts & inward rottennesses, and this too without seeming to be aware for what real & high reasons the

sound heart of the city should at all hazards be maintained & preserved.[4]

I rejoice exceedingly at the admiration you express for Alfred Tennyson in general, and the Indian ditty in particular.[5] I expect you to be properly grateful to me for sending you by these presents another poem, of which to say that I love it would be only saying that it is his. It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind of pendant to his former poem of Mariana, the idea of both being the expression of desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive variety in the second that it paints the forlorn feeling as it would exist under the influence of different impressions of sense. When we were journeying together this summer through the South of France we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness, so as in the South, and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful. You will, I think, agree with me that the essential & distinguishing character of the conception requires in the Southern Mariana a greater lingering on the outward circumstances, and a less palpable transition of the poet into Mariana's feelings, than was the case in the former poem. Were this not implied in the subject, it would be a fault: "an artist," as Alfred is wont to say, "ought to be lord of the five senses,"[6] but if he lacks the inward sense which reveals to him what is inward in the heart, he has left out the part of Hamlet in the play.[7] In this meaning I think the objection sometimes made to a poem, that it is too picturesque, is a just objection: but, according to a more strict use of words, poetry cannot be too pictorial, for it cannot represent too truly, and when the object of the poetic power happens to be an object of sensuous perception it is the business of the poetic language to paint.[8] It is observable in the mighty models of art, left for the worship of ages by the Greeks, & those too rare specimens of Roman production which breathe a Greek spirit, that their way of imaging a mood of the human heart in a group of circumstances, each of which reciprocally affects & is affected by the unity of that mood, resembles much Alfred's manner of delineation, and should therefore give additional sanction to the confidence of our praise. I believe you will find instances in all the Greek poems of the highest order, at present I can only call into distinct recollection the divine passage about the sacrifice of Iphigenia in Lucretius, the desolation of Ariadne in Catullus,[9] and the fragments of Sappho, in

which I see much congeniality to Alfred's peculiar power. I beg pardon for this prose; here comes something better.

The Southern Mariana

Behind the barren hill upsprung
  With pointed rocks against the light:
The crag sharpshadowed overhung
  Each glaring creek & inlet bright:
Far, far one lightblue hill was seen,
  Looming like baseless Fairyland:
Eastward a slip of burning sand,
  Darkrimmed with sea & bare of green.
Down in the dry saltmarshes stood
  That house darklatticed. Not a breath
Swayed the sick vineyard underneath,
  Or moved the dusty southernwood.
Madonna, with melodious moan
  Sang Mariana night & morn,
Madonna, lo I am all alone,
  Loveforgotten and loveforlorn.

She, as her carol sadder grew,
  From her warm brow & bosom down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
  Her streaming curls of deepest brown
On either side, and made appear
  Still lighted in a secret shrine
Her melancholy eyes divine,
  The home of woe without a tear.
Madonna, with melodious moan
  Sang Mariana night & morn,
Madonna, lo I am all alone
  Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.

When the dawncrimson changed & past
  Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
  Unto our Lady prayed she.
She moved her lips, she prayed alone,

She praying disarrayed and warm
From slumber, deep her wavy form
In the darklustrous mirror shone.
Madonna, in a low, clear tone,
Said Mariana night & morn,
Low she mourned, I am all alone
Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.

At noon she slumbered: all along
The silvery field the large leaves talked
With one another, as among
The spiked maize in dreams she walked.
The lizard leapt; the sunlight played;
She heard the callow nestling lisp,
And brimful meadowrunnels crisp
In the fullleaved platanshade
In sleep she breathed in a lower tone
Murmuring as at night & morn
Madonna, lo I am all alone
Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.

Dreaming she knew it was a dream
Most false; he was & was not there;
She woke; the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere & small;
The riverbed was dustywhite;
From the bald rock the blinding light
Beat ever on the sunwhite wall.
She whispered with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
Madonna, leave me not all alone,
To die forgotten & <die> live forlorn.

One dry cicala's summer song
At night filled all the gallery;
Backward the latticeblind she flung,
And leaned upon the balcony.
Ever the low wave seemed to roll
Up to the coast: far on, alone

In the East, large Hesper overshone
  The <moaning> mourning gulf, and on her soul
Poured divine solace, or the rise
  Of moonlight from the margin gleamed,
Volcanolike afar, and streamed
  On her white arm & heavenward eyes.
Not all alone she made her moan,
  Yet ever sang she night & morn,
Madonna, lo I am all alone,
  Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.[10]

Would you be so good as to let me know in the next letter you write to any of the Church in Cambridge,[11] what the character of the country, & climate is about your present residence, and what the price of living is.

In answer to your question why I do not write & publish some criticism of the poems, I reply that I *bide my time*. I have no direct influence with any reviewer at present, nor, as criticisms of some kind are already bringing the book into general notice, is there any need for hurry: I shall however very probably bestir myself in this way next summer.[12] I feel much obliged for the kind sympathy you express with my own writings: I sorely repent me of the very crude & unequal execution which disfigures them, but I will not pretend to deny that I think some things here & there in them may be worth an earnest man's perusal. If I mistake not I have considerably improved my style since the finishing of that book.[13] Some time or other I will submit a specimen or two to your judgement, which to have in my favour would always be an assurance of not having quite lived in vain to

Your very sincere friend,

A H Hallam.

P.S. I fear I cannot, while absent from London, answer your question about the Italian books. By the bye don't *mis-quote* that grand Canzone next time you have occasion to refer to it.[14] AHH.

Addressed to W. Donne Esq. / Raby's Lodging / Torquay / Devon.
P/M 13 February 1831

1. On 7 February 1831, Fanny Kemble wrote to a friend that she had heard from her brother in Gibraltar, and expected "almost hourly to see him. The Spanish revolution, as he now sees and as many foresaw, is a mere vision. The people are unready, unripe, unfit, and therefore unwilling; had it not been so they would have done their work themselves" (*Girlhood*, p. 335).

2. See AT's "To J. M. K." (published in *1830*), lines 1–4:

> My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
> A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
> To scare church-harpies from the master's feast;
> Our dusted velvets have much need of thee.

On 29 April 1830, Donne wrote to Trench that "[Kemble] will be a bright and burning light in God's Church; a resting-place and beacon for the many, who, having no delight in the slumber of orthodoxy, are driven on the contrary shoal of modern pietism" (*Trench*, 1:61). For his sister's reflections on Kemble's intentions, see *Girlhood*, pp. 179–80, 335.

3. Edward Irving (1792–1834), founder of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," gained fame as preacher at Hatton Garden Chapel (London); he built a church at Regent Square in 1828 and established the *Morning Watch*, a religious journal devoted to unfulfilled prophecy, in 1829. Irving was compelled to retire from Regent Square in 1832 because of his approval of pentecostal phenomena, though he personally made no claim to supernatural gifts. On 4 January 1830, Milnes wrote to his parents that he had heard "a most beautiful & effective sermon from Irving in town—he is indeed the apostle of the age—& his English is more like Jeremy Taylor's than any I ever read or heard" (Houghton papers); other Apostles expressed similar approbation through 1832.

4. See 2 Kings 18–19; Mark 5:9.

5. See letter 94 n. 4.

6. See AT's "The Palace of Art (1832)," lines 185–88:

> Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
> Joying to feel herself alive,
> Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
> Lord of the senses five.

7. Report of such a performance was chronicled in the introduction to Scott's *The Talisman* (1825).

8. See AHH's *Englishman's Magazine* review of AT: "It is not true . . . that the highest species of poetry is the reflective: it is a gross fallacy, that, because certain opinions are acute or profound, the expression of them by the imagination must be eminently beautiful. Whenever the mind of the artist suffers itself to be occupied, during its periods of creation, by any other predominant motive than the desire of beauty, the result is false in art. . . . We are therefore decidedly of [the] opinion that the heights and depths of art are most within the reach of those who have received from Nature the 'fearful and wonderful' constitution we have described, whose poetry is a sort of magic, producing a number of impressions too multiplied, too minute, and too diversified to allow of our tracing them to their causes, because just such was the effect, even so boundless, and so bewildering, produced on their imaginations by the real appearance of Nature" (pp. 616, 618).

9. Lucretius *De Rerum Natura* 1. 87–101; *Poems of Catullus* 64. 50–75.

10. "Mariana in the South" (*Ricks*, pp. 361–67), published in *1832*. As *Ricks* points out, AT was influenced by Sappho's *Fragment 111*. In his 10 October 1830 letter to Kemble, Donne had written that "Mariana . . . ought to be abstracted from the others and bound up by itself: 'that strain was of a higher mood' "; on 13 July 1831, he wrote to Trench that AHH had sent him the Southern Mariana: "very beautiful it is, but there is a mannerism in the repetition I do not fancy. The first 'Mariana' is a permanent poem I think" (Miss Johnson).

11. The Apostles.

12. See letter 90 n. 5; letter 97.

13. See letter 89 n. 3.

14. Probably one of the "Three Graces" by Petrarch; see letter 124 n. 4. Family letters (Miss Johnson) show that Donne and his wife (married 15 November 1830) were teaching themselves Italian.

100. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Sunday [20 February 1831].

My dear Father,

It is very painful to me that any letters of a vexatious character should pass between us. I was certainly not apprehensive that such would be the result of my last. Tutor's bills are seldom paid before the end of term; and it did not seem to me a very extraordinary request that mine should be partly paid out of the money I should then, according to custom, receive. I have no reason to think that my next bill will be larger than this (£ 53), and the encroachment of one quarter may therefore be very nearly corrected by the next. The summer is the least expensive time of the year, if spent (as I am very well inclined to spend it) quietly, and without roaming. With regard to other bills, it must be extremely difficult to avoid them, since there are many tradesmen, who never send in theirs to the tutor, and yet cannot well be paid on the spot. Nor do I find that any single person of my acquaintance escapes this pressure: although it is true, as you say, that some have a smaller allowance than myself, yet I know not how it is, but these do not seem to overstep the limits of it more frequently, than others who have what I have, or more.[1] This, you will say, proves us all to live very carelessly: I think however for my own part I can promise amendment in this respect, since I have retrenched many old expenses lately, and indeed the customary and recurring parts of my expenditure were less last year than before. Other things there were, which will not & cannot recur. I was very thankful to you for defraying the surplus expense of what you call "my unadvised and unauthorised expedition,"[2] but I did not at all intend to ask now for any other addition to my allowance. I shall endeavor this year to live within stricter bounds: and it is somewhat hard to infer my inability to live so in future circumstances, because in a most expensive University, where everybody remarks that money goes without one's

knowing how, I have like all others, that I know, yet to a less degree than almost any one that I know, run slightly into debt. Give my love to all.

Your affect:e son,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 20 February 1831

1. Both Gaskell and Milnes were obliged to send similar letters to their parents; Kemble's college debts ran over £ 300 at a time when his father's annual income was approximately £ 800. Bills accumulated by the Tennysons at Cambridge totaled over £ 735, and included debts to booksellers, fishmongers, wine merchants, grocers, chemists, tailors, drapers, hatters, shoemakers, landlords, sadlers, hairdressers, silversmiths, tobacconists, stationers, plus traveling and collegiate expenses, and 7/6 charged to AT for a shower bath (LAO).

2. AHH's summer 1830 trip to France. As letter 92 shows, AHH knew at that time that he would have to deal with his father's objections.

101. TO CHARLES TENNYSON

MS: Yale

Trinity. Saturday [5 March 1831].

[. . . .] reason which took you away.[1] If you prefer it I will manage the matter for you, but it may be better you should write to the Professor; or if you still wish to keep next term, you may settle with him in person. I fear I engaged the rooms for you with Mrs. Gibson,[2] but that may be got off perhaps. For myself I pray all the stars in their courses that you may have at least fifty other good reasons for keeping [. . . .] his account I am anxious to get. Leigh Hunt has reviewed Alfred & you in an amusing, absurd, and favorable style: I will send you the numbers soon.[3] Farewell: let me hear constantly. My love to all, and *to her*.[4]

Ever affect:ly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Charles Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.

1. Dr. Tennyson's last illness was severe enough by February 1831 to require that his sons be summoned from Cambridge; it was eventually diagnosed as typhus. He had been in poor health since returning from Europe the previous summer, and his condition was aggravated by excessive drinking. See CT, p. 105. On 9 March 1831, James Spedding wrote to his brother Edward: "Both the Tennysons have gone home suddenly; their Father is dead or dying. Alfred will probably not return to Cambridge; Chas. will take his degree next term, when he will make out his lessons reading with me" (quoted in *Ricks*, p. 1786).

2. Landlady at the Tennyson lodgings in Cambridge, presumably on Trumpington Street, No. 57 Corpus Buildings (*Memoir*, 1:34). The professor is unidentified.

3. The *Tatler*, vol. 2, nos. 149, 151, 153, 155 (24, 26 February; 1, 3 March 1831). See letter 97. Hunt's review was extremely favorable to both poets, concluding "that the more closely we have become acquainted with Alfred Tennyson's poems, the more the author has risen upon our admiration. Perhaps we feel ourselves the more inclined to prefer him to Charles, because he seems less disposed to tie himself down to conventional notions—less willing to blink any great question or feeling, and to put up with a consciousness of doing so" (no. 155, p. 618). It was also a fairly perceptive review, singling out "Mariana" and "Supposed Confessions" for special praise, and guessing that "The Poet" might be a portrait of Shelley, or at least of his artistic ideals. *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* was given equal space and nearly equal praise.

4. The first specific reference to Emily Tennyson [Jesse] (1811–87). See my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson" for circumstances of their first meeting and AHH's proposal; these letters provide the best portrait of her early life. See appendix for details of her life following AHH's death.

102. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:85

Trinity College. March 6, 1831.

The tidings I received of you this morning were most welcome. Thank God, you are in England, and amongst us once more.[1] Your letter is full, however, of sadness, and, indeed, though some of it may fairly be laid to the account of those annoyances which after a voyage of a fortnight will have changed into disgust most people's "reverential fear of the old sea,"[2] I cannot but feel you have reason for your mournfulness. You have failed in your purpose, and, after enduring the fever and turbulence of the means, you have missed that end which might have given you actual peace and a satisfied retrospection. Still, you have not laboured in vain, although Spain is, to use Kemble's expression, "willingly and exultingly enslaved," and although you have gained nothing with the world by your enterprise, for you laboured in a rightful hope, and believing better things of men than they have laid claim to in the event. I am grieved that Kemble is not with you. He waits, you say, till the end. What further end, in the name of wonder, can there be? Is it possible that Torrijos has yet a party? And will Kemble consent to join himself to the precarious actions of a fruitless bravery, rather than return to his natural home and the clear course of ordinary duties? I cannot think you have done wrong in returning, nor do any of your old and good friends, as far as I know, think so, for whose judgment I should, of course, expect you to care more than for mine. But I do not wonder you should feel these misgivings and backward yearnings of mind. I only trust you will find England is not yet so sunken but that many duties, many privileges, and many hopes remain for her sons.

1. See letter 99 n. 1. Trench visited the Kemble family in London on 9 March 1831: "Mr. Trench before leaving Gibraltar had used every persuasion to induce my brother

to return with him, and had even got him on board the vessel in which they were to sail, but John's heart failed him at the thought of forsaking Torrijos, and he went back." Kemble finally returned to England on 21 May 1831 (*Girlhood*, pp. 355–56, 405).

2. See Wordsworth, "Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?" line 13: "Of the old Sea some reverential fear."

103. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[Cambridge.] [12–19 March 1831.]

My dear Alfred,

Will you tell Charles that Term begins on the 14th. April. I wish very much to hear from you at some length, and intended to have tempted you to write by writing myself a long letter: but I have not time at this moment. I am going <up> to London tomorrow, girded up for warfare.[1] I hope to fight like a true knight, although Emily's eyes will not be there to "rain influence."[2] Oret pro nobis.[3] I shall write to her in a few days, and will send at the same time Leigh Hunt's review of you & Charles, and a very contemptible Poem of my own, in which I have bartered the immortal part of me to a Darwinian Demon for a barren chance of being in the Calendar.[4] Fare thee well. I hope you do fare well, and make head against "despondency and madness."[5] Distribute my love about & believe me

Yours for ever,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Alfred Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.

1. See letter 101. AHH was present for the Apostles meeting on 12 March 1831, but absent on 19 March, when Spedding was essayist. The "warfare" of course was to be with his parents over the announcement of his engagement to Emily.

2. See Milton, "L'Allegro," lines 121–22: "With store of ladies, whose bright eyes / Rain influence, and judge the prize."

3. "May she pray for us."

4. AHH's entry for the 1831 English verse prize, won by Venables for his poem "The Northwest Passage." AHH also competed for the 1830 prize (won by Kinglake for "Byzantium"); both unsuccessful poems are transcribed in Ellen Hallam's notebooks (Yale). See also *Othello*, 2. 3. 253–54: "I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), grandfather of Charles, was a prominent physician, physiologist, and poet of nature; his *Zoonomia* (1794–96) anticipated Lamarck's ideas about evolution. AHH's "Northwest Passage" is filled with descriptions of arctic flora and fauna.

5. Wordsworth, "Resolution and Independence," lines 48–49: "We Poets in our youth begin in gladness; / But thereof come in the end despondency and madness." See letter 63 n. 1 for previous use. Apparently AHH did not hear of Dr. Tennyson's death until the end of March. But as the 9 March 1831 letter from James to Edward Spedding makes clear, the Tennysons' Cambridge friends anticipated that melancholy "end."

104. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Trinity. Thursday [30 March 1831].

I little thought, dearest Emily, that the next letter I should write to you would be on so sad an occasion.[1] But I cannot allow anything to prevent my writing now, since you are in sorrow & alarm, and that you never shall be, I trust, without my sharing it with you. I have a thousand distracting fears too about your health. It is impossible but this gloomy time, so full of anxieties and painful sights, must have shaken you much, and yet I shall be thankful if this be the worst. I would fain write as a comforter, but my own mind has been so stunned by all these dismal circumstances, that my thoughts cheat my wishes, and instead of cheering I fear I shall sadden you. Yet this must not be: let us rather set our hopes on God, who may yet bring us out of these deep waters. Let us think of your excellent mother, who has so long borne up against circumstances that many would have sunk under at once, with a patience and a faith, whose reward is with the Most High. Let us remember that your father was in a state of body and of mind, from which it was most desirable he should find release, and there appeared to be no chance of his recovery on earth. Still I know that his death, even apart from all the peculiar distress of its circumstances and consequences, must afflict you much: for I know he was an affectionate father, and his violence was the result of those unhappy accidents which combined to shatter his frame, while his tenderness was native to his heart, and flowed from it abundantly to the last.[2] Besides, the loss of a father is always a dreadful breaking up of one's actual being. It is the loss of the earliest face & the earliest voice we knew. It is the passing away of a form, which had always stood beside our life, and with which a vast number of our thoughts & actions had all our life up been intimately concerned. And there must be much more sorrow in it than this, which I do not know, because I have never myself experienced this calamity: experience is a terrible teacher; all his lessons are so full & vivid, and on such a large

scale, and yet so unsparing in the minuteness of their particulars. I would to God I could be with you now, Emily, following all the currents of your sorrow, as I trust I shall live to do those of future joy. I have not been told whether Mary is with you; you are not alone, I think, at Louth?[3] Oh Emily, will it not be sad to leave Somersby?[4] If even I think of such a desertion with the greatest pain, to whom Somersby is not the old feeling it is to you, what must be your regret? But we must bear up, my love; we must be resigned, and look forward as you said in your golden letter "with faith & hope." One thing I know; you can be in no place, to which my affection will not follow you; and if this thought is any comfort to you, oh think it often! It has done me some good, I think, to write these few lines; I am somewhat calmer for it; it is almost as if I had heard you speak. And yet, gracious God! if you should be ill—that <thought> fear will not leave me. Write me a line, I entreat, and say that you are not worse than usual, or how worse. I shall have no peace till I know how far the mischiefs of this horrible crisis in your family have extended. Dearest, forget anything rather than that I am your passionate and constant lover,

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / at J. Fytche Esq. / Louth / Lincolnshire. To be forwarded if not there.
P/M 30 March 1831

1. Dr. Tennyson died on 16 March 1831. Emily probably waited until after the funeral (25 March) to write to AHH.

2. See letter 101 n. 1. For accounts of Dr. Tennyson's violence and its disruptions of his family, see *Tennyson*, 1:4; CT, pp. 58–62. Frederick Tennyson's 23 March 1831 letter to Frere announcing the death of his father ("a man of sorrows & acquainted with grief") alludes to these difficulties: "He suffered little, & after Death, his countenance which was strikingly lofty & peaceful, I trust was an image of the condition of his soul, which on earth was daily racked by bitter fancies, & tossed about by stormy troubles" (Duke).

3. Mary Tennyson (1810–84) was the eldest of AT's sisters. She was lame from childhood, but, as AHH's letters suggest, extremely attractive. Like Emily she wrote

poetry; like many members of the family, she was interested in mysticism and spiritualism. In 1851, she married Alan Ker (d. 1885), a Cheltenham barrister; the couple subsequently emigrated to Jamaica, where Ker was in the Judicial Service of the West Indies for thirty-one years. CT (p. 476) says that Mary "shared more than any of Alfred's sisters his poetic imagination and capacity for mystical experience." See references in *Background*. Charles Tennyson's *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* contains a dedicatory poem to Mary. During this period of uncertainty, Emily and other members of the family had gone to stay with Mrs. Tennyson's relatives, the Fytches, at Louth.

4. Dr. Tennyson had been given the livings of Somersby and Bag Enderby by his father's friend, William Burton Raynor [Burton] in 1808, and control over the position and property reverted to Burton upon Dr. Tennyson's death. Thus, as Frederick Tennyson explained to John Frere (see note 2 above), there was a good chance that the Tennysons would have to leave Somersby immediately: "We are not certain whether we shall be permitted to remain much longer in this place. We must abide the pleasure of Robinson the next Incumbent, whom perhaps you may remember to have seen at Cambridge in your time. He was a Christ's man. He will hold the living for Burton, the son of the Patron, who will not come [into?] it yet for two years. So that if we can prevail upon him to live in lodgings instead of the Parsonage which is twenty times too large for him, & pay him a rent by which he will be a gainer, I think we are likely to be less under obligation to him, than he to us. But as my Father's revenues are now sequestrated, & we are left entirely at the will of my Grandfather, who may have a house of his own to put us into, I fear the payment of Rent will be a stronger argument with him *pro*, than the 'Admonitus locorum' on our part con our removal from Somersby."

George A. Robinson (1805–88), rector of Bag Enderby from 1831 to 1836 and Somersby 1831–41, apparently agreed with Frederick Tennyson's proposal, and Mrs. Tennyson and T. H. Rawnsley managed to persuade George Clayton Tennyson (senior) to allow the family to remain at Somersby (CT, pp. 107–8). The question naturally arose again two years later. But Langhorne Burton Burton (1808–78), who matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was not ordained until 1835 and thus did not request that the Tennysons move until 1837 (CT, p. 168).

105. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Cambridge.] [1–14 April 1831.]

Poor Taffy![1] I think he would feel very sad in his old age if you went away leaving him behind in the accustomed green places which you would never see again. Nay sometimes I cannot help thinking that if the name of Tennyson should pass from that little region, which all your life long has been to you home—that blessed little region "bosomed in a kindlier air, than the outer realm of care & dole"[2]—the very fields & lanes will feel sorrow, as if part of their appointed being had been reft from them. Yet after all a consecration has come upon them from the dwellers at Somersby, which I think is not of the things that fail. Many years perhaps, or shall I say many ages, after we have all been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful & the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of nature.[3] Legends will perhaps be attached to the places, that are near it. Some Mariana, it will be said, lived wretched & alone in a dreary house on the top of the opposite hill. Some Isabel may with more truth be sought nearer yet.[4] The belfry in which the white owl sat "warming his five wits" will be shown for sixpence to such travellers as have lost their own. Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm & poplar in order to verify the Ode to Memory in its minutest particulars.[5]

I send down along with this note, some numbers of the Tatler containing a review of Alfred & Charles by Leigh Hunt. You will be amused with the odd style of his observations & the frank familiarity with which he calls them by their Christian names, just as if he had supped with them a hundred times. His general remarks are nonsensical enough, but being a poet he has a keen eye for true beauty, and the judgements of his taste are worth having.[6] Charles will be proud of this review because it is the 1st. notice which the Press (our new despot the Kehama, under whom the world now groans, already nearly almighty & omnipresent, but alas! as far as ever from all-wise)

has deigned to take of his "humble plot of ground."[7] But he has had better suffrages; voices have come to him from the lakes, & the old man of Highgate has rejoiced over him.[8] I am looking forward with eagerness to seeing Charles; would that Alfred were with him! but that will not be & perhaps ought not to be; "the days are awa" that we have seen.[9]

1. Emily's Welsh pony. See letter 104 n. 4.

2. Charles Tennyson's "The Altar" (published in *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*), lines 5-6.

3. See Wordsworth, "Three Years She Grew," lines 23-24: "Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form / By silent sympathy."

4. AT's "Isabel" (published in *1830*) was "more or less" a portrait of his mother (see *Ricks*, pp. 183-84). AHH's "Sonnet to Mrs. Tennyson," dated March 1832, exhorts "True Isabel" to "stand now as thou hast stood" ("Unpublished Poems," pp. 10-11), and his "To the Loved One," dated January 1831, imagines "Isabella" in a domestic scene at Somersby: "There plainest thou with Madeline / Or Isabella's lone desire" (*Writings*, p. 93).

5. See AT's "Song—The Owl," refrain: "Alone and warming his five wits, / The white owl in the belfry sits," and "Ode to Memory," lines 56-60:

> The seven elms, the poplars four
> That stand beside my father's door,
> And chiefly from the brook that loves
> To purl o'er matted cress and ribbèd sand,
> Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves.

Both were published in *1830*.

6. See letters 103; 101 n. 3.

7. The powerful and vengeful ruler of the world in Southey's *The Curse of Kehama* (1810). AHH's quotation is taken from the epigraph of *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, "the Sonnet's humble plot of ground," which Charles Tennyson ascribes to Wordsworth. It is clearly a version of "Nuns fret not," line 11: "Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground." In an earlier version of Wordsworth's sonnet, which apparently exists only in manuscript, the line reads "Within the little Sonnet's humble ground." It is possible that Charles had seen both versions and confused them.

8. In his 11 September 1830 letter, Charles Tennyson thanked James Spedding for sending *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* to Southey; in 1833 Rogers owned Charles's book, but apparently neither of AT's (*Memoir*, 1:103-4). Coleridge's favorable notes and comments, in a copy owned by AT in 1831, were published in Charles Tennyson Turner, *Collected Sonnets: Old and New*, ed. Hallam Tennyson (London, 1898), pp. 35-84. Wordsworth's response to Charles's work is unrecorded.

9. Burns, "O Lady Mary Anne," line 18.

106. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Trinity. Sunday. April 17 [1831].

It is unfortunate, my dearest Emily, that our letters should have crossed. I hope you have received mine by this time, although by Alfred's I perceive you had not, when he wrote. Yours I would have answered immediately, but that I hoped to have seen Charles ere this, and to have learned from him much that I wish to know, and talk about. I fully expected, on hearing from Mrs. Gibson that Frederic and he had taken both sets of rooms, to find them getting out of the Boston mail at halfpast twelve some one of the three last nights.[1] Pray tell them I cannot continue for ever sitting up beyond all natural times of rest for the mere chance, and the sooner they let me know, when they mean to appear, the better for my temper and their welcome. Rashdall[2] told me the other day that it was at last decided you should all remain at Somersby: earnestly do I hope this good news will be confirmed. If you must take a farewell of that "happy spot," which seems to you "the only desirable place on earth," let it not be till I can take that farewell too. Its charms are not, and cannot be the same for me, but though different, they are not less holy. You look at those fields and wolds, and in your sight they are invested with a thousand hues of life's early morning: the "glory is on the grass," and "the splendor on the flower"[3]: feelings of what has been haunt every object around you, and you could as well prevent your senses from distinguishing their forms, as bereave them of the natural magic with which they affect your soul. For me, Emily—it has not been the home of my childhood: but oh, while the pulses beat within my veins, those forms will stand up clear before my memory, wearing the light of your presence, and instinct with the great feeling of my life.

You have said to me your greatest consolation is in thinking I am well and happy: these are sweet words, my love, and I shall often lay

them to my heart, especially in those seasons of sorrow, which must sometimes come. I am well, and happy in the power of hope: yet you will not quarrel with me for sometimes feeling

"I am not well, while thou art far:
As sunset to the sphered moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me."

Sometimes too that strain of sweet lament in old Dan Chaucer comes over me,

"Alas min Emelie,
Alas departing of our compagnie,
Alas my hertes quene!"[4]

But the sands of the year are fast running out. I shall ere long come "a riveder le sospirate musa" (Will your Italian serve you so far?),[5] and meanwhile I will love you very dearly, and write to you very often. There is a sort of doubt lurking about the end of your letter, which I entreat you to throw from you quickly. We may write to each other, Emily: we ought to write to each other; fear not to say with me, we will. My father has given an implied consent to it. Your mother, I am sure, has no objection, except that which referred to him, and which is removed.[6] With regard to the great object, my late visit to London has fully confirmed me in the opinion I expressed to you before, that nothing stands in the way of our union but time, and that perhaps shorter than we had imagined.

Farewell, my love: I will write again soon, for I hope to hear much about you, and perhaps something from you by Charles. I was very much pleased to see Alfred's handwriting: he shall hear from me very soon. His account of his eyes is most distressing: for God's sake exert your influence with him, to make him take medical advice, or rather to follow that which he has taken.[7] Give my affectionate remembrances to all the family and believe me

Ever unchangeably your own,

Arthur Hallam.

P. S. Tennant begs to be very kindly remembered to you all, and wishes to remind Frederic of a certain Album which he has in his possession. Adio.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 17 April 1831

1. See letter 101; Boston was the exchange point for coaches between Spilsby and Cambridge.

2. John Rashdall, friend and neighbor of the Tennysons, matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1828 (B.A. 1833), was ordained in 1833, served as curate of Orby (near Somersby) from 1833 to 1834, and held various clerical positions through 1870. Rashdall's diary (at the Bodleian) provides, as Rader has shown, a fascinating portrait of the Tennyson family immediately following AHH's death; Rashdall's own reaction to that event was, in Rader's words, "not altogether what one might expect" (p. 12): "Hallam is dead!—such is life: the accomplished-vain philosophic Hallam, dead, suddenly—at 23.—Indeed, true philosophy ought always to be saying—One thing is needful." See also letter 104 n. 4.

3. Wordsworth, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," lines 178–79: "Though nothing can bring back the hour / Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower."

4. Shelley, "To Mary," lines 11–14; Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, lines 2773–75:

> Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!
> Allas, departynge of oure compaignye!
> Allas, myn hertes queene! allas, my wyf!

5. "To see again the longed-for muse(s)": *sospirate* is plural, while *musa* singular, so AHH's exact meaning is unclear.

6. See letter 183a. AHH either misunderstood or misrepresented his father's intentions; his assurance here would seem to exonerate Mrs. Tennyson from Henry Hallam's implied charge of deception. See also letter 103 n. 1.

7. AT's difficulty with his eyes was long-standing: late in 1829 he wrote to his grandfather that "for the last quarter of a year I have been much distressed by a determination of blood to the Head, for which, as it affected my eyes with 'muscae volitantes' (I speak medically: they are what are called in Scripture 'the mote in the eye') I was ordered to be cupped by Alexander the great oculist." On 26 February 1831, Merivale wrote to Frere that "Alfred is trying to make his eyes bad enough to require an aegrotat degree" (*Merivale*, p. 113). AT was shortsighted throughout his entire life, but his close vision was extraordinarily acute. See *Memoir*, 1:79–80, and *Tennyson*, pp. 65–66.

107. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Cambridge.] [17–24 April 1831.]

My dear Alfred,

I am very much distressed about the condition of your eyes. Surely you owe it to us all not to let yourself carelessly fall into the misery of blindness.[1] It is a hard and a sad thing, to barter the "universal light" even for the power of "Tiresias & Phineus prophets old."[2] Write to me yourself on this subject and speak openly and fully. I have derived lately much consolation and hope from religious feelings. Struggle as we may Christianity draws us all within its magic circle[3] at last. The sonnet is glorious. That line about the nightingale is worth an estate in Golconda.[4] There are two copies of your book nicely bound in Charles' room, do you wish anything done with them?

AHH.

1. See letter 106 n. 7.

2. See Pope, "Essay on Criticism," line 71: "One clear, unchanged, and universal light" and *Paradise Lost*, 3. 36.

3. A common phrase in Shelley; see, for example, *The Witch of Atlas*, line 103.

4. "Check every outflash," published in the *Englishman's Magazine*, August 1831 (p. 591) and *Friendship's Offering*, October 1832. AHH refers to lines 9–10: "The nightingale, with long and low preamble, / Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches," which AT adapted for "The Palace of Art (1832)," lines 181–82: "No nightingale delighteth to prolong / Her low preamble all alone." See *Ricks*, pp. 297, 411. Golconda (an old name for Hyderbad) was famous for its diamonds, and thus symbolized great wealth.

On 7 May 1835, Emily Tennyson wrote to Ellen Hallam: "Have the nightingales commenced their warblings yet?—thou art mistaken in supposing there are any in Somersby, no such birds are ever seen with us—Once on a time indeed a solitary one

came to Lincoln and trilled for some time in a poor man's garden. Of course, crowds came to hear, and see it. The man, becoming quickly aware that his vegetables were getting completely trodden down, "(For cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew, / He always cut it off to boil!)" had the unheard of barbarity, to shoot this adventurous songster. Dreadful, unmusical clodhopper!—what are all the cabbages in the world to one nightingale" (Trinity).

108. TO EMILY TENNYSON [*with postscript from Charles Tennyson*]

MS: Wellesley

[Cambridge.] [7 May 1831.]

My dearest Emily,

I have heard from others that you are better: why will you not let me hear it from yourself? The knowledge that you have been less sad and less fearful of late has streamed in upon this outer darkness of ours at Cambridge, like a full sunbeam of rich noonday light: but like other sunbeams it is, what Alfred calls, "thickmoted,"[1] and legions of little hopes, wishes, expectations, dance up and down on it, the brightest and nearest of which promise a letter from you. I received your gift, your precious gift, with reverence and gratitude. It shall lie on my heart for ever.[2] Its worth to me is priceless. It is the symbol of a little memory, and a boundless, magnificent hope in two human hearts. That memory, if the stars shine mildly over our lives, will spread and grow rich in the fullness of years; but that hope will not be narrowed in proportion, for its empire is eternity, and it rests on the unfailing heavens. I am conscious indeed that we may be deceived, as others have been; that distress may continue with each of us until the end: there are moments, I know, in which you think so, when you lie on the sofa, and weep (there will never be peace for me until I can dry those tears), and some such moments I have also, especially, oh my beloved, when I think of your unmerited tenderness towards me, of your gentle confidence, which gave me all on trust, even your precious life and destiny, a life moulded "fearfully and wonderfully"[3] by Nature out of clear sensibilities and ideal thoughts, a destiny, which hangs in awful balance between the extreme joy and the extreme affliction of sensitive minds—and when I remember how little you know of my character, and that little not the worst part, so that the day might come in which you would repent of your confidence—but from such misery and madness may God ever preserve us, and as I have no firmer conviction than that all my duty, and all my hope, and everything that makes me endure the struggle of life with fortitude

and faith, all converge to our dear Somersby, so I will trust that my fervent prayers may be remembered before God, and that I may live to be a blessing to you, and through you to all whom you love and honour, all who have cherished you in the dawn of life, or may cherish in its decline.

I have been perplexed lately with some of these odious politics, which threaten to absorb everything else in poor old England: had I my own will I would never, I think, read another newspaper.[4] [A reading] of the Times & Morning Post is not good for [those] who have been accustomed to the sweet su[mmer] winds that linger about "places of nestling gre[en] for poets made."[5] Yet they have a pure sanctuary to betake themselves to: like the Platonic soul they cannot quite forget their previous divinity. I in particular ought not to complain overmuch. Very high is the prerogative of the lover: he has a wisdom of the heart, which should dispel by native brightness the weary, lagging mists of common life.

> Alas, that sometimes even a duteous life,
> If uninspired by love, and loveborn joy,
> Grows fevered in the world's unholy strife,
> And sinks destroyed by that it would destroy!
> Beloved, from the boisterous deeds that fill
> The measure up of this unquiet time,
> The dull monotonies of Faction's chime,
> And irrepressible thoughts, foreboding ill,
> I turn to thee, as to a heaven apart,
> Oh not apart, not distant, near me ever,
> So near my soul, that nothing can thee sever!
> How shall I fear, knowing there is for me
> A city of refuge, builded pleasantly
> Within the silent places of the heart?[6]

I do not like Alfred's last sonnet so well as the former one; do you agree with me, or with him?[7] *Charles* is going to finish this letter, and therefore, dearest, adieu, farewell, or if there be any <other> sweeter word of affection and hope, be it from me to you, love.

Ever your own
In faithful affection

Arthur Hallam.

My dear Emily,

Hallam has left me uncommon little space for brotherly communications—perhaps as well for me, for, if I had more paper, I sd. feel bound to fill up the blank with subjects very likely to abstract yr. attention from the agreeable Epistle wh. you will find following closely on

yr. affectionate Brother's

C. Tennyson.

P. S. Write or let Mother write or Alfred or Edward[8] or anybody.

Addressed [in Charles Tennyson's hand] to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / nr. Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 May 18 [31]

1. See "Mariana," lines 77–79: "but most she loathed the hour / When the thick-moted sunbeam lay / Athwart the chambers."

2. Emily Tennyson's gift, perhaps a locket, has apparently not survived (see appendix).

3. See Psalms 139:14: "for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

4. Russell had introduced the Reform Bill for its reading in the Commons on 1 March 1831.

5. Hunt, *The Story of Rimini*, canto 3, l. 430.

6. Published in *Remains* (see *Writings*, p. 98).

7. See letter 107 n. 4; the second sonnet, perhaps "Life" (*Ricks*, pp. 296–97), is unidentified.

8. Charles Tennyson's note is on the first page, above the beginning of AHH's letter. The unstable mental health of Edward Tennyson (1813–90) worsened to such an extent that he was eventually placed under the care of a doctor at York; he was the only member of the Tennyson family to be institutionalized permanently (*Tennyson*, p. 63).

109. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

Cambridge. May 29 [1831].

My dearest Emily,

I send you a few lines in haste by Charles to thank you for writing, and to repeat, what I never can repeat too often, the expressions of my joy in the thought of you, and my deep regret that I cannot be with you. All except you and Somersby seems so blank to me. I feel such a want to throw out my whole heart to you, and yet this cannot be. What are letters! They make me remember delight, and hope for delight, but what are they to one look from your eyes, one tone from your voice! It is impossible we can know each other in absence, as we could, were I near you, and could I say to you all my heart prompts, and of which a pen is a feeble interpreter. Hitherto indeed I have seemed to myself a fool in your presence; to look at you has often taken away thoughts and expressions, and left me absorbed in the silent, but utter happiness of knowing you were with me, and had given me your love. But when you are gone I find so much to say. Oh for a short while at Somersby this summer! These feelings are not selfish, for they all regard your happiness, the one thing for the achievement of which I long for life and prosperity and a steadfast mind.

But there is much more sorrow in the thought that you are still unwell. My dearest Emily, it is a hard thing for me to say that I do not believe you, yet I cannot but feel you make the best of your sufferings to me. Would to God I could put full trust in what you say of "the usual serenity of your mind." But I fear the circumstances of your life have not tended to produce such serenity. You may suffer more in imagination perhaps, than in what is called reality; but that does not make the case better. I look forward earnestly to hear you are gone to Cheltenham: it is beyond all measure cruel of your Grandfather, if he does not furnish you the means of going.[1] Wherever you are, God ever

bless you, and all who are dear to you, amongst whom I trust may always be one, whose only hope you are,

Your most true and affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

1. Cheltenham was a favorite retreat for the Tennysons (see references in CT); Mrs. Tennyson, Septimus, Horatio, Mary, and Cecilia Tennyson moved there in 1842. On 12 July 1831, Emily wrote to her grandfather requesting money to go to Cheltenham because of her continued poor health:

> I am very ill, and have been so a long time, and feel assured, if you knew how I suffer you would immediately furnish me with the means of going to Cheltenham. Dr. Bousfield says, it is the only place for me; the pain in my side evidently increases, and my life is so wretched, that sooner than pass another year as the last, I would be content to follow my poor Father to the grave: now he is gone, who can we look to, my dear Grandfather, but you, as our protector. I am aware, the expenses of this large family must necessarily be great; they are very unsatisfactorily increased by my constant application for medical advice, and by continually flying to the transient relief of medicine which does me no good, and therefore of course must injure my constitution. If you can furnish me with the necessary means, you will lay me under an obligation, which nothing can repay, for what can compensate for the loss of health, or how can I be sufficiently grateful to one, who will be the means, of restoring to me that great blessing, to which I have been so long a stranger, and if God in his infinite mercy will give his benediction, I shall always entertain a lively recollection of your kindness, as the prime cause, next to him, who has rescued me from weary illness. Do, my dear Grandfather, let me hear from you very shortly; I have been waiting a long time in the most lingering suspense, thinking you would be so kind as to write" (LAO).

George Clayton Tennyson (1750–1835) agreed to pay for Emily's trip with funds subtracted from the allowance he gave to Mrs. Tennyson; the latter wrote to him on 17 August 1831, saying that she was unwilling to send Emily alone to Cheltenham, that she could find no one in the neighborhood with whom her daughter might travel, and that therefore she would "willingly make a further sacrifice" in order to allow "one of her brothers to accompany [Emily]" (LAO). AT's 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell suggests that Emily's illness was genuine: "[Emily] is not yet cured of the liver complaint, which sent her to Cheltenham—most probably it will cling to her all her life—at least I have never heard of anyone, who was cured of a serious derangement in that organ." The best description of Emily's grandfather, who assumed financial responsibility for the Somersby family after Dr. Tennyson's death, is in CT, especially chap. 1; see also references in *Background* and *Tennyson*.

110. TO FREDERICK TENNYSON

MS: Harvard

[London.] Thursday. July 8 [1831].

My dear Frederic,

I take the first moments of freedom from the interminable Essay[1] (now, thanks to all gods & demons, terminated) to devote them to Somersby and you. Your letter was read with great pleasure over a table, crowded with Latin books, and a desk bursting with pompous paragraphs. Luckily for you I am too sick of the business to send you some of these latter worthies, which you ask, but some fine day, if my philosophy persuades the breast of Higman,[2] it may be printed, and then a copy shall be presented in due form to that eminent critic, yourself. In anticipation of this favour I beg you will send me in your next the product of your brain in sonnets, for the last month. I of course have been altogether prosaic, working away at the rate of from 5 to 8 hours per diem. Part of this sharp exercise has been in the "campus patens" of Roman Law!![3] Fancy me digesting the Digest, and instituting inquiries into the Institutes![4] A shocking way off Parnassus that same "campus patens"! Ay, though Justinian does quote Homer, and call him the father of all virtue: a sort of episode, which, as Gibbon says, would surprise us in an English lawbook.[5] This active employment has kept my mind < off > from thinking of itself, a diversion highly necessary, for there is much darkness over my prospect. I am far from Somersby; not a breath of its flowers will occupy a moment of my sensation: the smiles and tears that are born there will never be known by me. I meant to have jested with you about Miss Bellingham, but my last sentence has changed my mood, and I "set to a mournful measure" my wishes that you may make up your mind happily.[6] If you are to be in love may your trials be few, and "the little sweet kill the much bitterness!"[7] If you are to marry, without much passion, may your choice prove a prudent one, and bring a settled tranquillity into your life! If you propose, and get a

refusal, may your philosophy be an overmatch for your temper! And if, after all, you resolve to let proposals alone, and live a bachelor, why then may you make the best of your independence, and train yourself up for a great poet!

Poor Alfred has written to me a very melancholy letter. What can be done for him? Do you think he is really very ill *in body*?[8] His mind certainly is in a distressing state. I wish you, or somebody, would transcribe for me some of his recent poems. Alfred's account of Emily is worse than yours; but it is clear as daylight that change of place and society would do her good. It is horrid that I should not be allowed to be at Somersby now; if nothing else, I should break the uniformity of her life. I know not whether it is merely the personal application that makes me like these lines in Landor's new volume.

> "She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
> Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain.
> Oh when will Health & Pleasure come again,
> Adorn her brow, & strew her path with flowers?
> And wandering Wit relume the roseat bowers,
> And turn & trifle with his festive train?
> Grant me, oh grant this wish, ye heavenly powers,
> All other gifts, all other hopes, restrain!"[9]

Give my tenderest love to Emily, and say I await a letter from her patiently, but eagerly; but never let her write, when it gives her pain, let her not associate anything irksome with the thought of me. Remember me tenderly also to all the rest. I mean to write to Charles tomorrow; and henceforward, essay being over, I will write oftener.

Yours most affectionately,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I go to Hastings on Monday. My direction is 6 *Breed's Place. Hastings.*[10]

Addressed to Frederic Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 July 1831

1. AHH's "Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero" (published at Cambridge in 1832), which won the 1831 Trinity College prize for the best English essay "on some Literary, Moral, or Antiquarian subject"; see *Writings*, pp. 142–81.

2. John Philips Higman (1793–1855), tutor at Trinity 1822–34, published *A Syllabus of the Differential and Integral Calculus* (1826).

3. "Open field." As Henry Hallam noted in his preface to *Remains*, "It was greatly the desire of the Editor that [AHH] should engage himself in the study of the law; not merely with professional views, but as a useful discipline for a mind too much occupied with habits of thought, which, ennobling and important as they were, could not but separate him from the every-day business of life; and might, by their excess, in his susceptible temperament, be productive of considerable mischief. He had . . . read with the Editor the Institutes of Justinian, and the two works of Heineccius which illustrate them. . . . Far from showing any of that distaste to legal studies which might have been anticipated from some parts of his intellectual character, he entered upon them not only with great acuteness, but considerable interest" (pp. xxx–xxxi).

4. Parts of the *Corpus Juris* of Justinian: the *Institutes* is an elementary treatise on the law, intended as a textbook for students; the *Digest* consists of extracts from various judicial authorities, organized by topics. Both were published in 533.

5. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* by Edward Gibbon (1737–94), chap. 44 n. 93: "*χρυσεα χαλκειων ἑκατομβοι ενναβιωων*, apud Homerum patrem omnis virtutis (1st. Praetat. ad Pandect.). A line of Milton or Tasso would surprise us in an act of parliament."

6. Charlotte-Sophia was the third daughter of Sir Alan Bellingham (1776–1827), of Castle Bellingham, Louth. She eventually married Rev. John Alington, of Candlesby, Lincoln. See CT, pp. 127–28, for details of Frederick Tennyson's involvement. See also Shelley, "Song (Rarely, rarely, comest thou)," lines 19–20: "Let me set my mournful ditty / To a merry measure."

7. Keats, "Isabella," line 98.

8. See letter 107 n. 1.

9. From "Ianthe" (first published in 1806) in Landor's *Gebir, Count Julian and Other Poems* (Moxon: April 1831).

10. Cambridge Easter term ended on 8 July 1831; AHH's letter is postmarked from London.

111. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. [12 July 1831.]

My dearest Emily,

Your letter, like all other things that are yours, is delicious. Why was I not with you in the gardens of Dalby![1] Henceforward however they are a part of me; I have no notion how they really appear, but you have told me something of their inhabitants, and that is sufficient for imagination to work with. From the single image of you, standing there among the flowers, and listening to the "clear carol" and the "solemn cawing,"[2] the whole scene has shaped itself out, with a wonderful propriety and grace, just as Alfred's Mariana grew up, by assimilative force, out of the plaintive hint left two centuries ago by Shakespeare for the few who might have ears to hear, and a heart to meditate. I am glad, very glad that the tone of your letter is more cheerful than usual. And yet I cannot forbear to scold you for saying "if I cannot write to cheer, it is better not to write at all." This you tell me I "must allow." Indeed, and indeed, Emily, I will allow no such thing. Is it to your gaiety, think you, and your festive smiles, and your playful humour that I have pledged my whole being? Oh no—these are not my Emily; very dear are they to me, because they are parts of her; but there was something dearer yet, something more intimately herself; the musical sorrow, like the spirit of the nightingale's song; the dreamy desire of Beauty, only perfected through suffering; the—but why try I to explain the inexplicable—I love *yourself;* "Emily, the whole of Emily, and nothing but Emily!" I have no higher object on earth than to comfort you; do not depress me to an inferior aim; make not a holiday thing of me, fit to share your amusement, but unworthy of your grief!

> When two complaining spirits mingle,
> Saintly and calm their woes become.

Alas the Grief, that bideth single,
Whose heart is drear, whose lips are dumb!

My drooping lily, when the tears
Of morning bow thy tender head,
Oh scatter them, and have no fears;
They kill sometimes, if cherishèd.

Dear girl, the precious gift you gave
Was of *yourself*, entire and free.
Why front *alone* Life's gloomy wave,
And fling the brilliant foam to me?

Am I the lover of thy mirth—
A trifling thing of sunny days—
A soul forbid, for want of worth,
To tread with thee th' unpleasant ways?

No—trust me, love; if I delight
To mark thy brightening hour of pleasure,
To deepeyed Passion's watchful sight
Thy sadness is a costlier treasure.[3]

But if I run on thus in prose & rhyme, I shall have you fancy I wish you unhappy, that I may have the luxury of sympathising with you, and supporting you. I remember indeed, when a child I used to entrap flies into water for the pleasure of taking them out again—a process, seldom so satisfactorily completed, but two or three of them perished by the way. Nevertheless, Emily, you need not fear; only just try me: get splendidly well, and cheerful, and you shall see how happy it will make me. Only remember how I love you at all times, in all moods, whatever pleases, whatever pains you; remember that I too have trodden the deep places of existence, and in those "valleys of the shadow of death"[4] have learned some lessons that may do good to the soul of my beloved; remember that the bliss, for which we hope as Christians, takes its perennial complexion from sorrows upon earth, and they who have shared the one in love will surely be one for ever.

I am now writing in front of just such a placid, magnificent sea-view, as I fancied for you when I last wrote. The water is no longer blue—for it is evening, and the dim, white lights are abroad, and the

indistinct shadows. But there is a perfect calm; the waves break along the shore with impulses so little varied, that the "slumber of delight" in which they lull my senses[5] would be likely, were I not writing to you, to lapse into more substantial sleep. A small boat, slowly impelled by the force of a single rower, is the only moving thing in sight, and I could fancy it some marine animal, come up for a while to take his pastime, and stir his fishy blood, on the unincumbered surface of his native element. Beneath the window is a long, irregular slope of shingles, spread here & there with nets & fishing tackle, and occupied in part with light pleasureboats, ready to be floated by the returning tide. Far to the right I discern the bold promontory of Beechy Head, sweeping the waters into a sort of bay, and continued on both sides in a line of low cliffs, beneath part of which this town is situated. I arrived here yesterday, and shall probably remain about two months. I shall not, I think, dislike the place; it is solitary, at least to me, for I know not a soul here but my own family: and since fate denies me to be in the only place I desire, the next best thing, after the wide interval, is some spot like this, where there is neither bustle, nor gaiety, but Nature, and a sea [shor]e, and easy room for thought. Apropos, have you not an aunt living here? That aunt Russel,[6] whom Alfred used to be so fond of? Let me know this, when you write next; and let not that "next" be long delayed. It will bring me tidings, I hope, of your Grandfather's consent to the Cheltenham plan.[7] Alas! change of place will bring you no nearer to me; whatever place you make a Paradise by dwelling there, for me the flaming brand waves round it, and limits me to the wilderness of earth! Adio, carissima—amami sempre, come ti amo, e mai non scordati, ch'io sono

Il tuo fidele,
Il tuo amante

Arturo.[8]

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 12 July 1831

1. Residence of Emily Tennyson's paternal aunt, Mary Bourne.

2. Apparently these are Emily's phrases.

3. Published as "A Lover's Reproof" (probably Henry Hallam's title) in *Remains*; see *Writings*, pp. 102–3.

4. Psalms 23:4.

5. Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, 3. proem. 4. 9: "My senses lulled are in a slomber of delight."

6. Elizabeth Russell (1776–ca. 1866) was the widow of Major Matthew Russell (d. 1822), M.P. for Saltash 1802–22, and one of the wealthiest commoners in England. Elizabeth Russell was probably AT's favorite relative, though other members of her immediate family were closely allied with the Tennyson D'Eyncourts (CT, pp. 19–22; Rader, p. 91); she helped finance his education (see Shannon, "AT's Admission to Cambridge") and provided other members of the Somersby family with financial assistance. See CT, pp. 6–7, 28–30, and references in *Background* and *Tennyson*. Matthew Russell inherited Brancepeth Castle in Durham from his father and rebuilt it at a cost of £250,000; his widow lived there most of her life.

7. See letter 109 n. 1.

8. "Goodbye, dearest one, love me always as I love you, and never forget that I am your faithful, your love Arthur."

112. TO EDWARD MOXON

MS: Richard L. Purdy

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Friday [15 July 1831].

My dear Sir,

I hear you are become the publisher of The Englishman's Magazine, which gives me great pleasure, as there is now some chance that a creditable magazine will be at length be established.[1] Since the old times of the London—the golden age of Elia, De Quincy, and a few more—there has really been no literary periodical of any excellence.[2] My friend, Milnes, writes me word, that you are anxious to procure something from the pen of Alfred Tennyson for the ensuing number. I will write to him immediately on the subject and I do not doubt he will contribute to your publication, although I know the periodical mode of writing is no favorite with him, and he has refused some of the old stagers.[3] Meantime I send you a Sonnet of his, which I have by me, and which pleases me much, both as a curious metrical experiment, and a piece of rich poetic feeling.

Check every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech; speak low, and give up wholly
Thy spirit to mildminded Melancholy;
This is the place. Thro' yonder poplar alley
Below the bluegreen river windeth slowly,
But in the middle of the sombre valley
The crispèd waters whisper musically,
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
The nightingale with long and low preamble
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol,
And all the whitestemmed pinewood slept above—
When in this valley first I told my love.[4]

Should you have room either in this number, or the next, to admit an article of mine on Tennyson's Poetry, I shall have great pleasure in writing it for you.[5] I wish particularly to know, whether you have the Magazine now in your sole direction, who the writers are who contribute to it, and whether it is pledged to any particular line of literary opinion.[6] In politics, if I may judge from the hasty glance I once took of a number, it has hitherto been strongly Reforming—the Bill, the whole Bill, and something more than the Bill[7]—will this creed continue to be professed under the new auspices? It was in contemplation, I know, among some friends of mine to set on foot a periodical, with the double purpose of maintaining Conservative principles in politics, and those of the New Poetical School in literature. How far will the Englishman's Magazine coincide with their views? Perhaps you will have the kindness to write me a line in answer to these queries; and believe me,

My dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

Arthur H Hallam.

P. S. I will fill up this page with a trifle of my own composition, which you may publish, if you think it worth.

I see her now, an elfin shape,
That makes the air seem full of light,
And brings in thoughts of pleasant might
About fair serpent forms, that leap
Among the flowers in warm Brasil,
And how at every move we feel
There is new beauty, and a birth
Of something glorious to the earth.
  Her face is almost given to smiles,
Almost given up to happy laughter,
But look ye near, and mark the whiles
An underglance outstealing after;
The sweetest glance I ever saw;

Yet terrible for the inward law
Which it reveals, the maiden power,
The thoughts that breathe a pure heart-air,
Nor ever shall in any hour
Forth to the garish daylight fare.
  Her voice, whose flowing tones I deem
A language for her sympathies,
A symbol for her mysteries,
Which words could never be or seem,
That voice is sounding now in gladness,
And if a rarer accent say
An earnest and a gentle sadness
Freshens the spirit's life alway,
That deepens still the simple charm,
And blesses all who hear from harm.
  I may not hear; no influence
Is breathed from her to bless my sense;
I sit and think of her alone:
Yet by the sacred stars I swear
I would not one so very fair
And gentle on this eve should own
A single pining thought of me.
Oh be she joyous—and the full
Orb of her soul, so perfect free,
All glory in the world shall dull!
So be it; I will think of her
As going forth a conqueror,
And of her voice, her smile, her motion,
As something for a bard's devotion.
No sigh, no treacherous tear shall say
I grieve that I am far away,
And others see her glad today![8]

Addressed to E. Moxon Esq. / 64 New Bond St. / London.
P/M 15 July 1831

1. *The Englishman's Magazine* was published by Hurst, Chance, and Co. from April through July; by Moxon (who may have edited all issues) from August through October 1831. See Harold G. Merriam, *Edward Moxon: Publisher of Poets* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1939), pp. 30–35.

2. The first series of Lamb's *Essays of Elia* (1820–23) appeared in the *London Magazine* (1820–29), a rival of *Blackwood's*, which also published works by Thomas DeQuincey (1785–1859) and Hazlitt.

3. On 3 August 1831, AT reluctantly responded to Brookfield's request for a contribution to the *Yorkshire Literary Annual*: "Now, how have you the conscience to ask me to annualize for Yorkshire. Have I not forsworn all annuals provincial or metropolitan. I have been so beGemmed and beAmuletted and be-forget-me-not-ed that I have given all these things up. . . . Shall I forswear myself because you can make punch? or stain my clear integrity in the sweet face of Heaven for a squeeze of lemons? No—by St Anne—No. I would not do it for Tennant—no—not for Hallam. Yet peradventure for thee, William Henry, I might be brought to do it. But prithee ask me no more, for tho' 'You have indeed wrung from me my slow leave' 'tis chiefly because in the aforesaid annual I expect thy pleasant company which alone is sufficient to compensate for the lack of novelty on the way."

4. See letter 107 n. 4.

5. AHH's "On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry, and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson," *Englishman's Magazine*, August 1831, pp. 616–28, reprinted in part in *Remains* (see *Writings*, pp. 182–98).

6. In addition to those by AHH and AT, the August issue included contributions by Lamb, Hunt, Thomas Hood, Caroline Norton, Thomas Pringle, John Clare, James Sheridan Knowles, William Scargill, and William Motherwell; other contributors included Mary Russell Mitford, Tom Moore, John Forster, and William Kennedy. The title page of the issue proclaimed: "In politics the Englishman will, as heretofore, pronounce upon the merits of a measure, regardless of the quarter from which it emanates;—in Literature it will judge of the worth of a book uninfluenced by the name of the publisher, or the connexions of the author; in both it will be the first to propound and advocate substantial principles of Reform."

7. Version of the rallying cry of government supporters during the 1831 election campaign.

8. Published as "Stanzas. By A. H. Hallam" in the August 1831 issue, p. 615.

113. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Hastings. July 15th. 1831.

I write in some haste. Moxon who has some sparks of poetry in his composition has got into his possession the Englishman's Magazine, a periodical of last year's growth. He wants to start with a flash number if possible; and has already pressed Wordsworth, Southey, and Charles Lamb into his service, but he is especially anxious to have something of yours.[1] I very much wish you to comply with this request. Send the "Two Maidens"[2] or "Rosalind" or something of that calibre or if you will, commission me to get the Southern Mariana from Spedding which will save you all trouble. If you choose I have no doubt that you can become a permanent contributor on terms; and why should you disdain a mode of publication which Schiller and Goethe chose for their <own publications> best compositions. It will not interfere with your collecting the pieces hereafter into a volume. You have no reason to be ashamed of your company and if a friendly name pleases you more than a famous one, I shall be along with you, at least if Moxon thinks me worthy of admission. Suggest the state of things to Charles and Frederic; one or both of them may be tempted to proffer their assistance. Only we want the answer directly because July is passing rapidly to the tomb of all Julys.

Hastings is a dull place; but the sea is *δîος*[3] to a point. I have been listening to the larks upon the cliffs all day. I got Patronage to read; it does not answer my expectation. I recommend "Destiny" by the Inheritance woman which I have read & like.[4]

Adieu. A pretty arrear of letters is owing from various members of your family to

AHH.

1. See letter 112. Both Wordsworth and Southey declined Moxon's request for contributions.

2. "Two Maidens" was apparently AT's original title for "The Sisters"; all three poems were published in *1832* (see *Ricks*, pp. 398–99, 438–40).

3. "Wonderful, divine" (see *Iliad* 1. 141).

4. *Patronage* (1814) by Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849). Susan Edmonstone Ferrier (1782–1854) wrote *Marriage* (1818), *The Inheritance* (1824)—upon which AT's "Lady Clare" (*Ricks*, pp. 638–40) is based—and *Destiny* (1831), novels dealing with Scottish life.

114. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Monday [18 July 1831].

My dear Milnes,

I am more busy than Dr. Watts's bee, and although "lo spirto è pronto" to write to you, "la carne è stanca"—so you must be content for the present with short sweetness, and "the soul of wit."[1] I am much obliged to you for letting me know about Moxon. I wrote to him directly, thinking it well to secure this station for the wise & good, when they may wish to shoot their arrows into the dark. His reply is very civil, and I fancy it may not be impossible to revive some of the Athenaeum glories in the pages of the Englishman.[2] The fine end of the wedge, you know, first—e poi![3] I had nothing of Alfred's by me, except that Sonnet I shewed you: this I sent, and Moxon seems charmed, and will print it instantly. I expect to be scolded for this when 'ο ποιητης[4] comes to know it; and in fact, it is a sad breach of trust, for I don't think he cares a straw for the Sonnet, and he is terribly fastidious about publication, as you know. Pray find some salvo for my conscience in your convenient system of Ethics. A few terms of Art—*blue* pills we might call them, were a lady in the case, but the joke halts at present—are easily swallowed, and it is wonderful how they assist digestion! I intend to sport some criticism on Alfred in this number, or the next. I find it harder than I had imagined, and shall perhaps not do the thing after all so well as the translator of the Magyars, with his "cotton mill" and his "pineal gland"![5] If you have any lights on the subject, that are not absolute darkness, I shall be obliged for a speedy transmission of the same; unless indeed you prefer writing an indignant letter to the Editor, and arraigning all my principles of judgement. I am not sure that a clever attack by a friend might not do Alfred good. Is your poem on "the wisdom of our ancestors," which you prefer calling "the Eld,"[6] about to exercise the wit of learned, and the patience of courteous readers? Or have you

thought better of it, and transferred that ingenious string of erudite fancies to [an] appropriate place in your forthcoming pamphlet on the Beer Bill? Pardon me, my dear Milnes—"to scoff is human, to forgive divine!"[7] I was much pleased with your behavior towards me in London, for you had some right to complain, and yet you had tact enough, and good temper enough to take the proper course.[8] I am sorry I ever acted towards you with caprice; at the time I had reasons which seemed to justify my conduct, but I intend to forget them, or to apply them differently. Pray have you been to Coleridge? What a trio! You, the Bramin, and old Satyrane! What a hash of "shocking bad" opinions you will have served up—with sauce à la monologue from the old Gourmand, who was "fed with honeydew," & drunk the milk of Paradise![9] Apropos of Paradise and sauce, what think you of defending St. Simon and his Parisian apostles in Moxon against Southey's Quarterly assault?[10] I will not insult you by doubting whether you have yet made St. Simonism compatible with all your other nonsense. Adieu.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Hon. Lady Smith's / 144 Piccadilly / London.
P/M 18 July 1831

1. See Isaac Watts, *Divine Songs for Children*, 20. *Against Idleness and Mischief*: "How doth the little busy bee / Improve each shining hour"; AHH's Italian version of Matthew 26:41 ("The spirit indeed is willing . . . the flesh is weak) should read "spirito." See also Keats, "Isabella," line 98 (previous reference in letter 110 n. 7) and *Hamlet*, 2. 2. 90.

2. See letter 112 for subsequent references.

3. "What next!"

4. "The poet."

5. See letter 97 n. 2. Fox's review began by asserting that poetry was no exception to the great law of progress: "The machinery of a poem is not less susceptible of

improvement than the machinery of a cotton-mill"; and later he complimented AT on his ability to enter into a mind as readily as a landscape: "he climbs the pineal gland as if it were a hill in the centre of the scene."

6. Apparently an early version of Milnes's "Lines Expressive of the State of Feeling Excited by the Consciousness of Being in a Classic Country," pp. 50–54, in *Memorials of a Tour . . . of Greece* (where it is dated Sept. 20 [1833]) and prefaced by a quotation from AT's *Lover's Tale*: the poem begins "Oh, blessèd, blessèd be the Eld. . . .)" See also Milnes's "The Men of Old," published in *Poems of Many Years* (1844), pp. 123–25.

7. As *D*, 1:579 n. 7 notes: "Under 'the duke of Wellington's act,' any ratepayer who gave sureties could, between 1830 and 1869, sell beer without a justices' license." See also Pope, "Essay on Criticism," line 525.

8. Apparently in late June (see account of AHH's activities in letter 123) after Milnes's return from Europe in May 1831; according to Wemyss Reid (1:109), they visited Edward Irving's church to hear the manifestation of "tongues." But their friendship had been strained earlier, as Monteith's 11 February 1831 letter to Milnes makes clear: "Hallam though very variable and certainly at one time in my opinion very unjust towards you has recovered his amiability of late. He is not so dissatisfied with *himself*, not so morbid as he used to be and therefore more in possession of his naturally exuberant loving kindness towards others" (Houghton papers).

9. Milnes met Ram Mohun Roy, a celebrated Indian Brahmin then traveling in England, during his June 1831 stay in London (Wemyss Reid, 1:109). "Satyrane's Letters," a recasting of Coleridge's own 1798–99 letters from Germany, were published in *The Friend* and reprinted in *Biographia Literaria*. See also "Kubla Khan," lines 53–54.

10. *Quarterly Review* 45 (July 1831): 407–50. Claude Henri de Rouvroy, comte de Saint-Simon (1760–1825), French philosopher, was considered the founder of French socialism; his disciples sought support in England in 1831–32, and for a time attracted the attention of the Apostles.

115. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: *Materials* 1:97–98; *Memoir* 1:81.

Hastings. July 26, 1831.

I have been expecting for some days an answer to my letter about Moxon;[1] but I shall not delay any longer my reply to your last, and before this is sent off yours may come. I, whose imagination is to yours as Pisgah to Canaan, the point of distant prospect to the place of actual possession,[2] am not without some knowledge and experience of your passion for the past. To this community of feeling between us, I probably owe your inestimable friendship, and the blessed hope, which you have been the indirect occasion of awakening. But what with you is universal and all powerful, absorbing your whole existence, communicating to you that energy which is so glorious, in me is checked and counteracted by many other impulses, tending to deaden the influence of the senses which were already less vivacious by nature. When I say the senses, I mean those employed in the processes of imagination, viz. sight and hearing. You say pathetically, "Alas for me! I have more of the Beautiful than the Good!" Remember to your comfort that God has given you to see the difference. Many a poet has gone on blindly in his artist pride, but you have been brought to see.[3]

I am very glad you have been reading Erskine. No books have done me so much good as his, and I always thought you would like them if they came in your way. His doctrines may not be the truth, but they may contain it still, and this is my own view of the case.[4] You perhaps will be angry when I tell you that I sent your sonnet about the "Sombre Valley" to Moxon, who is charmed with it, and has printed it off. I confess this is a breach of trust on my part, but I hope for your forgiveness. I do not know yet whether my article was too late for the August number,[5] but I will take care that you shall have it sent to you, which indeed Moxon would be likely to do of his own head.

AHH.

1. Letter 113.

2. See Numbers 21:20.

3. See AHH's *Englishman's Magazine* review, p. 618: "We do not deny that it is, on other accounts, dangerous for frail humanity to linger with fond attachment in the vicinity of sense. Minds of this description are especially liable to moral temptations, and upon them, more than any, it is incumbent to remember that their mission as men, which they share with all their fellow-beings, is of infinitely higher interest than their mission as artists, which they possess by rare and exclusive privilege. But it is obvious that, critically speaking, such temptations are of slight moment. Not the gross and evident passions of our nature, but the elevated and less separable desires are the dangerous enemies which misguide the poetic spirit in its attempts at self-cultivation. That delicate sense of fitness, which grows with the growth of artist feelings, and strengthens with their strength, until it acquires a celerity and weight of decision hardly inferior to the correspondent judgments of conscience, is weakened by every indulgence of heterogeneous aspirations, however pure they may be, however lofty, however suitable to human nature."

4. Thomas Erskine (1788–1870), Scottish advocate and theologian, who espoused the doctrine of universal atonement, argued that belief should be founded on the testimony of conscience, rather than miracles; his works include *Remarks on the Internal Evidence for the Truth of Revealed Religion* (1820), *An Essay on Faith* (1822), and *The Brazen Serpent: or Life Coming through Death* (1831). A copy of Erskine's *The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel* (1828), inscribed "Emily Tennyson from her ever affectionate Arthur Hallam. April 2. 1832," is at Yale.

5. See letter 112 and letter 114 n. 4.

116. TO EDWARD SPEDDING

MS: British Library

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Wednesday [27 July 1831].

Ηδιστε, και φιλοσοφωτατε,[1]

I have now been a fortnight at Hastings, and never till this fortnight did I feel the bitter truth of that line in Oriana "Winds were blowing, waters flowing."[2] Here there is nothing but wind and water; they talk to each other all day, and at such an illbred pitch of voice, that one cannot get in a word. The weather has been cold, damp, blustering, uncertain; yet this is far from an exhaustive definition; it falls far short of my feelings: indeed there is always a je ne sais quoi, which defies expression, in things which we vehemently hate, just as there is allowed to be in those we ardently love. I will be candid however, and own that the disagreeable complexion of things has been partly borrowed from the disordered state of my bodily system. A fit of bile might make the bay of Naples look yellow: cholera[3] would render insupportable even the vale of Cashmere, or the gardens of Shiraz. So, to compare small things with great, my glandular arrangement chusing to become disturbed, and keeping me in daily apprehension of ulcerated throat, and such general exhaustion, as might serve the purpose of dressing me for the maw of Cholera, has very naturally made me dislike a place, where one is never sure for two moments together, whether one is to be wet through, or blown through, or scorched through, and where a huge cliff at one's back forces a set of brutal Sow-Westers (a piggish sort of wind, as the name indicates) to spend their final fury on the exact point, which one inhabits. What wonder if I have been ready to exclaim in the pathetic words of the devil "What can be worse, Than to dwell here!"[4] And now, having said my say of abuse, I will confess the last two days to have been delightful; such a sun by day, and such a moon by night, and the waters widely calm & blue, and the breezes balmy with summer! May the luck last—and perhaps I will recant, and say sweet things of Hastings, which after all has its latent merits, and can never be

considered the most odious place in England so long as St. Leonards[5] is standing. Was there ever such a melancholy exemplification of supply outrunning demand? Talk of the temples at Paestum—talk of the desolate city in the Arabian Nights—they are not to be named in the same day with the utter cheerlessness, the distressing "Come, take me" look of the arcade at St. Leonards. I wonder those columns don't slink into the sea some night by way of suicide! As soon as I came here, I subscribed to a circulating library—the worst in the place, but the nearest, & the cheapest—besides the other people looked so insolent—I go there every evening to read the papers, an occupation which is shared by an old man, apparently indigenous, who is very oracular on foreign politics, and thinks the King of Holland a great fool for refusing the preliminaries.[6] The novels are mostly of that description, which is beyond the endurance of my most tolerant moods—other books there are none. Did you ever read Miss Edgeworth's novels? If not, take my advice, and never do.[7] I am summoning up courage to undertake Clarissa; in which case I must increase my allowance of cigars to four per diem. Your true Havannah is an excellent conductor to the more vivid flashes, that pass from "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."[8] My general occupations have been of a more grave character: I have read a great deal of Justinian, who is infinitely more entertaining than Miss Edgeworth (N. B. I read them at the same time, so I ought to know),[9] and I have been writing a review of Alfred's poems in the forthcoming number of the Englishman's Magazine, an affair of my acquaintance Mr. Moxon, who I hope will succeed with it. "Any assistance," he says, "which I or any of my friends can give will be duly appreciated": let Blakesley know about it; he might like to contribute, but the politics of the Mag. I grieve to say are Billy, so conservative principles cannot be *openly* maintained.[10] Perhaps my article may not be in time for the August number: nevertheless there will be a sonnet of Alfred, and sundries by Lamb, Wordsworth & Southey[11]—ergo you ought to buy it, and recommend the publication to the charitable opinion of all who are worthy to have an opinion. I saw your card on my table the day before I left London, and your kind wish upon it—Immo tecum damnari, oh bone, quam Stumpforum, et Tigridum, et Snoborum incolumitate frui, vehementer mallem. Vale—et rescribas aut tu, aut frater optimus.[12]

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Edward Spedding Esq. Jun. / 14 Queen's Square / Westminster / London.
P/M 28 July 1831

1. "My dear and learned friend."

2. Line 14.

3. Cholera spread from Asia to Europe in 1830–31, apparently as a result of warfare in Eastern Europe; it was especially epidemic in France. The first cases appeared in the north of England toward the end of 1831.

4. *Paradise Lost*, 2. 85–86.

5. A resort near Hastings.

6. See letter 93 n. 9.

7. See letter 113 n. 4.

8. Byron, *Childe Harold*, 4.207.

9. See letter 110 n. 4. On 7 August 1831, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that he had just heard from AHH: "he is reading law at Hastings, and says 'it interests him not a little,' which I am surprised to hear" (B.L.).

10. See letter 112. James Spedding's "Romeo in Shakespeare versus Romeo in Covent Garden. By an Inexperienced Playgoer" (criticizing the adaptation in which Fanny Kemble performed) and Trench's "On the Assumption of the Virgin, by Murillo" appeared in the October 1831 issue of the *Englishman's Magazine* (2:165–75). In his 1 April 1832 letter to Donne, Spedding recounted the history of his contribution: "There was a certain Englishman's Magazine in which Hallam and other friends of mine took an interest, and which, claiming as it did to be a literary reformer, did thereby claim the interest and support of all good and wise men. This opportunity of troubling the community with my sentiments on any subject happened to coincide with certain conceptions of exceeding disgust at the modern drama, which I conceived in the last long vacation, when I was in London, left much to myself, and went now and then to see a play, and always came away with a headache (an infallible sign of badness as a work of art). The modern Romeo and Juliet was a good subject to fire off upon, and accordingly I began the article of which that I now send you forms the second part. I intended to have written only two or three pages; but the exposition of my views of the spirit and purpose of dramatic art swelled into a goodly article by itself, which was received and acknowledged by the Editor, who thanked me duly by return of Post, and made use of it in his October

number. Unfortunately, however, my Article possessed every quality of greatness in such a degree that the *Englishman's Magazine* died in the effort of giving it birth" (Miss Johnson).

11. See letter 113 n. 1.

12. "I should greatly prefer to be damned with you, good fellow, than to enjoy safety with the Stumpfs, and Tigers, and Snobs. Farewell—may either you or your excellent brother write me."

117. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

[Hastings.] Saturday [31 July 1831].

Your letter, my dear Milnes, excited much wonder, and trepidation, in the breasts of those worthy members of the family circle, who happened to be assembled at breakfast, when it arrived. Nothing had occurred so mysterious since the adventures of Major Felix:[1] our imaginations immediately beheld you invested with the usual attributes of delegated devilry; one person <remembered> declared you strikingly resembled a hideous woodcut of Asmodeus in an old edition of the Diable Boiteux;[2] another remembered you had always kept one foot studiously under the table; while a third screamed with terror, & protested she saw you grinning in the tea urn. For my own part, after carefully balancing in my mind the different probabilities of your having acquired a smattering of White Magic during your residence among the Magnetisers of our Mothercountry, or having put into instant practice the apostolic directions, which we received from Irving, or having written to your old friend Mlle. le Normand,[3] the rationalist propensities of my disposition inclined me to take up with the quiet conviction, that you had seen some person not quite so unacquainted with 6 Breed's Place as I doubt not you personally are. And now I will in my turn exercise a little divination; I will lay you 3 to 1 in anything you like, sonnets, puns, or shillings, that your informant was a woman. What animal of our gross, clumsyminded sex would have perceived, or regarded those delicate peculiarities of No. 6, which your letter so exquisitely represents? What are the china foottubs to a man? What the mossroses on the glass of the sidedoor? What the steepness and twist of the stairs? Whoever the individual was, both she and you deserve infinite credit, for every syllable of your description tallies perfectly. Basta. I hope you got my note about Tennant; I have written to him since, and received no answer, at which I am uneasy, and shall be particularly obliged to you to let me know the apparent state of his health & spirits, and, if possible, as I

mentioned before, to ascertain whether he seems to have taken any offence from anything I may have said or done. It is Tennant's misfortune that with a soul yearning for sympathy, and capable of feeling and glorifying the tenderest, and the most exalted passions of which our nature is susceptible, he should be perpetually defeating his own end by the *pugnacity* of his intellect, and the captiousness of his wilful humours. The essential parts of him are worthy of all honour, admiration, and affectionate regard; yet the causes I have mentioned often make his conversation unpleasant, and give one a sensation like that of sitting near a hedgehog. You affect to be a conoscente in friendship; what an amazing difference it makes, do you not think so, in one man's feelings towards another, when, other things being equal, he can like his faults, and looks on some degree of them, or at least the dispositions from which they spring, as necessary to make up the simple object of his love? This reflection brings me naturally to what you are pleased to say about "the serious part" of my letter. There is in your remarks on this subject, as in everything you say and do, a curious and not unpleasing mixture of good sense and rhodomontade. I thank you for what you say of my conversation, and I can return the compliment with very great sincerity. When you speak of "other more intimate relations being broken," you seem to labour under an illusion which I think it due to myself to endeavor to dispel, especially as your tone seems intended to convey reproach. I am not aware, my dear Milnes, that, in that lofty sense which you are accustomed to attach to the name of Friendship, we ever were, or ever could be friends. What is more to the purpose, I never fancied that we could, nor intended to make you fancy it. That exalted sentiment I do not ridicule—God forbid—nor consider as merely ideal: I have experienced it, and it thrills within me now—but not—pardon me, my dear Milnes, for speaking frankly—not for you. But the shades of sympathy are innumerable, and wretched indeed would be the condition of man, if sunshine never fell upon him save from the unclouded skies of a tropical summer. I am aware of no reason, which prevents any intimacy subsisting between us, that has existed: nor can I fail to value highly an intercourse so refined and so agreeable, founded upon mutual regard, and ceme[nted] by some similarity of tastes, and common love of literature. Whether it may not be better for you to take me on these terms, and to give up cheerfully the

theory to which you have been visibly labouring to accommodate me, and which depends on the pleasant postulate that Arthur Hallam was once an enthusiast, and worthy to be the Pythias of that new Damon, Richard Milnes, but that all of a sudden the said AH became a reprobate, and is now grovelling on some "Alcian field,"[4] afar from everything ideal, beautiful and true, and consequently from the aforesaid Richard, this I leave you to consider. This theory is really so ingenious, and so evidently the delight of its artificer, that I feel the same sort of compunction in rudely touching it, which always affects me towards the palaces of cake and jelly, which enjoy a season of brief beauty in second-courses, and suppers. Nevertheless their final cause is to be eaten; your theory is naught, and I am, whether you credit me or no,

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. The Mag has just arrived. They have printed my article with such cursed negligence, that it will require all your *Fancy* to guess [the] right readings.[5]

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Cavenham / Mildenhall / Suffolk.
P/M 31 July 1831

1. Apparently an allusion to the *Historia del nobile, et valoroso cavalier Felice Magno, figliuolo del re Falangre della gran Brettagna, & della reina Clarinta*, published in various editions in Italy and Spain in the sixteenth century.

2. *Le Diable Boiteux* (1707) by Alain René Le Sage (1668–1747), French novelist and dramatist, in which the demon Asmodeus entertains his benefactor by lifting the roofs off houses and showing him what is going on inside.

3. Marie Anne Adélaide Lenormand (1772–1843), "La Sibylle du Faubourg Saint-Germain," was a French fortune-teller.

4. In Greek mythology, the giant Alcyoneus, who waged war with the gods, derived his immortality from his native soil Phlegra; on the advice of Athena, Heracles carried him to Boeotia and killed him there.

5. See letter 112 n. 5. Motter notes five misprints in the *Magazine* text, corrected in *Remains* (*Writings*, pp. 185, 189, 191).

118. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Friday. August 5 [1831].

Whenever, dearest Emily, I happen to be so unfortunate as to write a word that seems to you unkind, consider me to have said something quite the reverse, for my meaning, you know, must have been opposite to all unkindness. I forget what I did say in my last; but whatever it was, if it wounded you, I deserve to die a million deaths; if I accused you in the least, you, who have been to me all that is good, and beautiful, and like yourself, I should be the most miserable of ingrates. Believe me, dearest (I know you do believe me, but there is a rich pleasure in often recalling our thoughts to that mutual faith on which our hearts repose), believe that I speak "nothing but in love of thee,"[1] and my reproachful words are but the fond exuberance of a tenderness, that reproaches not.

I am much concerned at your Grandfather's answer; I am afraid I shall hate that man; certainly I never thought to be so glad of any one's death, as I feel I should be of his. Is it possible he can think he is doing right, the monster! I wish with all my heart Charles had taken his degree, which might have conciliated your tyrant:[2] but it is pitiable, and horrible, that my beloved Emily should depend on him at all. Oh that I were free—that I could rescue you even now from such cruel caprice, that I might bear with me my chosen bride to Cheltenham, or any other place in the wide world! But have you really no friend, with whom you could be content to go, among those who do not depend on that gouty creature? He has not all Lincolnshire under his thumb, I suppose; is there no Bourne, or Fytche, nothing framed with the affections of an uncle or aunt, with whom you might take this desirable journey? To go alone is of course quite out of the question. After all I hardly know what put it into Dr. Bousfield's[3] head to recommend Cheltenham: as far as the waters are concerned, I believe they may be obtained just as well elsewhere, and I am not aware that the climate has any advantages. To be sure there are balls, and gay parties, and plenty of second rate smartness, and bustle;

but then you know nobody at Cheltenham, and would probably not like the sort of thing, if you did. Query therefore—if change of scene and society was what Dr. B. had in his intention, would not this be possible at much less distance than Cheltenham, and consequently at much less expense? In this manner the sum, which your Grandfather chose to consider enough for you, on the supposition of Cheltenham, might suffice for you, and another (say Alfred) at some other place. But if you must needs remain at Somersby, for my sake, dearest, as well as for your own, and that of the many beings whose hearts have learned to vibrate with yours—few indeed in one sense, for Somersby includes them all, but many in the thought of love, who rarely finds such materials to work with as when he lingers by that sacred fireside—for all our sakes be not overcome by despondency; let not your feelings, fine and pure in their nature, injure and enfeeble themselves by too much indulgence; give them freedom by restraint, animation by partial extinction: converse more, read more, think more upon subjects unconnected with yourself, or tending to raise you into communion with noble and healthful thought. I am not saying this as a cold and commonplace observer, who finds it easy and thinks it fine to affect a sobriety that costs him nothing. I speak from long and severe experience of those melancholy sentiments you express. I have felt "the burthen of the mystery, the weight of all this unintelligible world";[4] and while the similar tone of our souls in this respect affords me a precious certainty of intimate union, I cannot think without dread that you are exposed to the dangers through which I have passed, nor unharmed alas! nor unhumbled. But put your trust in God, Emily, and pray to him as He hath taught me to pray, that you and I may love each other dearly, dearly, but Him above all, and that whether we die or live, whether we are well or ill, whether fortune oppresses or cheers us, we may hold to him with unabated trust, and thankfulness, firm faith in the Cross, and firm hope in the Kingdom.

Do you go on at all with your Italian? I imagine such an occupation would be particularly useful to you, and I am sure, after a little pains and study, particularly agreeable. To me nothing else in the world resembles the delight I take in Italian literature. It stands alone in my mind, a perpetual source of freshness. Perhaps however I owe this to early associations, which you have not: perhaps German would lay

stronger hold on your imagination. But whatever pursuit you engage in, if at this accursed distance I can be of the slightest service or assistance to you, remember that, were a messenger at the door offering me the throne of Belgium,[5] I would leave him unanswered until I should have answered any inquiry of yours on any subject.

You may console yourself for not having finished Patronage. Of course you cannot be in pain for Caroline's destiny: she is very comfortably married to that pattern of excellence, Count Altenberg. Rosamond's fate I altogether forget: she was the best of the two, I think.[6] I have just been reading The Old Manor House,[7] having a faint recollection that once when I asked Alfred if he had read it, he answered with a mysterious nod, "We were all brought up on that book!" In truth there is a sort of Somersby air about it; and I like it much. I have some thoughts now of beginning Clarissa: it is a shame to be an Englishman, and never to have read a word of Richardson. By the bye, do you know Bellini's music—il Pirata, la Somnambula &c. I am grown very fond of an air in the first, which my sister plays, "Tu vedrai la sventurata."[8] I don't remember that you played it.

Conscience has been plaguing me lately for never mentioning Miss Tonge's name in my letters.[9] Will you recall me to her kind remembrance, and assure her that I hope never to be excluded from it? Pray give my love to all the olivebranches. Your letters are delightful: I wish you would sketch all your acquaintance as charmingly as you have drawn the amusing old tabby at Skegness.[10] Apropos, you are silent on a certain point, yet you mention Frederic: which way has the wind blown?[11]

Adieu my love. I am ever your own faithful

Arthur Hallam.

1. See *The Tempest*, 1. 2. 16: "I have done nothing but in care of thee."

2. See letter 109 n. 1. On 26 February 1831, Merivale wrote to Frere that "Charles Tennyson has put off his degree, upon which he says all his property depends, until next term" (*Merivale*, p. 113); see also letter 101 n. 1.

3. Dr. Bousfield was the Tennyson family's physician and had treated Dr. Tennyson in his last illness.

4. Wordsworth, "Tintern Abbey," lines 38–40.

5. See letter 93 n. 9.

6. See letter 113 n. 4.

7. *The Old Manor House* (1793) by Charlotte Smith (1749–1806), poetess and novelist.

8. The operas of Vicenzo Bellini (1801–35) included *Il Pirata* (1827) and *La Sonnambula* (1831); the aria from act two ("You will see the unfortunate woman") was arranged for piano.

9. See letter 90 n. 8.

10. Several families in the district maintained a guest house at this seaside resort in Lincolnshire.

11. See letter 110 n. 6.

119. TO CHARLES MERIVALE[1]

TEXT: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Sunday [14 August 1831].

My dear Merivale,

I have just heard of your return, and I write to congratulate you that neither the disciplined ardors of the Dutch, nor the interesting ponies of the Belgians have been allowed to endanger prematurely the plump thread of your existence. The articles in the Independent, the Belge and such papers are worth framing & glazing, that one may always know how to make the best of a bad business. "No, the army of the Meuse is not defeated!" (a lie of imperial dimensions to start with). "A few cowards must there always be in the bravest of armies!" (how philosophical!). "With the best soldiers it has sometimes happened that, seeing cowards run, an unaccountable panic seizes them, and—and—*they run too*" (what insight into human nature, & what noble candor!). "Therefore the army of the Meuse has not been defeated!" (Irresistible logic, of a piece with the valor it defends!). Oh heroes of September, so wise & brave, what a pity you have got a licking from the Dutchman, but if to such profound reasoners I might be allowed to suggest an argument, when in future any ignorant man takes upon him to twit you about the army of the Meuse, make your principles a shield for your practice, & say boldly, "We leave it, Sir, to fools of the Juste Milieu to stand their ground in battle: we are of the *Movement*, & we run: 'la revolution marche partout' except into the contaminating presence of illprincipled men with muskets in their hands."[2]

I shall be very glad, my dear Merivale, to hear again from you, with more ample particulars of your travels, & the adjacent politics. Meantime perhaps I may venture to ask you to take a little trouble for me in London, or rather for Alfred Tennyson, who according to custom has devolved his business on me. You may possibly have heard that a bookseller hight Moxon publishes a Magazine called the

Englishman's. Further it may have come to your knowledge that in No. 5 of that publication appeared a sonnet of Tennyson's, & a review of his book written by your humble servant, but so execrably printed, that every line contains an error, & these not always palpable.[3] But this is parenthetical, a little by play of author vanity. What I have to say is this—Alfred, not intending to go into the Church,[4] as the grandfather who has "patria potestas" over him wishes and not having yet brought himself to cobble shoes for his livelihood, is desirous of putting his wits to profit, & begins to think himself a fool for kindly complying with the daily requests of Annuals without getting anything in return.[5] Now the aforesaid Moxon is a very good sort of fellow, and knows what's what in poetry, which you know "is as high as Metaphysic wit can fly"[6] and wishes Alfred to send him [poems][7] for his Mag. The matter I entrust to you then is this; to call upon Mr. Moxon, 64 New Bond Str., introducing yourself under shelter of my name and Alfred's, and to pop the question to him, "What do you pay your contributors? What will you pay Alfred Tennyson for monthly contributions?" Also, while your hand is in, to ask whether if Alfred was to get a new volume, ready to be published next season, Moxon would give him anything for the copyright, & if anything, *what*. You might dexterously throw in, that I have a promise that any article I might write should be admitted either into Edinburgh or Quarterly, & that I could therefore vouch for the books being reviewed in one, or both.[8] Nevertheless I know the trade is at present in a most ticklish situation, & I suspect Moxon will fight shy: but I should be obliged to you, if you will make the attempt, & write me word of the result in the course of next week, for I shall leave Hastings the week after, in what direction I do not yet know. While I am in a requesting mood, I may as well mention that Tennant is in a very gloomy way, & I fear exposed to great chances of penury: if you should happen to hear of a private Tutor's situation, that you think might suit him, & if you have no prior candidate, I hope you will remember him.[9]

Charles Tennyson seems by his letters to be in high force: Frederic is in considerable danger of matrimony;[10] Alfred in better spirits, I guess, than usual, & apparently not idle, but I have seen no fruits. I am as busy as I ever was in my life, writing, reading, learning,

thinking, smoking, [. . .] but spare of exercise and talk. These [last] don't do, for summer: they destroy all cool[ness:] cucumbers never talk or walk. Pray let me know how John Frere is; he was very ill, poor fellow, when I was in London, & though better when I left it still not able to see me. Adieu. Keep thyself fat through the heats, & believe me

Very faithfully thine,

A H Hallam.

1. Charles Merivale (1808–93), who matriculated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1826 (B.A., fourth Classic, 1830), was elected to the Apostles before 1830 and won the Browne medal in 1829. Merivale was dean of Ely 1869–93, and published historical writings, sermons, lectures, and Latin poems.

2. Merivale had been in Europe from June to August 1831; on 29 September 1831, he wrote to Christopher Wordsworth: "The fact appears simply to be that the Dutch moved eighty thousand men into Belgium; which were opposed by an effective force of some twenty-five thousand regulars, and a cloud of burgher guards without arms or officers. Besides the Dutch were half Prussians, which was not fair. I will not allow that the Belgians have had a fair trial . . . but now that they confess that *les braves Belges* does not mean *brave*, and give up their claim to the title collectively . . . there may be some hope of their regeneration" (*Merivale*, p. 126). See letter 93 n. 9.

3. See letter 112; letter 117 n. 5.

4. On 18 May 1831, AT's uncle Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] wrote to his father: "Alfred seems quite ready to go into the Church, although I think his mind is fixed on the idea of deriving his great distinction & greatest means from the exercise of his poetic talents" (LAO).

5. See letter 112 n. 3.

6. Butler, *Hudibras*, pt. 1, canto 1, ll. 149–50.

7. Added from *Merivale* text, p. 120.

8. Neither magazine reviewed AT's *1830* volume.

9. Tennant's poverty forced him constantly to search for a position. On 2 July 1832, Blakesley wrote to Donne: "Tennant is gone down to Edinburgh to canvass for the Professorship of English Literature in the High School at that place. I sincerely hope that he will get it for he is a man of no fortune and his chances of a fellowship are I suspect very small" (Miss Johnson). Tennant became a master at the London University school in 1833, which, as Blakesley wrote to Trench on 1 April 1833, "procures him the double advantage of increasing his disposable capital and diminishing his disposable time; the consequence of which is, that he is much less

disposed to pick holes in institutions or theories" (*Trench*, 1:136). On 5 August 1834, Henry Hallam wrote to Frederick Locker, recommending Tennant for a headmastership at a school beginning at Blackheath, as "one of my dear son's most intimate & valued friends" as well as "a good scholar" (Huntington); in this last position, Tennant became tutor of Horatio Tennyson.

10. See letter 118 n. 11.

120. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

TEXT: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Hastings. August 22nd. 1831

I am going with my father to Devon and Cornwall for a fortnight and then alone to Yorkshire. I once talked of meeting you at Hull but having rectified my geographical notions by a glance at the map I see that it is infinitely out of my beat. There is I believe a coach from Louth to Sheffield: let us meet there if convenient to you.[1] To know your plan and artist's thoughts would be something. You and I are conversant about the same subjects, you as poet, I in the humbler station as critic; to converse together upon them will be all the better for my criticism and perhaps for your poetry. Several of the <Apostolic Church.> Apostles send to congratulate me on my article.[2] I am glad that they like it and much more glad that you <profess> express approbation.

AHH.

1. Evidently they met at Cheltenham (see letter 126).

2. See letter 122. AT resigned from the Apostles on 13 February 1830 after failing to fulfill the necessary requisite of reading an essay; he had written a few pages on "Ghosts" (published in *Memoir*, 1:497–98).

121. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Tuesday. 22 Aug. [1831.]

My dear Quiz,

I write to the Dublin Postoffice as thy Newry billet directs *implicitly*, since it gives no other direction. Ohone! Ullulullah! avourneen, so you have missed my letter to Cavenham in Norfolk—one of the most graceful patterns of epistolary composition, though I say it, that was ever read, or rather not read.[1] In that letter, Sir, after complimenting the wizard power by which you were as well acquainted with my situation, as if you had been sitting on a broad-faced wave just opposite our palazzotto, I proceeded to make some observations on your halftwaddling, half sensible answer to what you called "the serious part" of my letter. I began by thanking you for the encomium you were pleased to pass on my conversation, assuring you that I could return the courtesy with a great deal of sincerity. I told you I agreed with your opinion that we never could be friends in the exalted sense you are accustomed to attach to the word: but that, if mutual regard & esteem, cemented by some similarity of tastes, and common love of literature, were sufficient to unite men in a feeling, stronger than that of ordinary acquaintance, I for my part saw no reason why such should not be our case. With this Cordelialike proffer I recommended you to be content; it was the worse for Lear, you remember, in the long run, that he quarrelled with his filial bread & butter. At the same time I protested against that arriere pensée of yours, as ingenious as unfounded, which makes you assume that because I have not towards you the more elevated & vehement species of attachment I am therefore incapable of it altogether, and by consequence, or rather by parity of reasoning, that my disinclination to a kind of phraseology, in which I used to indulge, is a proof of my having fallen away from all generous enthusiasm for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. I added nothing to that protest, which I thought it due to my own conscience to make: it was beneath me, I

felt, to answer an insinuation by words, which my future life, and such of my thoughts as you may hereafter know, will, I trust in the mercy of God, effectually repel, not perhaps without some shame on the part of him who formed that hasty judgement. I shall not willingly touch upon this subject again; but before I leave it, I shall take the opportunity of thanking you from my heart for much in your conduct by which I have been pained at the time, but which I believe was meant well, and hit with just severity several of the follies and vices, which have been my torment & disgrace.[2] Do not think I have been speaking in vanity and false security: to God alone be the glory that I am not grovelling far lower than your theory of your friend led you to suppose—to him alone, but *to* him! What is good in me is His property, and it were a false humility to deny the gifts which I feel.

I am glad to be able to answer your question about Monteith in what I suppose will be a satisfactory manner. I heard from the faithful couple some days ago. They were then at Genoa! had been at Florence!! and were to be in England the end of the month.[3] I presume therefore you will find them at Carstairs about the middle of September. Towards that time I shall be at Thornes House, which I shall leave, I suppose, early in October. I hope you will make that treasurehouse of oddities a point in your *hallucination*—what other term can I find for such a zigzag course as you are taking? Do you mean to visit Cambridge in October?

My article in the Englishman seems to have pleased the communion of Apostles; certes, there < are> is a thing or two in it; but I was pressed for time, and many parts might have been better written—stop your laugh, persifleur; I mean, *by me*. It is full of the most horrid misprints, and the mischief is that some of them make sense, or at least nonsense which will be set to my account. I will never forgive you, if you do not detect them: and as soon as I see you by Jove I'll catechise you.[4] I understand Moxon gives out he pays his prose contributors a guinea per page; I wish I saw the colour of his money, but I suppose he will stick to "It is not nominated in the bond."[5] I leave Hastings in a day or two, going to Devon & Cornwall with my father. I have enjoyed this place much, for I have been much alone; and have thought, read & written not a little. Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

AHH.

Addressed to Richard Milnes Esq. / Post Office / Dublin.
P/M 23 August 1831

1. See letter 117.

2. See letter 114 n. 8.

3. In his 1 February 1830 letter to his mother, Milnes had written: "My two Scotch friends have just gone to [London] for a week—they are so innocent that I am afraid they must soon get spoilt—one of them has a horror of the theatre—& the other says 'he really does not like going to such a place alone'." But Monteith's 10 February 1831 letter to Milnes expressed "the greatest desire to be made a poet of by crossing the Alps and to write sonnets by moonlight in the Colloseum and by dint of sword and pen regenerate Italy" (Houghton papers).

4. See letter 120 n. 2; letter 117 n. 5. Aubrey De Vere's reminiscence of their 1831 meeting in Ireland describes Milnes's contagious enthusiasm: "Milnes's portmanteau, amongst the many books with which it was crammed, had found room for a slender periodical—called, I think, *The Englishman*—containing Arthur Hallam's fearlessly appreciative critique on the first volume that bore on its title-page a name destined to become so widely known and gratefully honoured. We were soon on very intimate terms with Oriana, Mariana, Haroun al Raschid, the Persian Girl, and much good company besides" (Wemyss Reid, 1:117).

5. See letter 119.

122. TO EDWARD SPEDDING

MS: Princeton

Hastings. Aug. 23 [1831].

My dear Spedding,

I am glad you are pleased with my article. I would sooner have the approbation of one such man, as I take you to be, than of a whole generation of fools. It is happy perhaps for me, that my mind is of a domestic cast, and does not extend the circle of its ambitious wishes much beyond the wellknown and friendly smiles of a few.[1] You treat what I have written better than it deserves: it was the hasty product of the evenings of one week: I had no time for revision, or that adding & subtracting work, by means of which Good Sense "*θνητοσπερ ἐων*" follows up the "*αθανατοις ἱπποισι*"[2] of Imagination. My article went up to its final audit with all its sins on its head, mortal as well as venial: "unhouseled and unanealed"[3] the poor child of my brain was hurled into the eternity of Print, which alas! is too often one of damnation. "Felix" yet, "heu nimium felix!"[4] had not the imps, who managed that transit, impressed their blurring fingers on my tender and virgin page, hoping in the malice of their devilish natures to render me accountable for the mischiefs of their paws! I do not intend to make fight about the objections you very leniently allege. It is true I thought more of myself and the Truth, as I thought I perceived it, than of my probable readers.[5] This, you will say, was selfish, because I ought to have done whatever would do most good to Alfred. It is no easy matter however for a man to stop himself when he gets into full swing, and begins to write con amore: in parts I endeavored, as you observe, to put myself in a Magazine humour, and the result was trash that you are very properly ashamed of, and so am I. I am inclined however to think that both you & your brother something overrate the abstruseness of my writing: "subjective," to be sure, & t'other thing, are pedantic, because I might have expressed the same otherwise; but the distinctions about various conditions of Feeling are not,

I think, very difficult to understand, to any one, I mean, who has ever thought about mental philosophy at all, & some such let us hope there are among the readers of the Englishman.[6] "Complex Emotion," a phrase your brother jeers at, occurs in so common, so *lady-like* a book, as Alison on Taste;[7] nor is it possible to analyse at all without employing words with a strictness that to the unpractised must seem strange. It is hardly true again that I have not given men "the objects of the love" I meant to excite; have I not extracted three *wapping* poems?[8] Respecting the bluebell I still, with all deference, retain my opinion: nor will the fact of the conceit being borrowed from Fanny Kemble, or Trench, make it less objectionable in my eyes. Do you mean to contend that "ringing" does not refer to the second syllable of "bluebell?" Or will you have it that bluebells actually do *ring* to the mosses underneath, just as the bells of "human mortals" ring to *our footmen underneath?* I am not aware there is any peculiarity of sound attached to the collision of that particular flower with the airs of evening; and until such a fact has been established, I shall continue in my prosaic mind that a word which would not be the right one, except as suggesting a pun, had better not be used.[9] You see I have kept my promise of not combating your objections about as well, that is as ill, as is customary with gentlemen who write in periodicals. I have left myself little room to rally you on the desponding tone of your letter, where you touch upon Hastings & Cumberland.[10] It is with peculiar pain always that I hear persons, whom I esteem & regard, indulging themselves in expressions of grief, & disappointment, long familiar to myself. "Agnosco veteris vestigia labis."[11] I can easily conceive many circumstances of your life must be irksome in the highest degree to your disposition: living, as Dr. Biber[12] says, is no joke any way; yet it is better to desire to live with a contented mind, than to wish for a discontented death. To be happy is to have little dependence on what is without. The misanthrope, and the man who lives "Housed in a dream, at distance [from] the kind,"[13] are altogether dependent, with the [addit]ional misery that they know it not. The snail knows that to protrude his horns is to run the chance of being wounded: if we followed his example, and kept our horns, i.e. our desires, within our shell, we should be in a fair way for happiness. Some years hence I think you will find me preaching on a tub to a field congregation; at least the more I look at it the more I am convinced of the unchristian

life of the upper classes in this country, and the more I desire to come out of Babylon. When you write to James, thank him in my name for his last letter, which I fear I may not have time to answer before I leave this place. I hope he did not think me really angry with him—he must be a ninny, if he did, "a perfect child, dear brother Jem!"[14] Adieu, & may you prosper, remembering me

Very faithfully yours,

AHH.

Addressed to Edward Spedding Esq. / Mirehouse / Keswick / Cumberland.
P/M 24 August 1831

1. In his 1 April 1832 letter to Donne, Spedding described AHH's review as "a splendid critique" (Miss Johnson).

2. "Being but mortal"; "immortal steeds"; see *Iliad* 16. 154.

3. *Hamlet*, 1. 5. 77–79.

4. "Happy . . . alas excessively happy" (see *Aeneid* 4. 657); see letter 121 n. 4.

5. On 10 September 1831, Spedding complained to Blakesley that "the worst of it is that it is not written for the vulgar. But it is dangerous to tell [AHH] so, for he immediately assails you with cunning sentences and most scoffing periods, proving that if you object to his expressions you are ignorant of the truth of metaphysics" (Blakesley MSS; property of Mrs. Chenevix-Trench).

6. At the conclusion of AHH's section on the historical transformation of poetry: "We have indeed seen it urged . . . that the diffusion of poetry must necessarily be in the direct ratio of the diffusion of machinery, because a highly civilized people must have new objects of interest, and thus a new field will be opened to description. But this notable argument forgets that against this *objective* amelioration may be set the decrease of *subjective* power, arising from a prevalence of social activity, and a continual absorption of the higher feelings into the palpable interests of ordinary life" (p. 620).

7. AHH had written that the roots of art are in "daily life and experience. Every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state" (p. 618). *Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste* (1790), actually a series of essays, was the principal work by Archibald Alison (1757–1839), Scottish clergyman and essayist.

8. "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "Oriana," and "Adeline." AHH uses a variant of *whopping:* "abnormally large or great . . . of surpassing excellence, uncommonly good, first-rate" (*OED*).

9. AHH had objected to lines 34–35 of "Adeline" ("How the merry bluebell rings / To the mosses underneath?"): "The 'ringing bluebell' too, if it be not a pun, suggests one, and might probably be altered to advantage" (p. 628).

10. The respective locations of AHH and Edward Spedding.

11. Adapted from *Aeneid* 4. 23: "I recognize the vestiges of an old defect."

12. Apparently George Edward Biber (1801–74), miscellaneous writer, who published *The Christian Minister and Family Friend* and *Christian Education* (1830).

13. Wordsworth, "Elegiac Stanzas (Peele Castle)," line 54.

14. Wordsworth, "We are Seven" (first edition), line 1: "A simple child, dear brother Jim."

123. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

TEXT: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript

Hastings. Aug. 25. 1831.

My dear Robertson,

By a curious coincidence I received your letter from Florence, and one from your late fellow-travellers dated Genoa, on the same morning. I was of course very sorry to hear of the accident, which caused you to prolong your journey so unexpectedly. Pray do not another time write about a misfortune without satisfying one, at least, with the knowledge whether it is removed or not. You do not mention how your Mother now is. The brace of moorfowl you took under your experienced wing, seem to have been delighted both with the wonders of foreign parts, and the Scottish hospitality which they found at Villa Capponi.[1] Their expressions of extasy, as is usual with the inexperienced, are so monotonous and confused that I can hardly make out what they have seen and done. You must indeed have had a sinecure in your office of Guardian. Well can I fancy the impetuous Monteith, his blood boiling at the sight of an Austrian Gendarme, insisting on your expressing, in some of the many languages "which will not come when he doth call them"[2] his indignation at all the oppressions that are done under the Sun—"Weel now Robertson mon, you must translate to him those lines 'When Nero perished' etc."[3] Or, on the delicate occasion for ordering a Restaurant dinner, the same Monteith, glibly pouring forth a subtle, elaborate and impassioned definition of a paté or a sauce, and cursing both you and the waiter, because your endeavours to make French of his distinctions were not immediately intelligible to the terrified garcon. Then when you arrived in a new City, off would go Garden, glass in hand, manoevring away with that quick short busy body pace of his from one shop to another & from this church to that hotel de ville, expecting you to time your steps to his and to gratify his curiosity at every step. I am glad they have seen Italy: they are more worthy of it

than most who go! Yet I envy them a pleasure which old associations, and love for the language which nothing, I think, can quench in me, could have made me relish more keenly.

I will now give you a brief sketch of my proceedings, much more quiet than your own, and on a less splendid theatre; nevertheless to me not disagreeable. A few days after you left Cambridge, I went off also with Frederic Tennyson to Oxford, where I spent some days, and heard part of the musical festival which took place at their Grand Commemoration.[4] From Oxford to London—where I remained more than a month,[5] living like a hermit, I mean going little into society, but reading a great deal, and writing. Whenever I get out of the atmosphere of Cambridge, I seem to breathe freely; the use of my natural faculties returns to me; I can read, and I can think; it makes all the difference between fool and no fool. I am glad therefore, that my Academical time draws to a close. In London I heard Paganini, and Pasta, and I saw Taglioni.[6] All three are wonderful; the first, to my unscientific sense, the least pleasing by far. A fiddle to me is but a fiddle, turn it how you will; what is it to me that he plays on one string, instead of five, if my ear does not distinguish the difference? But I forget—I write to an eminent violinist; I will no longer expose myself to your contempt, by depreciating one who must be the god of your idolatry. Pasta's "Anna Bolena" is magnificent; the music did not strike me as very original or very pleasing, but the acting of that woman would redeem a harmony of cat-calls and Jews' harps. Fanny Kemble is a person of genius; I delight in seeing and hearing her, but set her beside Pasta, and the difference between the mere poetic and lady-like conception, and real acting, becomes at once apparent. Taglioni is what everybody calls her, the most graceful thing imaginable. I say thing because a woman whose faculties are all absorbed into dance, and who lives merely for the corps du Ballet, cannot be called a person; she gives up all pretension to Soul. From London I came en famille to Hastings, at which place I now am, and have been ever since the middle of July. The country about us is pretty after the English fashion of beauty—no bad thing after all, Italians as we are. Then the sea—"never ending still beginning"[7]—when will the Sea grow old? It numbers six thousand years already and not a wrinkle more now, than when the first man watched its calm with reverence or listened to its roar with dread! *Garden* would say this is not orthodox;

for the first man, according to his authority, lived a good way off the sea. But hang all cavils—the thought is a good thought. I have been very busy here too; but I begin to be tired a little of wind and water, and shall strike into a new course. I don't exactly know whither, but so that the middle of September may find me safely lodged at Gaskell's in Yorkshire. Early in October I shall probably be in London, where I suppose I may have a chance of finding you returned. Do you want public news? I can tell you no more than the newspapers. By them you will have heard that the stars in their courses have fought against the Bill. It is clear on the one hand that Lord Chando's amendment, coupled with the division of Counties, is a material alteration, and strongly aristocratic in its tendency.[8] On the other side, it is evident that the popular excitement has diminished and the tone of the Press displays vacillation and discouragement in lieu of their former insolent confidence. The result, I fear, will be bad anyway. I look with distrust and aversion on both parties, the old possessors & the new aspirants. "License" both mean when they cry "Liberty!" The curse is settling fast upon England! The upper classes have long been corrupted; the lower have now received the infection. A revolution will at least bring retributive justice if not distribution. It will take signal vengeance on those pampered wretches who in the *gentle*, or the *noble*, forgot the *man*; those unjust stewards of divine favour who have ingeniously perverted to evil all those peculiar blessings which in His elected Land God had given them for good. *Our* petition was never presented; the Oxford one *was:* it had near 800 signatures. I know the man who drew it up: ours I think was better constructed; but our zeal, our activity was nothing compared to the Oxonians.[9] You have been laughing I suppose over the braggart Belgians who made so good use of their heels. Their apologists say the Dutch Army was so well disciplined and that theirs was not, and besides was half made up of Prussians: this I believe was true.[10] Have you seen the loss of the "Rothesay Castle" between Liverpool and Beaumaris! a Mr. Wilson on board was saved: his wife was drowned. Is that *our friend?*[11] Remember me very kindly to all your family, and

Believe me
Very faithfully yours

A H Hallam.

1. See letter 121 n. 3.

2. *1 Henry IV*, 3. 1. 55 (see letter 62 n. 6).

3. Byron, *Don Juan*, canto 3, stanza 109.

4. They arrived on 9 June 1831, and spent some time with Gladstone, Gaskell, and Pickering: the concerts (which undoubtedly attracted Frederick Tennyson) took place at the Sheldonian Theatre on 15–16 June, included music by Spohr and Handel, and featured Giuditta Pasta (1798–1865), Italian soprano, and Caradori (*D*, 1:363–64).

5. AHH is incorrect, since he arrived at Hastings on 11 July 1831.

6. Nicolò Paganini (1782–1840), Italian violinist and composer. Maria Taglioni (1804–84) was perhaps the most famous of an Italian family of ballet dancers. Milnes's family had met Pasta in Italy at Christmas 1830, when she was rehearsing Donizetti's new opera, and he may have attended it with AHH the next summer (Pope-Hennessy, 1:33).

7. Dryden, "Alexander's Feast," line 101.

8. See letter 69 n. 11.

9. See *D*, 1:361 n. 3: "Gladstone was the principal originator of an anti-reform 'Petition of Resident Bachelors and Under Graduates of the University of *Oxford*,' printed in the commons' *Votes and Proceedings* for 1831, ii, appx., 51. Over two-thirds of the resident undergraduates signed it." The Cambridge petition is untraced.

10. See letter 119 n. 2.

11. The steam-packet capsized 5–6 miles off Beaumaris on 17 August 1831, with the loss of over 150 persons; the survivor was a Henry Wilson of Manchester.

124. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Hastings. Aug. 28 [1831].

I have been living all this week in hope, my dearest Emily, that I might have a letter from you this morning. That hope is now fled to disport itself in the summerwinds[1] of this beautiful weather, and has left me to console myself as I best may. There is but one way of consolation; since I cannot read your writing, you shall read mine; since I cannot set out on my journey, strengthened and inspirited by kind words from you, I will at least secure to myself a certain prospect of finding such words at some point of that journey, to reward me for past anxieties, and to supply my thoughts with their natural food for a week or two further. Pray do not fail to write to me at *Postoffice, Exeter*, where I shall be towards the second week of September; unless indeed you have, miscalculating the time, already written to me here, in chance of which I shall leave directions for my letters to be forwarded. Let some one else of your party write to *P. O. Bristol*, a *very* few days later.[2] I really think I have earned by frequent writing on my own part a right to be preserved from anxiety by frequent hearing from Somersby—for do not imagine, beloved Emily, I can ever be unconcerned, when I do not hear, even though I should have no reasonable ground of apprehension. But you *may* be ill; you *may* be unhappy; accidents may have happened, some arrow of God's Providence may have pierced the shielding cloud, which I trust is raised about you by the prayers of those who love you. Will you laugh at me, if I advance another plea—that of vanity? Suppose for a moment two very improbable suppositions, that my sister had written a book, and that you had written remarks on it.[3] Should I, do you think, have let you wait until you had received expressions from all your friends of pleasure and interest in your performance, before I put in my own word of approbation? In spite of all I can tell you to the contrary I see you have too low an opinion of your power over me. Pray believe the difference is enormous between an object which your eyes have smiled on, and one yet unfavoured.

I' non porria giammai
Immaginar, non che narrar gli effetti,
Che nel mio cor gli occhi soavi fanno.
Tutti gli altri diletti
Di questa vita ho per minori assai;
E tutte altre bellezze in dietro vanno.
Pace tranquilla senz ' alcuno affanno,
Simile e quella ch'è nel cielo eterna,
Move dal loro innamorato riso.
Così vedess'io fiso,
Come Amor dolcemente gli governa,
Sol un giorno da presso
Senza volger giammai rota superna;
Ne pensassi d'altrui, ne di me stesso—
E 'l batter gli occhi miei non fosse spesso!

These lines are from one of those three Canzons of Petrarch which the enthusiastic Italians, to mark their preference of them to the rest, have designated as the Three Graces. It will be a very pretty Italian lesson for you to try to make them out, to assist you in which I will add a very unworthy translation.

"Never could I imagine, or relate
The changes that within my heart are wrought
By those delicious eyes: all other joys
This life can yield are far less dear to me,
All other beauties are behind this one.
Tranquil repose, without the least annoy,
Like that, which is eternal in the heavens,
Issues alone from their enamoured smile.
Oh that I might behold more sure and close
How Love their motion rules delightfully,
One single day, in which the 'eternal wheel
Should pause, and I, careless of others then
And of myself, might gaze and gaze and gaze,
Nor often wink the eyes that looked on thine!"[4]

Whatever Petrarch meant, I do not apply this to make you vain: I do not love your eyes, merely because they are in themselves beautiful,

but because they are transparent to an inner Beauty, from which my spirit has drawn life, because they are the "throne of light,"[5] on which that soul is elevated with whom mine desires to be mingled so long as each has being.

I did not intend to get into these heroics, or mystics rather, when I began my letter: suppose I let myself down gently by a little talk about the moon! Beautiful this harvest moon must have been with you, and I have fancied it many a night shedding abundant tenderness of light on the garden at Somersby, whose old trees and dark, tufted corners rejoice in that lonely radiance, and seem, as the wind murmurs through them, to utter inarticulate sounds of greeting and love. This has been your portion of the universal beauty: mine alas! is different and separate; yet in itself—and abstracted from our situation, from our longing to bare our hearts to the same influxes of Nature, that, as harps in unison, the breath that wakes the one may never fail to stir the other—in itself, I say, few sights could be more lovely than this moon of August rising every night and setting over the wide and murmuring sea. Oh how I have wished for you! how has the name of Emily passed my lips, and fled to join that assemblage of lovely things, that wanted but something of her to make them perfect! Sometimes, while the western sky was yet in the revel of sunset, and the long, disordered clouds ran[ked] in volcanic grandeur to the zenith, whose pale, calm light [seemed?] to rebuke their impetuous excess, then turning to the opp[osite quar]ter a cry of delight has escaped me, seeing the broad column of moonlight divide two masses of darkening water, and some fishing boat perhaps, oddly but serviceably shaped, with one square sail, flitting fast across that lustrous interval as if in haste to meet and be absorbed into the coming night. Sometimes at later night the space of heaven has been in possession of large clouds, sailing [high?], but in heavy masses, from side to side, as if anxious [to escape?] beyond all chance of reprisal their captive firmament; the moon too has been in their power, and the wild gloom was beginning to affect my heart with dismay, when on a sudden looking downwards I have seen the line of waves, as it breaks on the resisting beach, catch a flash of diamond light from the escaping moon, and for a few moments that single shoreward undulation has been intensely bright, while all beyond was still plunged in blackness that seemed irrecoverable.

Adieu, sweetest Emily; God grant the next news from Somersby may be of your health, and capacity to enjoy, and may contain from your own hand the assurance of your continued affection for

Your devoted

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 28 August 1831

1. See AT's "The Grasshopper" (published in *1830*), line 1: "Voice of the summerwind"; both he and AHH often combined "summer" in such compounds, sometimes with the implicit reference to Somersby.

2. See letter 120; obviously AHH had not yet resolved to meet Emily and AT at Cheltenham.

3. An oblique reference to AHH's *Englishman's Magazine* review.

4. From the canzone "Poi chè per mio destino," composed circa 1339. This and its two companion canzoni ("Perché la vita è breve" and "Gentil mia donna, i' veggio") are in the praise of Laura's eyes. AHH's copy has minor variants from the original; though his translation is fairly accurate, the precise meaning of Petrarch's final lines (as AHH suggests) is not completely clear. In his "Remarks" on Gabriele Rossetti's *Disquisizioni* (letter 178 n. 6), AHH vehemently defends the existence of Laura and Petrarch's feeling for her (pp. 55–59). See also Emily Sellwood Tennyson's description of her sister-in-law: "Emily had wonderful eyes; depths on depths they seemed to have" (James O. Hoge, "Emily Tennyson's Narrative for Her Sons," *TSLL* 14 [1972]: 97).

5. Byron, *The Corsair*, canto 3, ll. 611–12: "Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might, / And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!"

125. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Thornes House. Sept. 22 [1831].

Sweet Sister,

Did you think I had forgotten my promise? Not so, sugar of my mouth, and eau de cologne of my hand—here am I, so mindful of that promise, that having nothing else to do I sit down to perform it. You have heard doubtless from paternal lips of our numerous adventures in the Southwest—how we were wet through on coachtops, frozen on rivers in dark nights, famished at old houses, where there are inns, but no food. You will have heard also that we encountered Blakesley at Plymouth, and perhaps you have listened to many highwrought panegyrics on that clever young man, interspersed with comparisons somewhat to my disadvantage. You will be aware too that Clevedon looked magnificently well, that Budding[1] inquired tenderly after the family, and the wood is more of a wood than ever people thought it could be. You have heard some opinion or other, probably unfavorable, concerning Miss Laura's looks, and your information will have terminated at the pleasing point, where I was left sitting in an endless circle of cousinly faces, just going through my ABC of family knowledge, repeating "You are not Kitty—you are Jane—" & so forth. Well—now you want more news of the cousins. I fancy it will come better by word of mouth; but this you may take meanwhile, that Caroline & I behaved very cousinly to each other, and upon the whole I think I like her better than I expected—to be sure I did not expect much. One of the twins, Kitty, I believe, who by the bye wishes to be called & considered Kate, or Katherine, has a more pleasing manner than any of the rest.[2] She complained of you for not writing; I had a dim confused idea of your having said something to me on the subject, and perhaps having gone the length of entrusting me with a message, but what it was, or anything further, I remembered not, & so I told them. I should tell you, before I leave that part of the country,

that Harry & Julia were anxiously inquired after by all the old women & children in the lanes about Clevedon. You & I, my dear sister, are only thought of as appendages to those important persons—rather a droll position to occupy, and it has the advantage of novelty [too.] Now for Thornes House. It is as red as ever. Mrs. Gaskell is not here, nor Mr. either. They return Monday from Leamington. I am solus with Milnes,[3] and as well amused as is possible in the circumstances. I ride out on one of the phaeton horses, and am about to take lessons in fishing. So much for private news; now open the newspaper. *Important Intelligence.* Open war has been declared between Thornes & Lubsig. When Milnes had concluded his canvass; and was already pluming himself on the prospect of unopposed election, in that moment an evil star arose. The baneful luminary was Mrs. Daniel Gaskell. She persuaded her reluctant spouse to unfurl the banner of Lubsig, inscribed with Ballot, No Church Estab.ment & other dreadful characters, & boldly to enter the lists against his unsuspicious nephew. The whole neighbourhood opened its eyes in astonishment & horror. Placard followed placard—letter denounced letter. Reproaches of perfidy were bandied about. The Danielites declare Milnes an opprobrium to the race of nephews; the Thornesmen vote old Daniel a monster of an uncle. History & mythology are ransacked for precedents; the horrors of Œdipus are thought [too] mild, the hatred of Atreus too weak, to furnish an adequate parallel. Professor Smyth interposed a feeble voice of conciliation; they turned from him with disdain. Milnes still thinks himself securer.[4] Adio. Love to all.

Very affect:ly yours,

AHH.

N. B. As you are apt to take things au pied by letter, I confess a little exaggeration in my third page.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 6 Breed's Place / Hastings / Sussex.
P/M 22 September 1831

1. Apparently a servant.

2. All were daughters of Sir Charles Abraham Elton (1778–1853), sixth bart. (1842), Julia Elton Hallam's brother and an occasional author. Laura Mary (d. 1848) married Charles S. Grey (d. 1860); Katherine Maria (d. 1876) married Rev. Edward Douglas Tinling (d. 1897); Jane Octavia Elton (1821–96) married Brookfield in 1841; Caroline Lucy (d. 1882) married Thomas Onesiphorus Tyndall (d. 1869) in 1844; the other twin may have been Maria Katherine (d. 1899), who married Major George Robbins (d. 1873).

3. I.e., James Milnes Gaskell.

4. On 10 April 1831, Gaskell wrote to his mother that he would "be very sorry to see my Uncle member for Wakefield, not because I would not like to see 'him' in Parliament; I would canvass for him and vote for him most heartily, but because it is in fact my Aunt that would be member of Parliament, and I do not quite like the notoriety into which she would bring the name of Gaskell" (*Eton Boy*, p. 184). On 7 August 1831, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that his uncle "was so undecided for several weeks as to what course he ought to pursue, that I felt my hands tied, from the fear that it would be thought our interest was divided, and determined, rather than hazard such an imputation, to withdraw altogether; but my Uncle has now publicly withdrawn, and I am fairly in the field for the representation of Wakefield. I cannot of course be as acceptable to my Uncle's friends, as he would have been, but I have reason to think that both the Church party and conservative whigs, some also of the ultras, will honour me with their support." On 31 August, however, Gaskell learned to his consternation that "the radicals had so effectually worked upon my Uncle's anxious and sensitive mind that he considered it a point of conscience to allow them to use his name for the furtherance of their purposes. . . . Both the Committees are very active. . . . We have proposed to refer the matter to arbitration, but this their Committee has peremptorily refused. . . . My Mother has been much harassed and broken down by this strange and unexpected collision." Subsequent letters describe the "warfare" in which neither Gaskell nor his uncle took any personal part. Finally, on 28 March 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that he had given up Wakefield, "partly because I cannot bear to see my Uncle's name connected with the unworthy means which are used to drive me from the representation of the Town, and partly, because I would rather enter Parliament through the free choice of some less exacting constituency . . . I intend to take refuge in the arms of Maldon" (B.L.). Daniel Gaskell (1782–1875), Benjamin's brother, reform M.P. for Wakefield from 1832 to 1837, lived at Lupset Hall (close to Thornes); he married Mary Heywood of Stanley Hall, near Wakefield, in 1806. On 18 October 1832, Gladstone had a long conversation with Mrs. Daniel Gaskell: "Her activity and benevolence ought to shame many who profess a purer creed" (*D*, 1:580–81).

Atreus, father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, served Thyestes (who had seduced Atreus' wife) the flesh of his own children. William Smyth (1765–1849), professor of modern history at Cambridge, was a close friend of both Gaskell families.

126. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Clement Shorter, *The Love Story of "In Memoriam"* (1916)

Thornes House, Wakefield. Saturday, Oct. 1st, 1831.

My dearest Emily,

I do not hear from you, and, as usual, I am foolish enough to be uneasy. It will be necessary for me in a day or two to decide which road I shall take to London, and I am anxious to know, on this as well as on other accounts, when you think of leaving Cheltenham. I left Alfred in such precarious health that I cannot altogether repress my fears about him: above all things, Emily, do not hesitate to let me know if either he or you should become really ill. I should certainly return to Cheltenham in that case: as it is, I think it probable that on the whole it will be better I should not.[1] But I wait to hear from you, as well as from home, before I make up my mind, and I shall write again about Tuesday.

My time here has been tolerably dull; Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell returned only a few days ago; they expect much company soon, but I shall not stay for it. Mrs. Gaskell is, as I may have told you, a clever woman, very amiable, and very full of conversation. She plays well on the harp, which at my request is produced every evening, and indeed I find it the best thing here. Fancy me lying on a sofa, in a large drawing-room to which a huge bow-window gives an almost oval shape, listening to the "notes that are loosened in a silver shower," while my eyes follow the dim shadows that cross a tall mirror at the further extremity of the room, and imagination busily shapes the phantoms of sight, until I might almost believe I saw your form within that distant glass, as Surrey saw his lovely Geraldine.[2]

Tomorrow I am going to visit Bolton Abbey, which is said to be highly picturesque: near it is the famous Strid, a narrow hollow between sharp rocks, where somebody, about whom Wordsworth has written verses, fell down, because his greyhound checked him as he took the leap.[3] You shall have a full account, when I have seen these

things. The country hereabouts is generally pretty, seldom rising into positive beauty; but the horrid smoke and steam from manufacturing towns miserably blackens the face of nature. All the houses are of the reddest brick which is my abhorrence, and I hope yours too. Conversation is eaten up by politics, as in all other places: my friend Gaskell intends to be a member for the town of Wakefield, in the event of the Bill passing.[4] He has secured a majority of votes, and as all the people in the town nod and bow as we pass along together, I cannot help feeling some increased importance of myself, as the future great man's friend. Milnes Gaskell is an old companion of mine, and his amiability, frankness, and courtesy make his society always agreeable to me. In tastes we are very different; at least the pursuits that give him infinite pleasure afford me but a very secondary one, and he regards mine in the same light. However, we have common topics enough to get on very well together, and old recollections supply any little deficiency in the actual intercourse of our minds. I knew him first at Eton, and was much with him, being as fond of politics then myself, as he has always continued to be. Afterwards we met in Italy, and circumstances then threw us together still more closely. You know, I believe, that I was attached to an English lady residing in that country, but perhaps I never told you that he was equally so—and the odd part of the story is that we never quarrelled, but liked each other all the better for loving the same person! the fact is, it was not love I felt for that lady, although in other circumstances it would have become love: but the nature of the case excluded all hope, and when the few weeks I passed in her society were over I became aware that the sentiments I had experienced had no basis to rest upon, although their effects on my mind, awakening and inspiriting all the latent powers of reflection and enthusiasm, were very extensive, and such as I shall feel in their consequences all my life.

Are you jealous now I have told you this? You need not fear; I could see that face again, that beautiful face, without one disloyal thought to my Emily: nay, if you have anything of a woman's vanity you should rejoice rather that the captive whom you hold for ever "In willing chains and sweet captivity,"[5] was no novice when you took him. Achilles was tired of killing Trojans, he found it so easy; but when he saw Hector at his feet, it is said he was exceedingly proud,

and skipped for pleasure.[6] Now, most sweet Achilles, I must leave writing, for I am called to go to Bolton.

Cara, carissima, adio,
Ever most affectionately your own,

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Priory House / Cheltenham.

1. See letter 109 n. 1 and letter 124 n. 2. AHH could not have known AT would accompany Emily to Cheltenham until after their grandfather's response to Mrs. Tennyson's 17 August 1831 letter. It was probably easy for AHH to plead his case for seeing AT without mentioning to his father that Emily would also be at Cheltenham. In spending a week with her, AHH was apparently only disobeying the spirit, not the letter of Henry Hallam's prohibition (see letter 183a). On 19 October 1831, Mary Tennyson wrote to her grandfather that "Emily & Alfred are not yet returned, but we expect them every day" (LAO).

2. Shelley, "Music," line 4: "Loosen the notes in a silver shower." AHH perhaps refers to Surrey's "If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain?" lines 29–32:

> Me thinke within my thought I se right plaine appere
> My hartes delight, my sorowes leche, mine earthly goodesse here,
> With every sondry grace that I have sene her have;
> Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and grave.

3. Wordsworth, "The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory"; see especially lines 21–36. The Strid is on the river Wharfe.

4. See letter 125 n. 4; the Reform bill passed the House of Lords on 4 June 1832.

5. Milton, "At a Vacation Exercise," line 52.

6. See Pope's translation of *Iliad* 20. 491–94:

> The Son of Peleus sees, with Joy possest,
> His Heart high-bounding in his rising Breast:
> And, lo! the Man, on whom black Fates attend;
> The Man, that slew Achilles, in his Friend!

127. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Wakefield?] [4–11 October 1831.]

I am indeed disposed to take dark & apprehensive views of things. I believe that times are coming on Europe, perhaps on the entire earth, in which the utter weakness of all ordinary habits & feelings to resist the pressure of appalling calamities will be made apparent.[1]

You desire an account of Bolton & the Strid;[2] the former I think I did tell you is beautifully situated in the skirts of extensive & luxuriant woods, which rise in varied combinations of grandeur and beauty along a chain of hills, through which the river Wharf first dashes like a mad torrent as he is, & then gradually assumes the deportment of calmer majesty. Perhaps you may prefer to my humble efforts of description, the bolder language of a guide-book which I purchased on the spot. "Here," says the eloquent author, "the river races in a more settled tenor; mountains that rise from a huge base with a monstrous swell, no longer designate its direction as was done by the lofty barriers in the West which have hitherto prognosticated its progress!!!" The Strid was unfortunately so swollen with rains that it looked for all the world like the other parts of the torrent.

An accident, I heard, had happened here not long ago; a successor to the boy of Egremond was found in an ill-starred Miss Poole (an ominous name). In she fell, & a gentleman caught at her bonnet but in vain, as the water just there races in anything but a "settled tenor." She was hurried instantly far down and found dead next day. In the coach coming from Leeds to London I met by the merest accident a sister of Miss P.'s, a married sister, as like as she could stare, and magnificently silly.[3] She was vastly good-humoured, but made her company, especially her husband, rather the contrary, for she talked incessantly, more studious of quantity than quality.

Whatever in the times that are coming may be my lot [. . . .]

1. On 22 September 1831, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that "Hallam is my only guest just now; he is very indignant about the Poles. He is more moderate in his views respg. the [Reform] bill than he was. He thinks its rejection wd. be attended with alarming results" (B.L.).

2. See letter 126 n. 3.

3. See Wordsworth, *The White Doe of Rylstone*, canto 1, ll. 229–30: "Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned, / The noble Boy of Egremound." AHH's parenthetical phrase is heavily crossed over by Hallam Tennyson in his wife's transcript. Mrs. Poole is perhaps Elizabeth (d. 1853), who married John Sandford (1801–73), divine. Authoress of works about women, she was the niece of Coleridge's friend Thomas Poole (1765–1837).

128. TO FREDERICK TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London?] [5–9 October 1831.]

My dear Frederic,

Confess that you have treated me shamefully. I thought where all your promises would be—not to have written once to me in so many months, and I all the while so anxious to hear from you, & expressing that anxiety many times in my letters to Somersby![1] Fie upon you! I understand however from Alfred that you did begin a letter once, but the more shame to you that it was not finished. I could bring myself to pardon not taking up the pen, but laying it down adds insult to injury.

I would fain know where the Lady of Shalott abides at present and what are the adventurous designs & love-prompted resolutions of good Sir Lancelot.[2] I hear you are ecclesiastically inclined; if so, you take your degree of course.[3] Do you still find that disdainful oriental beauty, whose name is Algebra, so hard to be won [. . . .] It is my decided intention to continue studious habits next term, defying you & the devil & all other interruptions; at the same time I own I have had such intentions often; & "frequent failure should make me tame,"[4] or at least cautious.

But why talk I of anything else while I should be telling you that I spent a week at Cheltenham—at Cheltenham, at Priory House Cheltenham, at the Board of Miss Corgan, Cheltenham,[5] & in the constant glory of seeing Emily, talking to her and sitting besides her. I made up my mind rightly I still think, though I confess things may be said on the other side, that I ought to take that opportunity of seeing Alfred & Emily.

Is Tennant with you. Alfred did not know or I should have written to him ere now. Give my love to all things at Somersby including "cattle & the stranger that is within your gates,"[6] that is provided Tennant be that stranger. Farewell and write and

Believe me
Ever affectionately yours

A H Hallam.

1. Presumably AHH discovered, upon returning to London (after an absence of nearly four months), that Frederick Tennyson had not written to him; Cambridge Michaelmas term began on 10 October 1831.

2. This suggests that at least the first half of "The Lady of Shalott" may have been written by this time; see *Ricks*, pp. 354–61.

3. On 15 April 1831, Thomas Hardwick Rawnsley wrote to George Clayton Tennyson that Frederick planned to take orders and try to tutor in a nobleman's family: "[Both Frederick and Alfred] promise to obey your wishes, to proceed with their Degrees *forthwith* & to place themselves in a condition to obtain a Competency by their exertions, which *I think, with you* they ought to do, after such an *Expensive Education*" (LAO). After a heated argument with his grandfather, in which he had asserted that "there were very few just men in the Church," Frederick wrote to George Clayton Tennyson on 10 September 1831, in part apologizing, but also attempting to justify himself: "I never said that I was disinclined to enter into Holy Orders, only it is the consciousness of being no better than other men, that awakens me to the danger of taking them unguardedly. I assured you . . . that I had made up my mind to it, but I hoped you would allow it to be right in case any scruples of conscience occurred to me between the present time & that of Ordination that they should not be disregarded. . . . It is only since last May that I have dreamed of entering into the Church" (LAO). Frederick managed to delay ordination until after his grandfather's death, when he received enough property to live independently.

4. Unidentified.

5. See letter 126 n. 1.

6. Exodus 20:10.

129. TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Sunday [20 November 1831].

My dear Ellen,

I wish I had time to write you a long letter, but I have not, so I desire all affectionate things which I would say, & don't, may be considered as implied in those which I would say, & do. I liked very much your details of your small adventures; I have no adventures at all, but sit thinking how very foolish the world is getting, and how little I & you can do to prevent it. I read hard things every morning, and sometimes in the evening amuse myself with reading Spanish, in which I flatter myself I shall be able to converse with you hereafter. By way of filling my letter with something I send you a very sweet Spanish ballad, along with a very poor translation of my own.

Que de vos y de mi, Señora,
Que de vos y de mi dirán?
De vos diran, mi Señora,
La merced que me haceis,
Y que cosa justa es
Querer á quien os adora,
Y que siempre como agora
Muy fuerte y firme os verán,
Que de vos &c.
De mi diran que por vos
Todo lo puse en olvido,
Y si asi vlo <hablása> huviere sido
Que mi castigara Dios.
Mi bien! de entramos á dos
O cuanta envidia tendrán!
Que de vos &c.
De vos dirán cien mil cosas
Si las saben entender;

Que son otras tan hermosas
Mas no de tal parecer:
De la mas gentil muger
Todos sus votos os dan.
Que de vos &c.
De mi dirán que he salido
Con ser bienaventurado,
Y que bien pagado he sido
Aunque poco he trabajado:
Mas que de tan alto estado
Malas caidas se dan:
Que de vos y de mi, Señora,
Que de vos y de mi dirán?

What of you, & of me, lady,
What of you & of me will they say?
Of you they will say, lady,
The mercy you shewed to me,
And the just thing it must be
To love him who loves so dearly,
And how still more fairly & clearly
Your faith will be seen every day.
What of you &c.
Of me they will say that for you
All others were unregarded,
And had I not been so true
The Avenger would have me rewarded.
Thou dear one, we two, we two—
How envying of us are they!
What of you &c.
Of you, were their meaning known,
Many thousand things might they <say> tell;
How others are lovely as well,
But so gracious are you alone;
How for you all those blessings they pray
Which the brightest & purest should own.
What of you &c.
Of me that I climb so high,

For my doom was glorious & blessed;
And that nobly guerdoned am I
For the hours that my soul depressed—
But low, low down shall he lie,
Who falls from such height away![1]
What of you &c.

There's something worth reading for you, Mrs. Nell. Y con esto Dios te dé salud, y á me no olvide.[2]

Ever your affect:te brother,

A H Hallam.

Love to all.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 20 November 1831

1. The anonymous "canción" was composed by one of the noblemen who accompanied Philip II on his wedding trip to England in 1554: see *Poesía de la Edad Media*, selected by Dámaso Alonso (Buenos Aires, 1942), pp. 356–57, 555. AHH may have learned of the poem from Trench, who wrote to Donne on 7 August 1831: "I have been tempted to begin to translate a small volume of curious Spanish memoirs. They are of Antonio Perez, private secretary to Philip of Spain, afterwards his mortal enemy. He broke prison, escaped to the court of Henri IV, from thence to England, where he found refuge and friends" (*Trench*, 1:99).

2. "And with this, God give you health, and do not forget me."

130. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Camellia Investments

Cambridge. Wednesday [30 November 1831].[1]

Cara, carissima, let me hear from you. Alfred gives a pretty good account of your health, and Arthur[2] says you have a great colour. Thank Heaven I shall be soon with you, unless I am cruelly deceived in my expectations. Alfred is looking well, I think, & seems better in mind and body than when I saw him at Cheltenham. He surprises me by his progress in Italian: why should you not read with him?—it would do you both good. I have not now time to write more; daily & hourly I think of you, and hope in you: should that hope fail me, Emily, do not think I can recover the wound. For my sake endure & hope & trust in the affection of those about you: these will be fearful times for all who are not strengthened in love. La pace d'Iddio sia teco.[3]

Ever your most affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

P. S. I have stolen your purse, but you shall have it if you ask for it.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby.

1. The date is somewhat conjectural; on 2 December 1831, Charles Tennyson wrote to Frere from Cambridge that "Alfred has been here just now from home" (Yale).

2. Arthur Tennyson (1814–99) studied with a local Lincolnshire artist, but spent most of his youth at home. In the 1840s, he began drinking excessively and was plagued by the habit throughout much of his life; he lived with Frederick Tennyson

in Italy, and then with Charles Tennyson in England. Twice married, he settled at Malvern, working among the sick and poor. To his grandfather (in June 1831), Arthur seemed all too representative of the entire Somersby family: "I don't know what Arthur is fit for. He even does not know the multiplication table or indeed anything useful. He could learn if he would but is as idle as a foal. He must be instructed before he can be fit for anything and [his] gestures and twitchings etc. are ridiculous and he would be a subject of ridicule anywhere. They are all strangely brought up" (LAO, quoted in *Tennyson*, p. 63). See also references in *Background*.

3. "May the peace of God be with you."

131. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Downside Abbey

[Cambridge.] Dec. 4 [1831].

I understand from Monteith that you attribute to misconduct on my part the disagreeable state of more than coolness which prevails between us, and which I certainly considered to be your own voluntary choice. You expected, he tells me, that I should have made some direct answer to a letter you wrote me in the Vacation. Had I received that letter sooner than I did (two or three days only before my return to Cambridge)[1] I should of course have written an answer, but I confess I was not sorry that this accidental delay had prevented my attempting any formal statement of feelings, which had much better be left to find their level in the frankness of mutual intercourse. I assure you it never was my wish that such intercourse should be interrupted: at the same time I felt, without having any definite cause of complaint, that the experience of the two last terms shewed it was not well for us to be too entirely together, and that, if I intended myself to pursue steadily the resolutions I had formed, I must be prepared to find we should <not always> on some occasions not be suitable companions. I think you will understand that, while I by no means laid the blame of this probable difference on you alone, I might naturally feel averse to stating directly, & by word of mouth, what I have just now said to you in writing. As soon however as I perceived by your manner, the first week of this term, that you expected some statement of my intentions, I endeavored to convey to you, through the medium of Garden, exactly what I have now stated, joined to the most explicit assurance that it was far from being my wish that the ordinary relations of our intercourse should be disturbed. When, after this, I found your manner become daily more cold, until at last it was evident you wished to be on the footing of a perfect stranger, what could I conclude, but that you were not satisfied with my statement, that you rejected my terms, and far from wishing to concede anything to a conviction of duty in one whom

you had called your friend, were determined to have nothing to say to him, unless he admitted in its fullest extent an influence sometimes wrongly exerted?

It must be obvious that, under these circumstances, I could take no step towards a reconciliation which I strongly desire. But what Monteith has told me leaves hope that you may have misconceived my conduct in a manner which this letter may remove. If however it should not be so, and if we are to <remain> continue the very short time of my remaining stay at Cambridge in the same unpleasant position, in any case your happiness will not be the less sincerely wished for by

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq.

1. See letter 128 n. 1.

132. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Cambridge. Tuesday. Dec. 14 [1831].

My dearest Emily,

I am very busy just now, and for the next month I fear I shall not have leisure to write to you at any length. You would not wish me to be plucked, you know. But pray let me hear again very soon from Alfred, Arthur, or, best of all, from yourself, how you are. I have a great mind to say imperatively to you, as Cobbet says to Lord Grey, "You *must* not be ill."[1] Again and again I entreat you to be as cheerful & calm as you can. I endeavor to be so, and, thanks to several occupations that are now forced on me, I can often separate my thoughts from the "weight of the superincumbent hour."[2] After leaving Cambridge perhaps this will be less possible: but I am resolved to meet firmly what cannot be avoided; and in your affection I build myself a restingplace, a secure castle, from which I may war against circumstance without fear or remission. I have *no doubt at all* of being able to come down to Somersby before the end of February: I can conceive no combination of circumstances that could prevent me. My father is tied by promise to impose no restraint on my actions after the first of that month:[3] and my only reason for not immediately coming to you after my birthday, is one which I am sure you will consider good; namely, that I have not been staying at home for many months, and it would be not right in me not to comply with what my mother &c. anxiously wish, for some little time, not to mention that it would be bad policy with respect to what now is my great object, the giving them a favorable impression of my attachment to you.

Now for the moment farewell, dearest: remember two things; first that I am most desirous to be written to, although I am, as I told you, busy; second, that I will write myself, only not long letters. And for the blank page that follows, consider it as filled up with "I love you" written as closely as possible & in characters fair as its own nature;

that is, the most beautiful in the world. Think of me often; I wish you knew how sweet it is to think of you though there is sadness in the thought too—but then love also, and strong, impetuous hope that overleaps everything. God for ever bless you! Charles is in very good spirits now. I believe he has written about his coming. My love to Alfred, & recommend his sending back my book.[4]

Ever thine, beloved,

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 15 December 1831

1. The occasion of Cobbett's remark to Charles Grey, then prime minister, has not been traced.

2. Shelley, *Adonais*, line 283.

3. AHH's twenty-first birthday; see letter 183a.

4. Probably a volume of AHH's writings, perhaps including his "Theodicaea Novissima" (see *Writings*, p. 199, and letter 138).

133. TO JOHN FRERE

MS: Texas

Trinity. Tuesday [27 December 1831].

My dear Frere,

I beg your pardon for not having sooner answered your note; but I am now in the veriest agony of Questionism, expecting fully to be plucked. Excuse therefore brevity just at present; indeed you hardly write enough yourself to deserve a long letter! but I hope, now you have fairly got within the pale of Mother Church,[1] you will amend your ways, and perhaps every now & then drop a line to one, who is anxious you should not forget him. Indeed such is the aspect of the times, that those, "who have been friends in youth,"[2] ought, more than ever, to be careful to preserve in afterlife the freshness of their fellowthoughts and fellowfeelings, as one weapon the more against an oppressive world. I hope it is not impossible that we may meet at no long distance of time. Meanwhile I shall be disposed to envy, or, more properly speaking, to *makarize*[3] your clerical haven, where your employments will be fixed, your duties clear. Yet perhaps "a night cometh, in which no man can work,"[4] not at least, according to the old courses of work: but it is not to be doubted, that for the few, who are able to stand the fiery trial, a manifest and a glorious line of conduct will be prepared. Had I time, I would write more: with regard to my little performances which you kindly express a desire to have, one is already printed, the other not.[5] When both are ready, I will send them to 45 Bedford Sq., directed to you, unless "quid novisti rectius,"[6] in which case perhaps you will let me know. Remember me very kindly to all about you; and may God bless you, and make you a good Minister of his Gospel.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Leighton, who is at my elbow, desires to be remembered.

Addressed to Rev. John Frere / 45 Bedford Sq. / London.
P/M 28 December 1831

1. Frere was ordained deacon (London) on 18 December 1831.

2. See Coleridge, "Christabel," line 408.

3. See letter 55 n. 1.

4. John 9:4. Charles Tennyson's 2 December 1831 letter to Frere reported that "Coleridge says he does not know of any one so likely to become a good parish-priest as yourself" (Yale).

5. Probably AHH's "Essay on . . . Cicero" and his prize declamation "On the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination on the Same Class of Compositions in England," delivered in the Trinity College Chapel on 16 December 1831 (see letter 96 n. 5). Both were published as pamphlets in 1832. Charles Tennyson's 2 December letter announced that "Hallam has got an Essay prize, you will be glad to hear." But AHH's "already printed" performance might be his *Englishman's Magazine* review of AT.

6. Horace *Epistles* 1. 6. 67: "If you know something better."

134. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Huntington

Trinity. Thursday [29 December 1831].

My dear Brooks,

Your letter had been impatiently expected, & was gladly received. Thinking you might return Tuesday or Wednesday night, I delayed forwarding the letters you will receive with this: I hope no harm may come of it; but should that, <dated> marked Holborn, be from the Gouvernor himself, stating that he has come to pay an affectionate visit to your brother in town, & intends instantly to appear at Cambridge for a similar purpose towards yourself, it will be an awkward contretemps.[1] The one from Garden I fear conveys ill news, as regards his sister: it is sealed with black; & a slight intimation of its contents, which I obtained through the folds, confirms my apprehension.[2] I heartily hope I may be mistaken. Your letter gave me an odd mixture of feelings, which I cannot quite analyse, and indeed ought not, since I have not a moment to spare from mathematics. I shall say nothing now about the main part of it; for there is no knowing what may chance to one's written thoughts; a truth, which your anecdote in the postscript abundantly illustrates. Mind you bring me back the books I spoke of,[3] and as many letters as you can. I expect you with much eagerness. A pretty Mason, by the bye, you will make, who hold so cheap the honours prepared for you![4] Give my love collectively, and *χαιρε*.[5]

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 29 December 1831

1. Brookfield's father, Charles, was a Sheffield solicitor; his brother, Charles, lived in London.

2. AHH may have been mistaken; on 14 December 1833, Garden wrote to AT: "My eldest sister having become rather alarmingly delicate, my family determined to go abroad" (MS Materials, 1:197–200).

3. See letter 132 n. 4.

4. AHH's reference is unclear.

5. "Farewell."

135. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

TEXT: *Materials* 1:56; *Memoir* 1:45

[London ?] [January–February 1832.]

I expect to glean a good deal of knowledge from you concerning metres which may be serviceable, as well for my philosophy in the notes as for my actual handiwork in the text. I propose to discuss considerably about poetry in general and about the ethical character of Dante's poetry.[1]

1. This fragment seems to refer to AHH's projected translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova* (1292–94), and is thus contemporaneous with AHH's description of the project in letter 140; it would seem very unlikely that AHH started on the translation, although he might have outlined its scope and purpose to AT, before taking his B.A. degree. As Motter notes (*Writings*, pp. 115–17), the translation was never completed, Henry Hallam destroyed his son's versions of the sonnets, as "rather too literal, and consequently harsh" (*Remains*, p. xxxii), and the twenty-five sonnets printed in *Writings* (pp. 117–30) survive only in John Heath's notebook (Fitzwilliam). Kemble's 2 April 1832 letter to Donne suggests that AHH may have projected a translation of another work by Dante: "From Petrarca to Dante, and thence to A. Hallam; his Cicero was beautiful; his influence of Italian upon English Literature less deep, but still very good; he is I hope about to give the world a translation of Dante's Vita Nuova and Ambrosa Convivio; these will be a great treat, for nothing finer than the Convivio did I ever read; and he can do this well" (Miss Johnson).

136. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Tuesday [10 January 1832].

My dear Father,

It appears, on examination of the Certificate, that it is not drawn up in the proper forms, & that it is doubtful therefore whether the Caput will allow of it. By reference to the College books I find I kept the first two weeks of the Summer term in question, so that if I had come up after the date of Holland's certificate I might still have kept the sufficient number. That term, you know, does not end at the Examination time, that being only the Division: the tenth of July was the last day really, & Holland only vouches for me up to the tenth of June. Now any reasonable person ought to be satisfied with a Medical assurance whenever dated, that it was unsafe for me to keep the term, since it might fairly be presumed that he knew what the extent of the term was, and since he has certainly a right to answer for what I ought to do for some weeks to come, as well as for what was past.[1] But Caputs are not always to be comprehended under Smiglesius's definition of man, "animal ratione preditum,"[2] and they have been known to object in similar circumstances. If you think you can get another Certificate from Holland, to the effect that I could not come to Cambridge at any time previous to the beginning of July, I wish you would try to do so: but I hardly know whether we can fairly ask it, considering that whatever inability there might have been for undergoing an Examination, there was none for mere residence. Perhaps therefore it had better be settled by my keeping another term—in the event, that is, of the Certificate I now have being refused—or at all events, since if I do not wait till the Degrees are conferred, I can keep the term at the Temple. Our Examination closes Thursday week, & the day for Degrees is Saturday. I could come up to town Thursday night, if I did not wait for Saturday. I certainly wish much I could become a Bachelor directly, although I may think it advisable to

reside at Cambridge afterwards. The Certificates are not formally presented until the day after the close of the Examination, so that there is time for considering. Let me hear from you in answer to this. I should say, by the bye, that Blakesley thinks you must be mistaken about the necessity of keeping those three days at the Temple. He says any three days, according to late regulations, will be sufficient. With respect to the O & C club, Hamilton's brother (i.e. Bushel), who has been staying here, promises to arrange matters for me in the first instance, & Blakesley, my seconder, will be in town before the time. The Ballots begin on the 19th. Jany. but I shall not come on quite at first.[3] I am reading hard, & am in pretty good order for the six days' work. Adieu; love to all.

Your affect:te son,

AHH.

P. S. If there are copies to spare at home, I wish my mother would manage the sending to Clevedon: if not, I will do it. I don't wonder you like the Essay best; so do I. A Chapel Oration is a vile mould of composition. Nevertheless, if I mistake not, I can write better things than that Essay.[4] *AHH.*

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / Rose Hill / Tunbridge Wells.
P/M 10 January 1832

1. Apparently a reference to AHH's illness in spring 1829; see letter 71 n. 3.

2. Marcin Smiglecki (1562?–1618), Polish theologian and philosopher, whose *Logica, selectis disputationibus & quaestionibus illustrata* was published at Oxford in 1634; the specific source of the quotation ("an animal endowed with reason") has not been traced. The Cambridge Caput (elected annually) consisted of the vice-chancellor, professors of divinity, law, and physic, and the senior regent and non-regent.

3. Members of the Oxford and Cambridge club, founded in 1830, included both Pickering brothers, Doyle, Farr, Gaskell, Gladstone, Milnes, Trench, Spedding, and Venables; elections were held on 6 and 20 February 1832. Both Edward William

Terrick and Walter Kerr Hamilton were members, but AHH may refer to an unidentified brother-in-law. "Bushel" does not appear either as first or last name in the membership lists, nor is there any clue to his identity in the Oxford or Cambridge alumni records.

4. Henry Hallam had attended AHH's prize declamation on 16 December 1831; see letter 133 n. 5. In January 1832, Henry Hallam sent "another little production of Arthur's" (probably the "Essay on . . . Cicero") to Samuel Rogers: "It is much superior to the other. You have candour to make allowance for the cloudy state of new wine, which will not disguise from a connoisseur's taste a racy flavour and strong body. You must always keep in mind that he is not quite twenty-one, and with this allowance I am not perhaps quite misled as a father in thinking his performances a little out of the common" (P. W. Clayden, *Rogers and his Contemporaries* [2 vols., 1889], 2:71–72. On 31 December 1831, Sir James Mackintosh wrote to thank Henry Hallam for the two pamphlets: "With heartfelt Pleasure I congratulate you on having a Son so worthy of You however He may differ from you in Opinions & partly perhaps in Tastes" (Christ Church).

137. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Thursday [19 January 1832].

My dear Father,

The Examination finished today. I am very glad my labours are over, for it has been hard work for me lately. I have done, I think, very fairly. Some weeks ago I should hardly have conceived it possible that I could attain the power of extracting Binomial Surds. Euclid I found the greatest plague: it is one thing to read Euclid comfortably by one's fireside, and another to have four books of him in one's head, so as to write off any proposition, figure & all, at a moment's warning. Saturday it will be known where all people are, from the Senior Wrangler downwards: at present the field is open to speculations of all sorts. Trinity has not done particularly well: Heath, I fear, will be low, which I am very sorry for; nobody doubts he is the best mathematician of his year, but he has been reading too high subjects, & is not quick enough at what is technically called the Bookwork. Hamilton will be among the first.[1] The S. W. probably from St. John's. My certificate is not allowed; so a term must be kept. This throws me back *a whole year* as regards the Master's degree. It becomes therefore much less important to keep this term at the Temple.[2] Perhaps I may as well come direct to Tunbridge: but if you think I had better keep it, I can come up to town by the mail on Wednesday night (I can hardly get away before). Blakesley says, if you are right about the Temple, he cannot have kept a single term of those he believes he has kept. He was expressly assured that any days would do, & that the form of a tutor's Certificate would not be insisted on. Possibly you may not have remembered that Bachelors, no less than Undergraduates, are considered "in statu pupillari." With respect to the Cambridge term I can keep either this, or the summer term. This is rather long, & that will be short. I shall however have kept a fortnight before I come up, for the term began on the 13th. There is no

difficulty whatever about keeping it in this way. Let me have a line in answer. Love to the circle, in which I shall soon be inscribed.

Very affect:ly yours,

AHH.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / Rose Hill / Tunbridge Wells.
P/M 19 January 1832

1. Douglas Denon Heath (1811–97), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., Senior Wrangler, Classical Tripos, first class, 1832), won the Smith's prize in 1832. County court judge from 1847 to 1865, Heath edited the legal remains of Bacon for Spedding's edition, and published mathematical, legal, and classical works. Edward William Terrick Hamilton was fifth Wrangler in 1832.

2. See letter 136 n. 1; apparently AHH's medical certificate was eventually allowed, for he received his B.A. on 21 January 1832. He applied to the Inner Temple on 27 December 1831, and was admitted on 23 February 1832.

138. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Trinity. Sunday [22 January 1832].

My dearest Emily,

At last my odious labours are finished, & being a Bachelor of Arts I can write to you comfortably. Fred & Charley seem fated never to attain that dignity: some objection in point of form was taken to their being installed yesterday, & they are put off till tomorrow. It is singular that I should get my degree before Fred, who was here two years before me. I am now impatiently counting the days that must elapse before I find myself once more at Somersby. They shall not be many. I will be with you, if possible, by the 20th. of next month. I have great need of seeing you, & talking much with you: all cares & apprehensions vanish in the strong light of the certainty of our meeting.

I am very, very much grieved at the account, given by Fred, of Alfred's condition of mind & body. What can be done? I do not suppose he has any real ailment beyond that of extreme nervous irritation; but there is none more productive of incessant misery, & unfortunately none which leaves the sufferer so helpless. I trust my coming will be beneficial to him: but meantime nothing should be left undone that may wean him from over-anxious thought. It is most melancholy that he should have so completely cut himself off from those light mental pleasures, which may seem insignificant in themselves, but in their general operation serve to make a man less unhappy, by making him more sociable, and more disposed therefore to receive satisfaction from the numberless springs of enjoyment which the mechanism of society affords. Unfortunately the more morbidly intense our inward contemplation of ourselves is, the more hollow & delusive we consider any temporary & apparently irrelevant diversion: yet, in fact, such may often be the only means of habituating the mind to a more healthy, that is, a clearer & truer view of its own condition. I hope you will do all you can to assist me in

endeavoring to restore Alfred to better hopes & more steady purposes. It will be sweet to labour together for so holy an end. I would sacrifice all my own peace to see you & him at peace with yourselves & with God.

I was halfinclined to be sorry that you looked into that Theodicaea of mine.[1] It must have perplexed rather than cleared your sight of those high matters. I do not think women ought to trouble themselves much with theology: we, who are more liable to the subtle objections of the Understanding, have more need to handle the weapons that lay them prostrate. But where there is greater innocence, there are larger materials for a singlehearted faith. It is by the heart, not by the head, that we must all be convinced of the two great fundamental truths, <which constitute a> the reality of Love, & the reality of Evil. Do not, my beloved Emily, let any cloudy mistrusts & perplexities bewilder your perception of these, & of the great corresponding Fact, I mean the Redemption, which makes them objects of delight instead of horror. Be not deceived: we are not called to effect a reconciliation between the purity of God & our own evil: that is done freely for us. We are forgiven: all that remains is to rejoice, to rejoice, & to ask confidently all things of God, knowing that He has promised us all things. All our unhappiness comes from want of trust & reliance on the insatiable love of God.

I must say farewell now, but I shall write again very soon, for my heart is full of you & Alfred. I go in a day or two to Tunbridge Wells. Will you direct *Rose Hill, Tunbridge Wells.* I shall be of age on Wednesday, the first of February. Love to all.

Ever most affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 22 January 1832

1. See letter 132 n. 4. As Motter notes, AHH's "Theodicaea Novissima," subtitled (in *Remains*) "Hints for an Effectual Construction of the Higher Philosophy on the

Basis of Revelation," was probably the essay AHH read at the 29 October 1831 meeting of the Apostles, when the subject was "Is there ground for believing that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of God's essential love for Christ?" Participants included Spedding, Garden, and Alford, who (together with AHH) voted for; Blakesley, Alexander Morrison (1806–65), Pickering, George Farish (1809–36), Thompson, and Heath, who were neutral; and Tennant, who voted against the proposition. AT apparently insured the survival of AHH's essay when he wrote to Henry Hallam, then preparing *Remains:* "I know not whether among the prose pieces you would include the one which he was accustomed to call his Theodicean Essay. I am inclined to think it does great honour to his originality of thought" (14 February 1834; Eversley, 3:258). On 12 March 1863, Emily Sellwood Tennyson wrote to AHH's sister, Julia Lennard, then preparing a new printing of *Remains:* "Alfred thinks the T. N. the finest of all the essays I fancy & is of course anxious that as such it should be known" (Christ Church). Henry Hallam's evaluation was perhaps tempered by a greater knowledge of his son's sources: "A few expressions in it want his usual precision; and there are ideas which he might have seen cause, in the lapse of time, to modify, independently of what his very acute mind would probably have perceived, that his hypothesis, like that of Leibnitz, on the origin of evil, resolves itself at last into an unproved assumption of its necessity. It has however some advantages, which need not be mentioned, over that of Leibnitz; and it is here printed, not as a solution of the greatest mystery of the universe, but as most characteristic of the author's mind, original and sublime, uniting, what is very rare except in early youth, a fearless and unblenching spirit of inquiry into the highest objects of speculation with the most humble and reverential piety" (*Remains*, p. xxxix). AHH outlines his basic philosophical position, whose impact on *In Memoriam* has been noted by many critics, in this letter; note, for example, the similar distinction between bases of faith in *IM*, 96–97.

139. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library

Trinity. Thursday. [January] 26th. [1832.]

My dear Gladstone,

I wish I could write you a longer answer to your kind letter, but I am unwell, & therefore I am sure you will excuse me. I send you three letters; one for the old general, whom you need not unnecessarily shock by reporting my change of opinion;[1] one to my favorite little Italian Abbate, a man of much affection, & some knowledge; one also to the Robertson Glasgows.[2] I will write to you according to promise, when you are over the water: but let me first hear your intended letter-places. Farewell.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

1. On 30 January 1832, Gladstone, about to set out for Europe, wrote to his father that "Mrs. Gaskell has offered a letter to Sismondi. . . . We have also got a letter to General La Fayette from Hallam" (St. Deiniol's); Gladstone delivered the letter in Paris on 11 February 1832 (*D*, 1:418). AHH had probably changed his opinion about the Spanish rebels; see letter 95 n. 4.

2. Gladstone was unable to find the Abbot Pifferi in Florence (on 17 March 1832), but met him in Rome on 15 April 1832 at a dinner party given by the Glasgows, with whom Gladstone spent much time in Rome (see references in *D*, 1:452–80).

140. TO WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

MS: New York Public Library

[Tunbridge Wells.] 29th. Jany. [1832.]

My dear Donne,

Your brace of kind letters should have been answered long ere this, had I not been labouring under the horrors of graduation. As an Incepting Bachelor I can now thank you at my ease, and with all the increased dignity imputed by the benediction of a Vice Chancellor, & the commendation of the Father of the College. It gives me great pleasure that you should find anything to like in the very hasty compositions I sent you.[1] They are, I fear, full of errors in language, & contain a few in substance, which I might have corrected, had I not just then been obliged to stand upon my ps. & qs. If you have flattered me in the good opinion you express I shall punish you as Authors usually do by the "Cras altera mittam."[2] Towards the end of the year, I may have ready for the Public (alas, most incurious of such things!) a translation of Dante's Vita Nuova, prefaced by some biographical chatter, & wound up by some philosophical balderdash about poetry & morality & metre & everything. If in the interim you have any views on any of these subjects, which you can charitably spare, suggestions will be thankfully received.[3] I am about to become a nominal student of law, but unless Ministers think fit to pull down the national credit along with their imbecil selves, I have not much thought of practising.[4] The life I have always desired is the very one you seem to be leading. A wife & a library—what more can man, being rational, require, unless it be a cigar? I am not however without my fears that the season for such luxuries is gone or going by: in the tempests of the days that are coming, it may be smoking, & wiving, & reading will be affairs of anxiety & apprehension.[5] Trench considers a man, who reads Cicero or Bacon nowadays, much as he would a man who goes to sleep on the ledge of a mad torrent, & dreams of a garden of cucumbers.[6] I am very glad he visited you at Cromer: it seems to

have done both your hearts good; as for him, he was delighted with all about you, except that he fears you are not quite in accordance with the Third & Fourth Councils respecting the nature of the Logos.[7] He is now deep in Types, but has hardly attained much Composition: I fear the subject may run away with him; it is one which of all others requires judgement to restrain, & method to regulate. Nevertheless there is a re-active force in Trench which will not let him go far in error. I cherish the hope that he may do great & glorious service to the Truth in this its extreme agony. He tells me he has awakened you to some alarm concerning the St. Simonians, those prophets of a false Future, to be built on the annihilation of the Past in the confusion of the Present. I too am alarmed at the gigantic atrocity of their idea, at their increased organisation, & the facility with which France appears to imbibe the poison, but I cannot but confide yet in English good sense that it will repel them from these shores with indignant scorn.[8] Should it be otherwise, better will it be for Chorazin & Bethsaida in the day of judgement, than for us.[9] The mission is come however; & according to their instructions they are to call on Sir Francis Burdet, & "the chiefs of the aristocracy" to tell them "that humanity marches!"[10] Bless their five wits—what incurable fools Frenchmen are! I hope our correspondence in future may have narrower gaps: my address will always be *67 Wimpole St.* Are you never likely to be in the Wen?

Very sincerely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. Donne Esq. / Cromer / Norfolk.
P/M 31 January 1832.

1. On 27 February 1832, Donne wrote to Trench, who had sent him AHH's "Essay" and oration: "I was altogether much pleased with Hallam's works—though I cannot for the life understand why he uses so perverse a style. It has neither the pomp and circumstance of elegance, nor the clearness and force of argument. But his

forwardness, and his comparative exemption from notional errors, and the promise of philosophic thought make him remarkable among the sons of men. I am delighted to find he has asserted the just claim of Epicurus to praise for a true commencement in the philosophy of perception, however he may differ from the consequences which his disciples, rather than himself, deduced from it" (Miss Johnson).

2. Virgil *Eclogues* 3. 71: "tomorrow I will send the rest."

3. See letter 135; letter 99 n. 14.

4. See letter 137 n. 2.

5. On 9 June 1831, six months after his marriage, Donne wrote to Trench: "The corner-stone in the life-weal of a scholar and a poet, his steady and unfading bliss in a world of change and effort, is a wife" (*Trench*, 1:94–95).

6. On 6 December 1831, Trench wrote to Donne: "Do you share in the general despondency of wise and good men at the present aspect of the world? To me it seems that the political vantage-ground which we lately occupied must now be abandoned; the infidel democracy can be no longer opposed there. . . . I live in the faith of a new dispensation, which I am very confident is at hand; but what fearful times shall we have to endure ere that!" (*Trench*, 1:103); Trench visited Donne later that month. On 9 January 1832, he wrote to Donne again: "Hallam, Blakesley and myself, and one or two others, sit like a congregation of ravens, a hideous conclave, and croak despair, which however does not prevent us from smoking a multitude of cigars, and drinking whatever liquor falls in our way" (Miss Johnson).

7. Presumably AHH refers to the early Ecumenical Councils, but it is difficult to judge his tone.

8. On 11 November 1831, Merivale reported to his brother Herman that the St. Simonians were the rage at Cambridge: "At least Trench has come up to keep a term, full of the most horrid misgivings with respect to the progress and prospects of that co-operative religion. We look upon it here very much as the Catholics of the sixteenth century looked upon the Reformation, and nobody but myself seems inclined to sacrifice the prospects of the present age to the chance of alteration for the better a century hence" (*Merivale*, p. 128). In his 6 December 1831 letter to Donne, Trench saw them as representative of the spirit of the age: "Primogeniture, aristocracy, heredity, all that rested on a spiritual relation, which relation will no longer be recognized, must be swept away before the new industrial principle, *à chacun selon ses oeuvres*" (*Trench*, 1:103–4); on 30 January 1832 he warned Donne that "St. Simonianism has taken a serious aspect, since we met, and many begin to give credence to my vaticinations" (Miss Johnson).

9. See Matthew 11:21–22.

10. As Southey wrote to Caroline Bowles on 21 February 1832, the "missionaries" also wrote to him, "complaining that I have not done them justice, offering me their books for my further information, hoping I will visit them in London, and saying that if they come this way they will knock at my door. I have returned a courteous reply, letting them withal clearly understand that they would find in me a determined opponent if it were needful. But this it will not be, for they are not likely to make proselytes in England" (*Correspondence of Southey with Caroline Bowles*, p. 240).

141. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Pierpont Morgan

Rose Hill. Tunbridge Wells. Saturday Eveng.
[4 February 1832.]

Dear Brooks,

I'm sure you will compassionate
The sad condition I've been in of late,
Damned to a series of most awful dinners
With coteries of ancient Tunbridge sinners,
And cards, where all, save I, are always winners;
Then every morning forced to play the lion
Along the dusty summits of Mt. Zion,
Or niched 'tween First & Second Maidens prim
To do the honours of Mt. Ephraim.
I' faith, but that I bear you better will
Than to inflict such penance, honest Bill,
I half could bribe you with some shag & beer
To share my troublesome quandary here,
Cut in at whist, or help me at a pinch
When tête à tête with hideous Mistress Winch,
You might resolve the problem, whether Cholera
Could do more service than by killing Molly Ray,
Or whether any reasonable men co—
—exist a second hour with Mr. Blencowe.
With the Archbishop's brother, parson Pope,
Your fluent tongue might have some chance to cope,
And unlike me perhaps by Mrs. N. Tighe
You would not be set down Assin Præsenti.
What can I do alas? I cannot prate
Of the last altered road or mended gate,
Nor weigh the merits of each rival thickhead
Who tells the poor at Church not to be wicked,

Nor wonder how much Miss Pug gives in charity,
Nor swear "Sir Bobby's timber *is* a rarity";
Woe to my skull! nor Essay nor Oration
Are worth a straw for Tunbridge reputation.
It really is a most unpleasant station![1]

In plain prose, Brooks, I am affected towards the place pretty much in Touchstone's fashion.[2] In respect that it is secluded, I like it; in regard that it is dull, I am bored by it. That there are few people here is well; that, those who are, are nuisances, is by no means well. I have plenty of leisure and inclination for reading, which is a comfort; but then I have a terrible aptitude to indigestion, which is much otherwise. Altogether I shall be well pleased to go away; the more so, as I am getting very nervous about Somersby, & shall not be easy till I find myself there. I am oppressed with the weight of the future—sometimes I feel as if it would be gain to lie down & die. Don't be a fool, you will say; much better get up, & be married.[3] Why so I think too on the whole. Not a syllable have I spoken yet about my intentions to Pa or Ma; but in a day or two that debate must come on. May it produce no division! I have two commissions at Cambridge, which it will cost you very little of that pleasure, commonly called trouble, to execute for me. The first, to call at Bridge's[4] & desire him to send two copies of Oration & two of Essay in a parcel to Clifton, directed *Capt. Elton R. N. 17 Lower Crescent, Clifton, Bristol:*[5] also one copy of each to Eton, directed *Rev. E. Hawtrey, Eton College, Windsor.* In the last you may stick "from the Author" in my handwriting, if you chuse. Secondly, will you desire Merivale to be so good as to write in my behalf to his brother, asking him for his vote & influence at the O & C club, where I am about to be proposed, & am afraid of rejection, which fate, I understand, has happened to Colvile, owing to remissness of friends.[6] Write soon; I trust your spirits are in good order, yet it may hardly be. Purl to me a little however, whether blithe, or mournful be the sound. I can't help feeling that Frederic has bagged one of my razors. Do you know anything of it? Commend me to all knights of my square table—much to Garden & Monteith, if they are returned.[7] Faretheewell.

Thine very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 6 February 1832

1. Printed in *Writings*, pp. 105–6, where Motter, drawing on Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne's *Social Hours with Celebrities* (1898), vol. 2, notes: "The Tunbridge Wells, of the 1830's, though populous and fashionable, was the resort of a wide and startling variety of religious sects, to which 'sinners' obeisance is made in the fourth line of Hallam's verses. Under such influence various sites in the town sprouted Biblical names, and two hills became Mounts Zion and Ephraim." Mrs. Tighe is described by Jane Octavia Brookfield in *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*, pp. 116, 118: " 'The Queen of Tunbridge' has just paid me a visit, a clever Irish woman, and a great friend of Uncle Hallam's. . . . She gives parties twice a week, I believe, and has a very pretty house and a lovely garden." The other characters in AHH's verse epistle are unidentified.

2. See *As You Like It*, 3. 2. 13–21.

3. See letter 183a. Late in 1831, a common friend [unidentified] told Doyle that AHH was soon to be married; Doyle passed the information on to Gladstone, Gladstone to Gaskell, and each individually wrote to AHH to congratulate him (Doyle to Gladstone, 16 December 1831 [B.L.]; *D*, 1:397, 13 December 1831). On 26 January 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone describing AHH's response: "You say in a note which I luckily have by me—'You have of course heard that Hallam's marriage is at length definitively settled'—Credulously and unsuspectingly I wrote to old Hallam, taxing him with most unmannerly and most unwarrantable forgetfulness in not having communicated the fact to me, and at the same time congratulating him as warmly as I could. In his reply, he tells me that the information is to say the least of it, most premature, that he, at least, has not heard of the removal of the difficulties, and that he cannot for his life understand how the report of such removal had originated. He adds—'One good thing however has come out of it. I can never be at a loss to express myself upon such subjects for the future, for I have received a poetical letter from Doyle, a religious letter from Gladstone, and an oratorical letter from Gaskell" (B.L.)

4. This Cambridge bookseller printed "Adonais" in 1829.

5. Henry Elton.

6. See letter 136 n. 3. Herman Merivale (1806–74) attended Trinity College, Oxford, and became undersecretary of state for India. Sir James Colvile (1810–80), contemporary of AHH at Eton, matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A. 1831), was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832, and became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

7. On 13 February 1832, O'Brien wrote to Milnes: "Garden is a waste howling wilderness without Hallam, too much depressed poor fellow to be laughed at, what an affectionate heart he must have" (Houghton papers).

142. TO JOHN PEARSON[1]

MS: Simon Nowell-Smith

Rose Hill. Tunbridge Wells. Feb. 5 [1832].

My dear Pearson,

Will you excuse my troubling you with these few lines, and with the request, that, as you have been kind enough to propose me for the O & C club, you will prevent, if you can, my being blackballed. I hear, with some dismay, that Colvile, a Cambridge acquaintance of mine, & the very last man I should have expected, has suffered that fate, owing to the scanty attendance of his friends. I am really quite ignorant who are the leading members of the Club. If, without inconvenience to yourself, you can procure me some influential votes, I shall be much obliged to you. The ballot, I hear, is likely to come on in about a fortnight.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
A H Hallam.

Addressed to J. Pearson Esq. / 8 Dorset Sq. / London.
P/M 6 February 1832

1. Probably the John Pearson (b. 1807?) who was in the fifth form at Eton in 1823; he matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1824 (B.A., first class, 1828), became a student of Lincoln's Inn in 1828, and was awarded his M.A. in 1831. Another John Pearson of London attended Trinity (B.A. 1827), but was not at Eton, and did not receive his M.A. until March 1832. Pearson was an original member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, and was on its nominating committee in 1833. Gladstone met Pearson at Gaskell's rooms in November 1831, and found him a "clever & agreeable man" (*D*, 1:391). See letter 141 n. 6 and letter 147.

143. TO JOSEPH WILLIAMS BLAKESLEY

MS: Mrs. C. G. Chenevix-Trench

Rose Hill. Wednesday [8 February 1832].

My dear Blakesley,

I will not tell it in Gath[1] that a man of your acuteness, & attention to facts, committed so grievous a mistake, as to put the address of Tunbridge on a letter (and a letter of business too) intended for Tunbridge *Wells*. Thanks however to that glorious Long Parliament that instituted Postoffices so long ago that by this time they are up to everything, I received your letter not much later than the time we receive those properly directed. I am sorry for Colvile & frightened for myself: you seem to intimate that you cannot be in London at the ballot, and where my proposer may be I know not. I have however written to his London address, and if I am fortunate, that may do.[2] I have also conveyed a hint to Ch. Wordsworth. But really I know little more than that Lunar Gentleman, generally assumed as the standard of ignorance,[3] who are & who are not members of your Committee, or indeed of the Club. Pray do for me all you can. I am not going to keep the term, as somebody may by this time have told you; but I shall pass through Cambridge probably about the end of this month. I hope you will not leave off the good custom, "& profitable for these times,"[4] of writing to me occasionally. I am desirous to know with more precision, than the loose nature of conversation has hitherto allowed, your opinion on one or two philosophical points, which I know you have considered. I remember your telling me you had put on paper some animadversions on the First Book of Locke, and you seemed disposed to defend the language, although of course not the notions, against which he inveighs. When you have leisure, & no better way to employ it, I should feel obliged by your letting me know how far this really is the case, and what is the precise import, as an expression of which you think the phrase "Innate Ideas" might be retained in the language of philosophy. I wish to know also how you reconcile the high views you appear to entertain of the importance of

taking into account the e[ssent]ial forms of the Mind's operation, w[ith the] contempt I have heard you frequently express for Reid,[5] & his followers. The more I reflect on these subjects myself (and to reflect on them is meat & drink to me) the more I incline to a conviction, that, with regard to the Extent of Human Knowledge, no real advance has been made beyond Hume & Berkeley; with regard to its Modes, something has been done by Reid & Kant, & still more by Hartley, & something perhaps remains to do by following out the discoveries of this last philosopher. Don't suppose I am dreaming away my time in sheer metaphysics. I read Blackstone with as much diligence as the first volume seems to require, & like him much.[6] This is an unpleasant place to me; I am terribly hypped, & fancy myself into all sorts of calamities during parts of every day. The weather too has hitherto been nauseous. I have just heard from Pearson, who bids me be of good cheer about the ballot, but owns withal that nobody can assign any [cause] for Colvile's rejection. Thank Trench for his kind letter just received. I trust you will look after him: as far as you have influence, [exer]t it to prevent his noble mind from preying [on it]self, and his frame from the wear & tear [. . . .] hours, &c. It is not easy to discern in these days what an honest man ought to wish for & rejoice at, but I think I may venture to congratulate you on the repeated blunders of our precious Government. They get more kicks than halfpence, it is clear from the debate on the Deficit.[7] Then the Russian Loan—was there ever a clearer case against any Cabinet? and the Unratified Treaty—ohe![8]

Believe me,
Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to J. W. Blakesley Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 9 February 1832

1. Proverbial; see 2 Samuel 1:20.
2. See letter 142.

3. Proverbial: "I know no more about it than the man in the moon."

4. See Philemon 11: "Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me."

5. Thomas Reid (1710-96), professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow University 1764-96, wrote (in response to Hume) *An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense* (1763), *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man* (1785), and *Essays on the Active Power of Man* (1785). Reid held that belief in the external world was intuitive or immediate; he sought to deliver philosophy from the skeptical school.

6. See letters 110 n. 3; 140 n. 4. Sir William Blackstone (1723-80), judge and first professor of English law at Oxford, is chiefly remembered for his *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1765-69), for a time the standard introduction to legal study; its popularity—and reputation—declined considerably later in the nineteenth century.

7. Instead of a predicted surplus of nearly £500,000, the quarter ending 5 January 1832 showed a deficit of £700,000, due largely to the abolition of duties on beer; the debate, in which the ministry acknowledged its error, was held on 6 February 1832.

8. By the treaty of 1814, incorporating Belgium with Holland, England had agreed to pay a portion of Holland's debt to Russia. The ministry had continued these payments, without new parliamentary agreement, despite the separation of the countries, and argued (26 January 1832) for the diplomatic advantage of such a policy. The Dutch initially refused to accept the terms of the treaty (15 October 1831) ending their union with Belgium.

144. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Tunbridge Wells. Feb. 10th. 1832.

[. . . .] I read Blackstone and rather enjoy the old fellow. Even you would like some things in him—for instance such a word as "forestal," a legal adjective from forest.[1] Your MSS. are exceedingly popular at Cambridge, especially I think the "Maidens," which perhaps would, if published, establish you at once in general reputation.[2] What say you to the state of the world? I think things are rather better, or else one grows more accustomed to them. Ireland just now is the most volcanic point. I have interested myself much last term in tracing the progress of the S. Simonites. Have you considered them at all? The resemblance of their opinions in many points to those of Shelley is very striking; but they are much more practical.[3] Brookfield is at Cambridge, very gloomy poor fellow. John Kemble is about to be married; to whom I know not.[4] I should tell you something about this place but until today, which is lovely as May, we have had such wretched weather that little was to be seen or done.

AHH.

1. See letter 143 n. 6. Apparently AHH mistakes Blackstone's "forestall" for "forestal"; the first *OED* recorded use of the latter appears in *Const. Hist.*

2. See letter 113 n. 2.

3. See letter 140 n. 8. AHH's neutral, even favorable, description here may reflect his care, if not respect, for AT's (then unknown) opinion, which is reflected in the latter's 18 March 1832 letter to his Aunt Russell: "The Sect of the St. Simonistes is at once the proof of the immense map of evil that is existent in the 19th century and a focus which gathers all[;] this sect is rapidly spreading in France [,] Germany and Italy and they have missionised in London: but I hope and trust that there are hearts as true and pure as steel in old England that will never brook the sight of Bael in the sanctuary and St. Simon in the church of Xt."

4. A false rumor; see letter 164 n. 7.

145. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:106–7

[Tunbridge Wells.] Sunday, February 12, 1832.

[. . .] I thank God that at so critical a moment of my life He has brought me into daily intercourse with you. I feel more benefit from it than I fear I ever can repay. However, let us consider one another to provoke unto love and unto good works, not forsaking the meeting together, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching [. . .][1]

Perhaps the usual prejudice against prayers for special earthly gifts has gone a great way to remove faith out of the Church, by destroying the sense of nearness and filial relation to God. It is true there are many errors and superstitions to be guarded against in taking this course, but it is not perhaps on the worst roads that the devil puts the most thorns.

Thinking this, I will end this serious talk with an *ora pro nobis*. My hopes of earthly happiness, or if there be any word more appropriate to our pilgrim state, which at best is a "looking to a city which hath foundations,"[2] remain unscathed, but liable to many and terrible contingencies, which at times make me very wretched; but I thank God, Who has bestowed on me some measure of faith.

Now, to pass to lighter, at least less personal matters. The country seems in a strange, precarious state of suspense. I have spoken with persons from London, who have reported that the ministry is *in extremis*, and [. . .] thinks so. They are cemented only by the Reform Bill. At odds among themselves, they are assailed nightly by a well-trained, compact Opposition. While in the lobby on the Russian loan division, they thought themselves beaten, and congratulated one another, it is said, on being *forced* to resign.[3] The Archbishop of Dublin[4] was here last week. He said Ireland grew worse every hour, and talked strongly, to my surprise, of the absolute necessity of asserting the law with a high hand. Next day came the account of Lord Grey's speech on tithes,[5] which was all of a piece with the

Archbishop's discourse. I suspect the gift-bearing Greeks have an eye to seducing the Tory lords by a show of vigour, which in their hearts they believe will be of no avail.

1. Trench's reciprocal opinion is reflected in his 30 January 1832 letter to Donne: "Hallam has left us and we all miss him, and I particularly, for he has not left his fellow among us, either in wisdom or goodness. There are none but Evangelicals, whom you know I hate with a perfect hatred, & philosophical Germans, whom I fear to talk with on the high matters which we used to treat of" (Miss Johnson).

2. Hebrews 11:10.

3. See letter 143 n. 8. The ministry carried the debate by 24 votes. After a defeat in the House of Lords on Lyndhurst's motion to postpone reading a section of the Reform Bill, Grey's ministry resigned on 9 May 1832; it reassumed power only after Peel and Wellington proved incapable of forming a cabinet, and William IV agreed to create new peers, if necessary, to carry the Reform Bill intact.

4. Richard Whately (1787–1863), archbishop of Dublin, had supported Catholic emancipation.

5. 7 February 1832 speech in the Commons, opposing abolition of tithes and church rates.

146. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Downside Abbey

Rose Hill. Feb. 13 [1832].

Dear Brooks,

It was very kind of you to send me an answer so soon. I wish from my heart I could say or do anything of real benefit to you; the circumstances in which you are placed appear to render it impossible for you to retrieve the past, otherwise than by endeavoring to endure with humility, and to make it good for yourself to have been afflicted. It were well for you not to remember, were it not worse to forget. I trust you are not seeking relief in dissipation: remember you promised me to take no more opium.[1] It seems indeed arduous to chain the Bay of Biscay, yet there is One, whose Spirit moves on the face of the waters, evermore, as on the first day, bringing light & peace out of chaotic darkness & confusion. I am not talking thus from any sort of parade or affectation, but from the desire, which I cannot but have, that, if possible, you should feel as I feel. I have this moment heard that seven cases of Cholera have occurred in London, whither I am going on Friday.[2] What if this note should be the last bit of chaff between us? My intention has been to come to Cambridge about Saturday week: perhaps however this news may make a difference; it may not be right for me to leave home, unless the rest do—& it is possible Mrs. Tennyson may take it into her head that my visit is dangerous. Nobody, that one meets, seems to care at all about Cholera now: but it remains to be seen what the effect of its coming to town may be. With regard to your declamation I am entirely without books at present, and do not carry much history in my head: nevertheless, although I can't well sketch an outline at least till I get more materials, I can give a hint or two. What think you of this subject—the persecution of the Catholics under Elisabeth.[3] There is much to be said on both sides. If you defend it, Southey's Book of the Church, & Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ are your books; if not,

Butler's Bk. of R. Cc. Church, & Histl. Memoirs of English, Irsh. & Scsh. Catholics, also Lingard's History, & my father's.[4] I think it a very good subject. On the one side the plots of the Jesuits & partizans of Mary may be made the most of; on the other the loyalty of Catholics against the Armada, the hardship of the acts against recusants, the execution of Campion[5] & others, the use of [tort]ure &c. If you do not relish this, I must [endeav]or to find you another. Meantime I send you two stanzas, kindly communicated by Dr. Bowring, & intended to form part of his forthcoming volume, entitled "Pastorals of the Bug & Dnieper."

Old tree, thou art not the same
I have loved of old;
Tho' thou bearest no other name,
'Tis another mould
That thy broad roots hold;
Other winds are around thee fighting.

Old tree, tho' thou art not the same,
Yet at morning tide,
When the dawn mist nigh thee came,
And the stirred branch sighed,
I forgot all beside,
And thought thee the tree I delight in.[6]

Goodbye. Monteith's letter is not come; give my correspondents notice that after Friday I am in London. Distribute my love.

Ever faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I have not heard a syllable from Somersby, which rather worries me: let me know if you have.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 14 February 1832

1. Brookfield's disappointment is unidentified. AT's concern about Brookfield's habit is reflected in his late spring 1832 letter: "Smoke negrofoot an thou wilt but in the name of all that is near and dear unto thee I prythee take no opium—it were better that a millstone were hung about thy neck and that thou wert thrown into the Cam."

2. The cases at Rotherhithe had produced some fatalities; the announcement led to panic in London. See letter 116 n. 3.

3. Brookfield won the second Trinity declamation prize in 1832. See letter 6 n. 3.

4. *The Book of the Church* (1824) and *Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae: Letters to Charles Butler Esq., Comprising Essays on the Romish Religion and Vindicating the Book of the Church* (1826) by Southey; *The Book of the Roman Catholic Church*, a series of letters to Southey on his *Book of the Church* (1825), and *Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics Since the Reformation* (1819–21) by Charles Butler.

5. Edmund Campion (1540–81), Jesuit martyr.

6. The translation, which does not appear in Bowring's *Cheskian Anthology* (published in February 1832) or his previous collections, is untraced.

146a. HENRY ELTON TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Clifton. 19 Feby. 1832.

My dear Arthur,

Thanks for your Pamphletts.[1] They are well worth the Postage, which your Mother's Conscience twitted her about and to be sure, the Elder Mother[2] might on another occasion have that benefit, if there is anything for her in it.

You teem with talent, and I saw beauties indistinctly as I went along wh: I should have felt more strongly had I received the Eye Salve of Education; to prove I was right however, I sent them to a very Clever and Pious Cambridge friend of mine,[3] whose opinion I enclose for your Satisfaction. I congratulate you sincerely on having debarked into the World so successfully but remember there is Scylla as well as Carybdis, and nothing is more likely to inflate a man more than a consciousness of intellectual superiority to his fellow Men. If I was not a judge of the intellectuality of your compositions, I was, or fancied I was, of the strain of right feeling, which illumined the whole, and right glad was I to see that you had escaped from the University with such sentiments. The whole lump will be leavened by and by, when years have brought the experience of the futility of Human things in this land of Shadows.[4] The finest human Mind is but a disjointed wreck of inconsistent parts; another miserable effect of the Fall—and the Glimpses of Beauty, which we discern in the minds of some favor'd individuals, only enhance the expectation of that time when "Crooked things shall be made strait."[5] When the Body is reform'd after its dissolution, there will the Mind also become Glorious as it was when its Creator pronounced that "All was Good." An alloy of Error pervades all minds, and it is curious to observe how little the most labour'd Education can do towards correcting this fatal obliquity. Take any Two Great Statesmen, or Mighty Philosophers—your Caesars, Alexanders, Chathams, & Bo-

napartes—and you will find the moment they leave the exact Sciences, which serve as props & supports and they can't agree upon the most trivial and vulgar topics—How often does one get an idea of Greater length, breadth & compass from an illiterate Peasant, than from a Man of Education (Pardon). If the Peasant thinks at all he thinks originally, unbiased by the Printed opinions of other Men—If he reasons at all, he reasons from the Great Book of Nature which he sees open around him—and he fails not oftener than the Herd of the Schools. Nevertheless, in most Ages, *except this*, there have been leaders in the Paths of Wisdom—your Bacons & Lockes, ye Axles round which the thoughts of the Million have been content to turn & who have contributed to hold together the Intellect of Nations and prevent their being utterly in Wandering Mazes lost.[6] "My Uncle's gone Mad Mama—and I really shall give up his Correspondence—Iu! [?] Sure he thinks us Small Beer of himself; and he is as Blind as a Bat, & because he can scarcely spell, wants to pull down all the Labours & Honors of the Schools to his own Level." Adieu. Don't come to me *in Easter week*; but any, & every other time I shall be most happy to see you.

Your affec. Uncle,

Henry Elton.

Addressed to Arthur Hallam, Esqre. / <Rose Hill / Tunbridge Wells> 67 Wimpole Street / London.
P/M 22 February 1832

1. See letter 141 n. 5.
2. Presumably Henry Elton's wife, Mary.
3. Unidentified
4. 1 Corinthians 5:6.
5. Isaiah 40:4
6. *Paradise Lost*, 2. 561.

147. TO JOHN PEARSON

MS: Texas

67 Wimpole St. Wednesday [22 February 1832].

My dear Pearson,

I would have written to thank you for your letter, but delayed it in expectation of coming to town. As it is, I find I cannot remain above two days, and I may not perhaps in that time be able to see you; so, for fear of such a mischance, I send the compositions you are kind enough to ask for, hoping you will treat them leniently. A man who deliberately publishes has no right to plead haste & hurry in extenuation of faults; but one, who bundles up a College Essay, and prints it only out of deference to custom, may perhaps be allowed to plead, that he would have done better, had he had more time for preparation. With regard to the volume of *Poems*, I cannot but be pleased that you should have found anything to like in them, and, since you have already seen the book, I can have no objection to your possessing it.[1] At the same time I am disposed to regret extremely that it ever should have got abroad. It is full of enormous faults of conception & expression, and, what is worse, of morbid feeling, which one has no right whatever to send afloat in the world.[2] However, such as it is, it is very much at your service. I perceive I have passed my ordeal with safety. I think I shall eat myself into possession in a day or two. The cause of Colvile's rejection is abundantly mysterious. I hope he means to try again.[3] Have you heard anything of Gaskell? Since his life of parliamentary expectations has begun, he never writes. I shall return to town in about a month's time, when I hope we shall meet. Meanwhile, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to J. Pearson Esq. / 8 Dorset Square.

1. Pearson's copy of AHH's *Poems*, with signature (in Pearson's hand?) "J. Pearson e dono AHH 1832. obit 1833," is at Texas.

2. Compare with AHH's description in letter 90.

3. See letter 142. Colvile was eventually elected to the Oxford and Cambridge Club.

148. TO EDWARD SPEDDING

MS: Richard L. Purdy

67 Wimpole St. Friday [24 February 1832].

Dear Spedding,

I wish the Fates the Cholera with all my heart for preventing our interview. I shall however return to London in about a month's time, to stay an incalculable time, for which you have a better warrant than my word, to wit *my purse*, the low state of which will preclude any gambollings out of domestic tranquillity for some time to come. In the interim I am on a visit to Alfred the Great, passing through Cambridge, where I sojourn but a day.[1] The Essay I send you, but be merciful, & don't quiz my hard words more than is absolutely needful for your health. I really have some good sense at bottom, if you will but believe it. Very willing shall I be to correspond with you; & it has sometimes occurred to me during last term, Why the deuce don't I write to Edward Spedding? a query which I grieve to say the devil allowed me to silence with the retort, Why the deuce doesn't Edward Spedding write to me? I long to have a talk with you, abusive of all things. What a dirty, lying, beastly thing is the Press, to disbelieve the Cholera, merely because they had nothing to do with its coming, & can find fault with nobody for its not going! I hear Wharncliffe & Harrowby have deserted the good cause.[2] Shame fall them! but I cannot bring myself to think we are as bad off as a year ago. Faretheewell.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. My address for a month will be Somersby Rectory, Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

Addressed to Edward Spedding Esq. / 14 Queen Sq. / Westminster.

1. On 28 February 1832, Trench wrote to Donne that "Hallam past through here last Sunday on his way to visit his Lady Love in Lincolnshire—I hope she is the Lady of the Mere / Sole-sitting on the shores of old Romance" (Miss Johnson).

2. James Archibald Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie (1776–1845), first baron Wharncliffe, was a follower of Canning and supported Catholic emancipation; Dudley Ryder (1762–1847), second baron Harrowby, was president of the council from 1812 to 1827. Both Wharncliffe and Harrowby tried unsuccessfully in the winter of 1831–32 to arrange a compromise on the Reform Bill in order to prevent the creation of new peers; they announced their support of the Bill publicly on 27 March and helped to carry its second reading in the Lords on 14 April 1832.

149. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:113

[Somersby.] [1–4 March 1832.]

God may chasten those whom He cherisheth by taking from their grasp the blessings of time, but from no believer can He take away those of eternity. "He that hath the Son hath life."[1] Already, and in the act of his appropriating faith, are folded as in a germ all the glories of His saintly kingdom. In that kingdom there will neither be marrying nor giving in marriage;[2] yet I think there will be wedded affection; for though the nature be glorified, yet it is human nature still. The more cheering aspect of your affairs encourages me to say a word respecting myself which I have hitherto withheld, from no want of confidence, but from a feeling that I had no right to intrude the subject.[3]

I am now at Somersby, not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister. An attachment on my part of near two years' standing, and a mutual engagement of one year, are, I fervently hope, only the commencement of an union which circumstances may not impair and the grave itself not conclude. My father imposed a very unpleasant, but a very natural, prohibition not to come here till of age, so that it is but just now that I have been able to reap in actual enjoyment of her society any fruits of that assurance which a year since poured a flood of hope on a mind much depressed and benighted.[4]

1. 1 John 5:12.
2. Matthew 22:30.
3. Trench became engaged to his cousin, Frances Trench, in March; they were

married on 31 May 1832. In his 28 February 1832 letter to Donne, Trench wished AHH prosperity and happiness: "If any may expect it here, where at best we are looking for a city that hath foundations, he I trust will not be disappointed—it would be impossible for me to say how much I have received from him of kindness and sympathy, and loving counsel" (Miss Johnson).

4. See letter 183a.

150. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Pierpont Morgan

Somersby. Saturday. March 4 [1832].

My dear Brooks,

Although you hinted, when I was with you, that you had an objection to short letters, you can hardly expect me to reform my conduct in this respect at present. Indeed I find no sort of time as yet for anything the interest of which is not strictly confined within the walls of Somersby. How I am to read Blackstone here is one of those mysteries which I consider insoluble by human reason: even Dante,[1] even Alfred's poetry is at a discount. Dear Brooks, you encouraged me to write personal twaddle, & I have need of telling you how happy I have been, am, & seem likely to be. I would you were happy too—for however I trust your friendship, & know besides that the mind takes a strange delight sometimes in the contemplation of moods more joyous than its own, I cannot but feel that there must mingle some pain with your knowledge of my joy.[2] All things hitherto I have found as well, better rather than I could have expected. Emily is not apparently in a state of health that need much disquiet me, and her spirits are, as I had hoped, more animated by confidence & hope. Every shadow of—not doubt, but uneasiness, or what else may be a truer name for the feeling—that Alfred's language <has> sometimes cast over my hope is destroyed in the full blaze of conscious delight with which I perceive that she loves me. And I—I love her madly: I feel as though I had never known love till now. The love of absence I had known, & searched its depths with patient care, but the love of presence methinks I knew not, for heretofore I was always timid, & oppressed by the uncertain vision of futurity, and the wavering form of the present. (I am writing arrant nonsense—never mind.) Now I feel above consequence, freed from destiny, at home with happiness. Never before have I known at one moment the luxury of actual delight, the reasonable assurance of its prolongation through a happy

life, & the peace, which arises out of a tranquil conscience to sanctify & establish all the rest. Not without the blessing of God has this matter been brought thus far: I humbly hope this is a sign of its continuance: but I believe I speak my heart, when I say, that eagerly as I love her, I truly desire to submit all my hopes & desires to the love of God—and that it would cost me little to lose the highest blessings of this life, would God but grant me "soul in soul to grow deathless hers."[3] Do you want details of what I do? I know not where to begin: yet, to be a little more sober, I will try to bethink me of what has occurred. I found no great fear of Cholera—thanks to shortsightedness, or something, nobody found out the Marylebone case in the paper, tho' there it was, large as life, or death I shd. say.[4] Alfred is, as I expected, not apparently ill; nor can I persuade myself anything real is the matter. His spirits are better; his habits more regular; his condition altogether healthier. He is fully wound up to publication, & having got £100 from Mrs. Russel talks of going abroad. C & F well: the former has written two sonnets:[5] all three have taken to digging—one more resemblance of Somersby to Paradise. Several things are changed here since my former visits; some for the worse: e.g. Emily & Mary have shamefully neglected their singing. I marvel at your indulgent mention; on the faith of a lover, they sung six times as well two years ago. Part of my mind is cut away by it. There are no horses rideable, wch. is a bore: on the other hand, there are curtains in the dining room, wch. is a lounge. Charles sleeps much less than he did, but never reads. I have been endeavoring to find time to teach Horatio his Latin, but since the strange revolution of the course of nature by which the number of hours in the day has become so much smaller, it is difficult, you know, to find leisure for anything. Much Italian lesson goes on after breakfast: "amo, ami &c." We expect Kat[y] Burton[6] here soon. I wonder why Tennant never told me that Miss Fytche[7] pulled his hair. Mary seems well, & learns Italian prettily: nevertheless I think her somewhat diminished in beauty since my former sojourn. I am an impartial judge certainly, for I looked much less at her face then, than now. The whole state of the music is sadly inferior to what it used to [be]: I must try to reform things. Don't think all is going right with me: the other morning I had an awkward sample of what may be expected hereafter in Theodicaea Co. I asked a trifle—certain verses—for an hour & a half in all ways of entreaty, cajole, &

menace, & was met with the deadest refusal. No great harm at present, but when it comes to "Mrs. H.," why—but stuff & nonsense. Write to me, will you? tell me about all things, specially yourself. *Don't shew this letter to a soul, unless it be Tennant.* I believe M & G must come here; Fred seems to have changed his mind, & I am not sure that I have not.[8] More of this. Love to Trench, & the few.

Very affect:tely yours,

AHH.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.

1. See letter 140 n. 3.

2. See letter 146 n. 1.

3. Byron, "If that high world," line 16.

4. See letter 146 n. 2.

5. Charles Tennyson's sonnets are unidentified.

6. Probably a sister of Langhorne Burton; see letter 104 n. 4.

7. Perhaps Ann or another daughter of John Fytche (d. 1855), AT's maternal uncle.

8. On 18 April 1832, Frederick Tennyson wrote to Frere: "Hallam has been staying with us a month & we are expecting Garden & Monteith from Cambridge, who, though excellent fellows, particularly at the head of their own tables asking you to drink Champagne—& full of amiable qualities—especially Garden, are, entre nous, rather too magnificent for a little Parsonage in a remote corner of Lincolnshire, particularly Monteith. But however they will come & so they shall if they like it. You are much more the sort of man I should like to see here" (Duke).

151. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:111–12

[Somersby.] March 20, 1832.

Alfred I was most glad to find better than I had apprehended. I see no ground for thinking he has anything really serious to ail him. His mind is what it always was, or rather brighter, and more vigorous. I regret, with you, that you have never had the opportunity of knowing more of him. His nervous temperament and habits of solitude give an appearance of affectation to his manner, which is no true interpreter of the man, and wears off on further knowledge. Perhaps you could never become very intimate, for certainly your bents of mind are not the same, and at some points they intersect; yet I think you could hardly fail to see much for love, as well as for admiration.[1] I have persuaded him, I think, to publish without further delay. There is written the amount of a volume rather larger than the former, and certainly, unless the usual illusion of manuscript deceives me, more free from blemishes and more masterly in power. I have been as little studious, since we parted, as you represent yourself, or, I might say, as a man well can be. I inhabit a corner of the world where politics are never heard of, and cholera excites scarce the shadow of an alarm. I see a newspaper very rarely, and can tell you nothing at all. I am most impartially ignorant respecting Irving and St. Simon.[2] Pray write again soon, and tell me what news you can about the stirring world out of which I live; indeed, I sometimes feel ashamed, as though I were a deserter. Farewell.

1. In his 1 April 1830 letter to Trench (1:57–60), Kemble described Charles and Alfred Tennyson as "dying to know you"; in his spring 1832 letter to Brookfield, AT wrote: "It is impossible to look upon Trench and not to love him, though he be, as Fred says, always strung to the highest pitch, and the earnestness which burns within

him so flashes through all his words and actions, that when one is not in a mood of sympathetic elevation, it is difficult to prevent a sense of one's own inferiority and lack of all high, and holy feeling. Trench is a bold truehearted Idoloclast—yet have I no faith in any one of his opinions." See also letter 156 n. 2.

2. Of all AHH's friends, Trench seems to have been most attracted to Edward Irving. On 30 October 1831, Spedding wrote to Donne that "[Trench] has cast down the magnificent temples of Shelleian religion, and his only hope is in a speedy millennium, of which he hails the newly given gift of unknown tongues as a forerunner and assurance" (*Cambridge Apostles*, p. 256). Trench wrote to his fiancée on 17 November 1831 that he hoped to go with AHH to see the phenomena firsthand: "At any other time than this it would have made a mighty stir, but cholera and reform do not leave people much time to attend to spiritual goings on" (*Trench*, 1:102). On 1 May 1832, the day before Irving was expelled from the Scottish Church, Trench attended services "with such advantage to myself, that I shall not be absent any day during my stay here. . . . I bore away with me a renewed conviction of his holy earnestness, so that I could do no less than return home and pray, as I often will, and ask you to do, that he and his have not been sent a strong delusion to believe a lie" (*Trench*, 1:113–14). See also letter 140 n. 8.

152. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Huntington

Somersby. Saturday [31 March 1832].

My dear Brooks,

Do you forgive me for not having written again? It will be very charitable in you, if you do: at all events I shall come & claim your forgiveness on Monday at 12 o'clock per mail. Will you endeavor to get me a bed in somebody's lodging; that one knows, near Trinity—or rather it does not signify, I may as well house at the Bull, since my bill is paid. I shall have much to talk of with you, which I will not now anticipate upon, the rather as I have a bad headache. Faretheewell. I am

Faithfully thine
AHH.

P. S. I shall bring no owl: it isn't ready yet.[1]

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.

1. See letter 96a for Brookfield's ornithological associations: here there may be some connection with AT's "Song—The Owl" (published *1830*).

153. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Cambridge. April 3 [1832].

My own dearest love,

I cannot forbear writing to you today, although I did not intend it when I left you. I feel as if my heart would burst if I did not. The parting from you has been bitter, even beyond what I had expected. I feel utterly overwhelmed for the moment, but I do not write to say this; I write that I may have the chance of hearing sooner from you, than if I had waited till Thursday. It is horror to me to know that I do not see you, that I shall not see you tomorrow, nor—oh write to me speedily, dearest; I am a fool; I fear you will think me a fool for this wild impatience—but I cannot be otherwise just now: I shall be calmer when your letter reaches me. One word by Friday's post—one will not hurt you even if you have a headache; but more if you will; that is, if you can: I pant with inexhaustible longing for something to break down the awful barrier between us—of blank, enormous, cheerless, sightless Distance. I cannot express to you the strange desire, almost determination, to return that very day to Somersby, which came upon me soon after my eyes, vainly straining, ceased to hold the image of your eyes, & your form, as you stood there beside the coach. I was quite faint, and the blood burned in my temples, and I thought I might return, if I would, and then I thought I would; & then, that had I felt so ill in the morning I should never have gone that day;[1] and therefore that I had a fair reason for returning; and I really had the fancy of taking a chaise back, and I counted the hours, & knew I might even then be back by dinnertime—and once more I should have seen you, and have drunken life from your looks, and we might have passed one other evening at least on the dear sofa, your head reclining, as on Sunday evening (dolce nella memoria)[2] on the arm of him, who loves you, and knows that [you] love him. I struggled with this thought, which I knew was wild, and forced

myself into conversation with my neighbour, whom I found a worthy sensible clergyman of some parish about Alford. He spoke of Mablethorpe, of Langton,[3] of the wolds about Somersby—I felt as if I had known him all my life; I could have hugged the man, when we parted at Boston. Then I got outside, and the fresh air made me instantly better. Nothing of particular moment occurred during the rest of the way, except that I thought I had lost your whip, & was bribing the Peterborough guard to send it on to Cambridge if he could find it in the inn at Boston, when luckily I espied it in a corner of the coach. Dear whip—it is safe now. The violets are dead already, poor things; but the bit of stock retains its crumpiness.[4] Today is like the height of summer; its loveliness lies heavy on my heart, but I trust it breathes health on you, and that ought to be enough for me. My friends here are well, & gay; Brookfield & Tennant desire to be remembered; the former will assure Frederic about the Sacrament-day,[5] in a day or two, *by a parcel* which must be inquired for therefore at Spilsby, or it will never reach you. It may be there Thursday. Will you write to me, dear Emily, as soon as Thursday. How glorious I should think one line on < Friday > Saturday morning—*in London* remember. I will write very, very, very soon again: meanwhile I shall endeavor to grow reasonable, & get comfort, and set you an example of cheerfulness and hope. God bless thee, and thy own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 3 April 1832

1. AHH's lovesickness may not have been entirely emotional; his sharp headaches, especially during periods of stress or exertion, may have been symptomatic of an aneurysm.

2. "Sweet in the memory."

3. The Tennysons took rooms in a cottage at Mablethorpe, near Skegness, on the

North Sea coast (see *Memoir*, 1:20). Langton was the home of Bennet Langton—a friend of Dr. Johnson—and his descendants, who became acquainted with the Tennysons (*Friends*, pp. 21–22).

4. "Freshness, brittleness," but the word evidently had a personal significance: see letter 155 n. 1.

5. The significance for Frederick Tennyson is unclear.

154. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Cambridge.] April 4th. 1832.

I feel the want of writing to Somersby today, although I can say probably but little. I must make a violent effort to enter again into the common doings of life but it is very difficult—Five such weeks as I have passed! Cambridge is especially loathsome to me. I have a desire to be in London where I shall be tomorrow; then I shall see my sister & my mother. Pray forgive the many little hasty things I may have said or done.

Monteith & Garden desire me to say that they will have great pleasure in accepting the invitation to Somersby; they will come for two or three days, probably towards the end of the Easter vacation.[1] They are going to Italy in June or earlier, should next term not be kept, which the Ely cholera renders probable.[2] They are anxious that you should join them and wished me to mention this to you now. Spedding desires a letter from some one of you. Farewell <again.>

1. See letter 150 n. 8.

2. Cholera was first reported at Ely in mid-March. In the 11 April 1832 *Times*, the Board of Health noted a "frightful increase of cholera patients" that gave "too much reason" to believe the disease contagious.

155. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Wimpole St. Saturday [7 April 1832].

Thank you, thank you, my darling Nem, for writing. I have devoured every syllable of your letter with eyes & lips; and I find my appetite grown voracious with such sweet food. Yet I feel how wretched it is to be thrown back into the region of letters after treading the giddy heights of existence, in which your dear presence & converse had placed me. Oh it is sad to think how little a letter gives one! Yours today is all precious sweetness; yet it tells but a few moments of your life, a few thoughts of your mind, and it contains no looks, no tones—that is the great, deplorable, alas irremediable loss; but something will be gained by frequent, earnest intercourse of letters: for my own part I am resolved to write once every week to you, and I ardently desire to hear from you not less often. Beloved creature, it is not merely my passionate love that asks this; it is the thought, the knowledge that we are now more one, if possible, than we were; that the last five weeks have fastened bonds of new, & invincible strength around our hearts; that, having thus been in all things made known to one another, it is our duty, it is our privilege, it is our means of comfort & hope & fortitude to keep talking constantly in the only way we can. Let us pour out our moods to one another as freely, as tenderly—not alas so deliciously; that cannot be—as when we sat side by side on the sofa. Perhaps, in some respects, our communion of feeling may acquire vigour, and capacity to lead us happily onward, from the very fact that it is tempered by distance. But then, love, our letters should be longer. For I would not give up any detail of little Somersby facts, that you can send me; and yet I would not have them encroach the least on space, that might be devoted to Somersby feelings. <These last I> Send me both, dearest, both in abundance—and yet I fear I never shall get you to tell me any, much less all, of the slight circumstances I would be told of—how you

looked on such a day before breakfast, how after; which side of the sofa you sat, which walk in the garden you turned down, how often you went to the pianoforte, & the like. I won't bear hard on you, however, in these matters: absence I feel but too keenly must be absence; but the more essential points of *frequent* writing, and writing, full of yourself, instinct with your precious feelings, I cannot give up. Never stop to round a sentence; I can decipher, you know.

It seems to me, & I trust I am not mistaken, that this summer weather has cheered your soul. I hoped & believed it would: but do not, in your next, leave me without a distinct statement how you are. I will bribe my bird hither else. And fear not for my health: I was indeed feverish, when I wrote last, but I am pretty well now. It is an unhealthy season; most people, my father among the number, are complaining of debility, & headaches, which, like yours, are worst in the morning, better after dinner. Any medical wisdom I can gather shall be faithfully transmitted to you. Thank you for beginning your task so dutifully: mine, the crumpy Sonnet, is not yet performed, but you shall have it soon.[1] The other you speak of I never knew you had seen: it seemed to myself a weak attempt to express the idea I had, but it is gratifying to me that you should have been affected by it. I will send it soon.[2] The morning I left Somersby I went to your father's tomb, & beside it offered to God my constant prayer for your happiness above all things, & next, if it may be, our earthly union. In that prayer is my whole being concentered; on its issue depend the destinies of us both. The "awful thoughts" you describe have been mine also, at those moments when I am least myself, and I have not hidden them from you. But I oppose to them [my] faith, grounded on reason & feeling, that [no] combination of events, no predisposition to misery, no presage, no ray whatever of gloom from the overshadowing evil of life, can or shall prevail against Prayer & Confidence towards God. There is no revoking on God's part of that word, "Ask whatever ye will in my name, & it shall be done unto you."[3] But I, dearest Emily, am faint & of little faith: let us pray much for each other. I shall write very soon again, whether I hear or not: but oh let me hear.

Thine own Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 April 1832

1. See letter 153 n. 4; AHH's sonnet is unidentified.
2. See letter 158 n. 12.
3. John 14:13.

156. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: *Memoir* 1:84–85, with additions from *Materials* 1:102–3 and Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] April 10, 1832.

I don't know that you ought to publish this spring, but I shall never be easy or secure about your MSS. until I see them fairly out of your control.[1] The Ballad of "The Sisters" was very popular at Cambridge. Indeed it is very perfect. Monteith showed his ignorance by wishing the murdering lady to have been originally the rival of the seduced lady, which idea was of course scouted by the wiser listeners, that is, all the rest, as substituting a commonplace melodramatic interest for the very poetic interest arising from your conception of the character. All were anxious for the Palace of Art,[2] etc., and fierce with me for not bringing more.

Venables is a great man at Cambridge, also Dobson.[3] New customs, new topics, new slang phrases have come into vogue since *my* day, which yet was but yesterday. I don't think I could reside again at Cambridge with any pleasure. I should feel like a melancholy Pterodactyl winging his lonely flight among the linnets, eagles and flying fishes of our degenerate post-Adamic world. I have seen Gaskell, who is in the ninth heaven of happiness, going to be married the end of May.[4] I have taken to my law again, and a little to my other studies. The Bill is now in the second reading, and will pass by a very small majority.[5] The cholera is certainly abating; the preliminary symptoms have been very widely prevalent; disorders which are cured without difficulty in our rank of life[6] turn to malignant cholera in the poor. Casimir Perier has had it but is recovering. The heroes of July are cutting the throats of physicians and wine merchants as you will see by the papers[7] [. . .] I found Tennant in a calm, apparently vigorous state of mind. Brookfield not quite fancy free. Kemble is in France. His sister's acting in the Hunchback is said to be magnificent. Her own play has had its full share of admiration in London.[8] I like it much & certainly think it very remarkable to have been written at

seventeen. The language is very pure, free, elegant English & strictly dramatic. There is none of that verbiage called "mere poetry." She must have nourished her childhood with the strong wine of our old drama. Tell me what your own opinion is [. . .] The report about Macaulay in Tennant's letter has no great foundation: at least he has not seen your book. I think Mac has some poetic taste, and would appreciate you.[9]

Yours affectionately,

AHH.

1. In his 20 May 1832 letter, Merivale complained to Frederick Tennyson: "[I have] begun writing out Alfred's MSS. in a very neat book—Poets who won't publish put their friends to great trouble" (Harvard). See also letter 144 n. 2.

2. If "The Palace of Art" was AT's response to Trench's famous remark, it must have been composed after 1 April 1830 (see letter 151 n. 1; and *Ricks*, pp. 400–418). A. Dwight Culler's illuminating article on Trench and AT's poem (" 'Tennyson, we cannot live in art' " in *Nineteenth-Century Literary Perspectives: Essays in Honor of Lionel Stevenson*, ed. Clyde de L. Ryals [Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1974], pp. 77–92) supposes that the two Apostles might have met in late May or June 1830. The lack of previous references to the poem in AHH's letters, and the fact that AT was at Somersby in June 1830 (see letter 90 n. 2), and thus apparently did not keep the Easter 1830 term, however, suggests that the poem was begun later, perhaps after AT's visit to Cambridge (where Trench was also keeping a term) in November 1831 (see letter 130 n. 1). Incorporating letter 151 (and its note 1) in his *The Poetry of Tennyson* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1977), p. 260 n. 22, Culler more recently has concluded that "it seems possible that the introductory poem to *The Palace of Art* was addressed not to Trench but to Hallam or Spedding." But in light of these letters, Culler's earlier supposition (in his article, p. 87) that Trench's remark might have been relayed to AT through common friends—or the possibility that AT and Trench met in November 1831—argues that Trench inspired the poem.

3. George Stovin Venables (1810–88), who matriculated at Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1828 (B.A., fifth classic, 1832), won the Chancellor's English medal in 1831, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832 (barrister 1836–82), and contributed to the *Saturday Review* and the *Times*. William Dobson (1809–67), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., third classic, 1832), was principal of Cheltenham College from 1845 to 1859; he translated Schleiermacher's *Introduction to Dialogues of Plato* (1834).

4. Gaskell announced his engagement in his 28 March 1832 letter to Gladstone (B.L.); he married Mary Williams-Wynn on 16 May 1832.

5. See letter 148 n. 2; the majority for the Reform Bill was 9.

6. The apparently faulty *Materials* text reads "in well built houses."

7. Casimir Pierre Périer (1777–1832), French statesman, was prime minister of France from 1831 to 1832. AHH's favorable prognosis was premature; Périer died of cholera on 15 May. In April 1832, the French monarchists were accused of putting arsenic into wine butts in an attempt to persuade the lower classes that the cholera was a Governmental conspiracy to poison the poor; the result was rioting among the lower classes, who attacked wine merchants and druggists. AHH alludes contemptuously to the heroes of the 1830 French Revolution.

8. *The Hunchback* by James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862), dramatist and occasional writer, was first performed at Covent Garden on 5 April 1832, with Fanny Kemble as Julia and the author as the hero; it was her most popular role of the season. Less successful was her own *Francis I* (which opened on 15 March 1832) in which Fanny played Louise de Savoie. In his 1 April 1832 letter to Donne, Spedding wrote that he had read Fanny's tragedy: "It is poetry of a very high order, not only in the diction, which throughout is English and excellent . . . the action, the feeling, the character all unfold themselves in the true spirit of poetry; they have the genuine swell and fall, the glory and repose of art" (Miss Johnson). Fanny herself was less enthusiastic, and ten days before it opened noted that "I do not care a straw whether the piece dies and is damned the first night, or is cut up alive the next morning"; years later she was surprised to learn that the play went through ten editions (*Girlhood*, pp. 504, 225).

9. Any comments by Macaulay on Tennyson's *1830* volume are unrecorded.

157. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [14 April] 1832.

Tonight I am going to see La Kemble in Lady Macbeth; an arduous attempt for so young a woman but it was her aunt's great part.[1]

There is no doubt as the papers will show you that cholera is fast abating here. Great reason have we English, particularly we of London, to be thankful for our immunity compared with the far more awful spread of the same malady in France.[2] London is indeed dingy & dismal; yet even here on the outposts at least of this vast encampment may be seen gaily flying the advance banner of Spring. Certain almond trees there are, which occasionally regale my eyes. As for the ingratitude of Haglane & the Brook, I ever feared it would be so; after all what are trees but wooden blocks & what is water but (in the phrase of Blackstone) an "uncertain wandering thing."[3]

1. Fanny Kemble's performance in the first, last, and most famous role of Sarah Siddons (1755–1831) was at a special "Charles Kemble night," in which Fanny's father played his favorite role of Macbeth.

2. The disease reasserted itself in London later that summer.

3. Both were in the vicinity of the Somersby rectory. See Blackstone, *Commentaries*, vol. 2, chap. 2, par. 20: "For water is a movable, wandering thing."

158. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

67 [Wimpole Street]. Saturday [21 April 1832].

My own pet,

Your little billet, which I have this moment received, is just the sweetest thing ever seen or read. Verily I suspect you of an ambition to have your letters published—or else you were nettled at my advice not to mind rounding your sentences—for you are growing quite eloquent. Have a care or I shall set about editing your compositions—what shall the title be? "Doubts on Dobbies," or "The Frumpy corner, a tale founded on fact," or "Letters of a Past-worshipper"—this last will do, I think, & I am sure so utterly pompous a title would sell any book.[1] I am glad you discovered the Holt, though I, it seems, must be satisfied with its ideal, since no actual clumpiness can be seen by the bodily eye.[2] Cuor mio, there is one thing abominable in your letter: in spite of my repeated injunctions, in spite of my last touching appeal to your generosity, not one syllable have you written about your precious health. Monster, tell me how you are, or I will take to corresponding with Epton[3] in order to find out.

Now for your news—what can Alfred be doing at Sutton! All his fine talk about "Alps & Apennines, the Pyrenees and the river Po" dwindled to a shabby sojourn at Sutton! I suppose his MSS. are with him; if by any chance not, do you think you could transcribe for me the concluding stanzas of "The Miller's Daughter," and the last part of "Oenone?" I fear from what you say Frederic remains in his altered disposition. It is ill done of him—very ill: may he be saved from the retributive consequences of such ungenerous conduct.[4] You speak not of Charley, nor of Mary: speak of both next time, I pray. Tell me if anything farther is heard of the intended visit "fro Cantabrig."[5] Very shameful it is in you to neglect your lessons; & pray where are the Italian sentences that were to occupy a large space in every letter? To be sure, your English is better stuff, and until you pay me in kind for

the long, largepaged epistle I wrote last time (which I apprehend will never be, especially while you begin writing at midnight) I will indulge your laziness. I am glad you like Robertson:[6] don't you begin to have pleasant recollections of your "reading age?" Truly you are not above 109: a St. Martin's summer[7] is not an impossible thing; nor do I despair of a revival of your literary diligence even at this advanced & frosty period of your life.

My own proceedings have been uninteresting enough this week. I went to see Lady Macbeth, as I told you I should: it was not very successful; she seemed to sink under her consciousness of the grandeur of the character, and the remembrance of Mrs. Siddons, still vivid in the minds of many.[8] I am going to dine with the Kembles tomorrow. John has just returned from Paris; he gives a fearful account of the appearance of that city under the pressure of its dreadful scourge. In London this strange malady diminishes rapidly: the last report was only of seven cases, & it has been as high as seventy! This is a great reason for thankfulness, but none [for] presumptuous confidence.[9] I have been keeping my first term at the Temple—a process performed by eating—very agreeable, you think?—very disagreeable, I know, for one is surrounded by hideous students in gowns & red whiskers, chattering about entails & mortgages.[10]

Has anything been heard lately of your Grandfather? I called a week since on George,[11] but I have not seen him. I am quite adrift as to Mrs. Russell; if any of you have ascertained her address, I would fain have it. I send you the Sonnet you asked for; it was written in a moment of passionate thought; one of those moments in which the whole awfulness of life seems to bear down on the o'erwrought vision of the mind: but it never satisfied me; indeed it was far too painful to me.

Oh mighty Arm, thou art outstretched now!
The shadows of thy motion press upon
My aching eyeballs and my shivering brow.
My will was working lately; that is done,
And on the fateful currents hath begun
Impulse how different! THOU, even THOU,
Into thine own prevailing action
Takest the unborn times, that we shall know.

The Father now is parted from the Child;
The Husband's eyes are glazed: deadcold he is
To one who tends him ever with deep zeal
Of love and patience. It hath ceased to feel,
That heart, so tenderfeeble, yet so wild!
Oh Arm of GOD, what wilt thou bring of this?[12]

Make somebody write to me—the lazy loons have nothing to do. More particulars of the Dalby apparition are desired.[13] I certainly sealed the letter; I fear the postman was overcurious about our affairs, and could not be content with peeping through the folds. The mysterious bits of fragrance commonly go by the name of "pot-pourri." In your next the favour of a flower is requested. And so fare thee well, beloved one, until Saturday next, when the same wish shall be repeated. Art thou aware it was this day three weeks we took that mad ride?

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 21 April 1832

1. *Dobby, dobbie*: "a silly old man, a dotard" or "a household sprite or apparition"; *frumpy*: "cross-tempered; also, like a frump, dowdy" (*OED*): AHH apparently applied the latter to Emily's expression. See letter 115 n. 2 for AT's "passion for the past."

2. See AT's "Thy soul is like a landskip, friend" (*Ricks*, p. 282), line 10: "And hoary holts on uplands green," and "My life is full of weary days" (*1832*; *Ricks*, pp. 350–51), line 19: "And through damp holts, new flushed with May."

3. Unidentified; perhaps AHH's slip for "Langton" (see letter 153 n. 3).

4. Apparently a reference to Frederick Tennyson's continued quarrels with George Clayton Tennyson (see letter 128 n. 3); Frederick's 18 April 1832 letter to Frere described himself in tantrums, partly due to "a crotchet of my Grandfather's, that we are all to take orders, myself specially" (Duke).

5. See letter 150 n. 8.

6. William Robertson, the historian.

7. A late period of fine weather; St. Martin's day is 11 November.

8. See letter 157 n. 1. Fanny Kemble was awed by the prospect of the role: "Surely it is too great an undertaking for so young a person as myself. . . . That towering, tremendous woman, what a trial of courage and composure for me!" (*Girlhood*, p. 357). But the *Times* (16 April 1832) compared her performance favorably with that of her aunt.

9. See letter 157 n. 2.

10. See letter 137 n. 2.

11. George Hildeyard Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] (1809–71), eldest son of AT's uncle Charles, matriculated at Trinity in 1828, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1830, and served in the Ionian Islands Civil Service.

12. See letter 155 n. 2. The sonnet is dated March 1832 in Emily's notebook of AHH's writings (TRC); printed in *Writings*, pp. 97–98.

13. See letter 159 n. 4.

159. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Pierpont Morgan

[London.] Saturday [21 April 1832].

My dear Brooks,

I am loth to treat your request in what you will consider a stingy manner, but I vow & protest to you I can give you no light on the subject but what I might extract from the windows of Southey's Church, a process which you will perform much more satisfactorily for yourself. The "cheese" of my knowledge is unfortunately more filled with maggots of my own imaginations than with sober mouldiness of facts. It does not seem to me that, if you take Southey's statement of the case as a true statement whereon to found your argument, you need be much embarrassed about the difficulty of defending persecution. For, according to worthy Master Robert, there was not a shadow of persecution from beginning to end. A Sovereign defended her realm against traitors within and avowed enemies without: in the course of this necessary and therefore just defence it happened that many Catholics suffered the penalties of the law, but they suffered not as professing a different religion, but as adhering to a different allegiance. Southey gives a large detail of instances, which, for the purposes of your declamation, will sufficiently warrant the inference that the mass of the English Catholics was disloyal, and that, with the Head of their Church her open enemy; the seductive Queen of Scots, her declared rival & claimant of the English throne, in the very heart of her dominions; the fierce fanaticism of the French Catholics, reeking from the carnage of St. Bartholomew; and the recent, still lively remembrance of the Marion persecution, Queen Bess could hardly have acted more wisely than by passing & enforcing these restrictive statutes. I really cannot think of anything more to hint; besides, when I read formerly on the subject, I was on the other side, & I am not yet lawyer enough [to] plead very warmly against my cons[cience.][1] Yesterday I saw that tall man, Glasgow, who told me,

what I suppose must be a mistake of his own brewing, that you were going to Somersby with the uncle & nephew. I hear every week, but no arrival "fro Cantabrig" has yet been mentioned.[2] The accounts are good; yet I trust them not so well as I should my own eyes, shortsighted though they be. Alfred is gone to Sutton—nobody knows why. Charley I believe at Holton.[3] Arthur at Dalby, where he has seen a ghost.[4] The lion remains in the old lair, to look after his own, & to growl at supervening Sawnies.[5] I would fain hear whether that visit takes place, & when: if thou art in a writing mood sit thou down & tip me a line. Jog Tennant's elbow also, that he write. I am groaning grievously under the burthen of London: I cannot get well, and the blue devils (not cholera) gripe hard. Wilt thy face be visible in London—thinkest thou? I am going to eat a term in the Temple, me miserable![6] so faretheewell.

Thine faithfully,

AHH.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 21 April 1832

1. See letter 146 nn. 3–4.

2. See letter 158 n. 5.

3. Holton-le-Clay, a small Lincolnshire village north of Louth.

4. See letter 158 n. 13.

5. Apparently Frederick Tennyson; the contemptuous name for Scotsmen reflects AHH's continued uncertainty about Monteith and Garden's Somersby visit.

6. *Paradise Lost*, 4. 73.

160. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Saturday. 28 April [1832].

Dearest & best,

The moment I opened your letter I glanced my eye rapidly through it to see whether at last you had told me how you are. The glance was not speedily successful, but in a little, symony [?][1] second PS. I detected, after some trouble, the only piece of intelligence your cruel kindness afforded. "As well as *usual*." Oime! I fear that word bodes me no good. I fear it means frequent pain & sadness: it means not coming down to breakfast, & not going in to dinner; it means now in the end of April all it would have meant in the middle of March. What is it to me that Spring has shaken from her fragrant bosom a light and a beauty upon everything around you, if you, dearest, remain in wintry discomfort? What will be the roses of summer, so they bring not "rose-days" to you? Perhaps I interpret wrong your ominous phrase: yet surely if more could have been said, you would have found a word to say it in. But it is impolitic to complain: you have told me truth; & above all things I want truth from you. I know not, to be sure, how I could reasonably have expected much change from the fatal *usual* of the month in which I *used* to see you: you speak indeed of spring, but I have had little of it here: cold & heat have been shifting places wildly, and the green comes on more tardily than its wont. I look for merry May to crown you with vernal garlands of health & joy. I will not, cannot, dare not think, but that the summer will find you better, & leave you better still. But never, never for one instant forget how important, how necessary it is, that you should yourself cooperate with Nature, and my fond hopes; that you should leave off all careless tricks, and mind all the good medical counsels I used to give you, and all others that you feel to be good. I am not now by to look after you, but for that very reason, oh the more for that very reason, make it a point of honour, a sacred obligation, an act of

love, to watch as tenderly over yourself as I should watch. And humble yourself, Emily, as I strive to do before the Spirit of grace & truth, praying that we may both have strength to resist a self-idolatrous tendency to the indulgence of despondent or of sanguine moods, or of any that are not consecrated by the desire of pleasing God. It is well to love the Beautiful: it is well to worship the Past; for Beauty is [God's] and the Past is God's: from Him they came, to Him they return, in Him they abide and are safe for ever. But it is not well to esteem these feelings sufficient, & the region in which they meet us our home: they are the gifts, but we are made for the giver: they are the bright foambow of the scattered waters, but we are worthy of the source: they indeed are the temple, but we are called inward to the God![2] It is a great battle to deny ourselves, to abdicate the throne of Self, to surrender up, not a thought, not an act, not a habit even, but the principle of all thoughts, acts & habits, the principle of selfpleasing, which lies fast & deep in the dearest region of our souls. Yet this must be done, or we have not the life of Christ. We must lose our life, or we shall not find it.[3] And how is the terrible battle to be fought? Thanks be to God, who fights it for us, in our nature, & despite of our nature; who gives us the victory in that fight if we ask it sincerely, in the knowledge of its infinite importance, & in the returning, penitent love that springs from that knowledge.

I have not time to write more, before the Post goes out: let me hear again Saturday. Dearest, thank you for always writing so that I may get it on that day. Thank you too for this last nice letter, which delights & entertains me much. I will not venture to pronounce about the flower: it looked fearfully like a violet to my dull eyes. Try me again. I have no news for you this time. I dispatched the Scotch duo by the mail with a heavy heart, & feel very queer to think of them in the dear drawingroom, or walking down Haglane. Let me have full particulars.[4] Say to Alfred I am beginning to be hurt at his not having written me a single syllable since I left him. Remember me most affectionately to all—a message always implied, whether given or not. And so faretheewell, thou good soul, & love very earnestly the poor foolish creature, whose best quality is his being

Ever thine own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 28 Äpril 1832

1. AHH apparently began to write "squib" and then changed it to "symony."

2. AHH repeats this passage (from "It is well to love") verbatim in letter 164 to Milnes.

3. Matthew 10:39.

4. See letter 159 n. 2.

161. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

London. [30 April–6 May 1832.]

Professor Wilson has thought fit to have a laugh at you & your critics, amongst whom <such a> so humble a thing as myself, has not, you will perceive, escaped. I suppose one ought to feel very savage at being attacked, but somehow I feel much more amused. He means well, I take it, and as he has extracted nearly your whole book, and has in his soberer mood spoken in terms as high as I could have used myself of some of your best poems, I think the Review will assist rather than hinder the march of your reputation.[1] They little know the while that you despise the false parts of your volume quite as vehemently as your censors can & with purer zeal because of the better knowledge.

Your manuscripts, that is a few of them, were shown to Miss Kemble whose enthusiasm is high, especially for the Lady of Shalott. I went there the other day, and found her sister Adelaide[2] copying it out, and raving at intervals in the most Siddonian tone. Fanny K. has set the "Sisters" to music which I haven't heard; she inclines however to think it too painful, & to wish such things should not be written.

Trench is in town now for a few days, a great comfort to me, who have been spending but a weary time. The apparent ruin of the S. Simonians does not convince him that the danger is gone by; he thinks it will be

> "Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth bear
> A hideous storm, is by the Northern blast
> Quite overblown, yet doth not pass so clear
> But that it all the sky doth overcast
> With darkness dread & threatens all the world to waste."[3]

John Frere is also in town, looking as well as his thin & sallow nature permits & in all regards save corpulency as clerical as you can imagine. I think when Charles gets into orders,[4] there should be a caricature of them side by side as the Fat & the Lean [. . .] G & M are not perhaps

worthy of Somersby, though they probably think themselves so; but they have a good deal of worth in their way. When I say "not worthy," you understand what I mean; I speak only of those views & feelings we have been accustomed to hold most dear; but G. is a thoroughly good man & we have all reason to remember how frail & insufficient are the sentiments that have no foundation beyond our individual characters.[5]

Nothing can give you an idea of Miss Kemble's acting in Julia. The proud town beauty in the 2nd. Act, & the passionate penitent in the last are equally well conceived by her. I dined there on Sunday, sat next to her, & had much conversation with her. Certainly she is a very striking person.[6]

1. "Christopher North's" review of AT's *1830* volume by John Wilson (1785–1854), professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh, in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 31 (May 1832): 721–41. Wilson, who was one of the mainstays of *Blackwood's*, had previously commented on AT's work, with some praise, in the February 1832 number of *Noctes Ambrosianae* (*Blackwood's* 31: 277). An early paragraph of his review accurately represents his evaluation of both AT and AHH: "The Englishman's Magazine ought not to have died; for it threatened to be a very pleasant periodical. An Essay 'on the Genius of Alfred Tennyson' sent it to the grave. The superhuman—nay, supernatural—pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world. The solemnity with which the critic approached the object of his adoration, and the sanctity with which he laid his offerings on the shrine, were too much for our irreligious age. The Essay 'on the genius of Alfred Tennyson' awoke a general guffaw, and it expired in convulsions. Yet the Essay was exceedingly well-written—as well as if it had been 'on the Genius of Isaac Newton.' Therein lay the mistake. Sir Isaac discovered the law of gravitation; Alfred had but written some pretty verses, and mankind were not prepared to set him among the stars. But that he has genius is proved by his being at this moment alive; for had he not, he must have breathed his last under that critique. The spirit of life must indeed be strong within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the *Westminster*, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal." But as Alan Strout notes, in his " 'Christopher North' on Tennyson" (*RES* 14 [1938]: 428–39), the May 1832 review was essentially "an expansion" of the earlier *Blackwood's* notice, with the same balance of praise and critical evaluation. Moreover, as the passage suggests, Wilson objected far more to the *Westminster* appraisal (see letter 96a n. 9) than to AHH's *Englishman's* review. Strout also shows that, despite AT's petulant "To Christopher North" (*Ricks*, p. 460–61), Wilson's subsequent references to AT's *1830* volume were at least as favorable as his May 1832 review promised (see *Blackwood's* 33 [1833]: 669–70; 39 [1836]: 265–66).

2. Adelaide Kemble (1814?–79), vocalist and author, was considered by some the greatest English singer of the century; she performed throughout Europe. See letter 156 n. 1.

3. See letter 151 n. 2 and Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, 4. 1. 45, lines 5–9. On 24 May 1832, John Stuart Mill wrote to Sterling: "Trench I have seen, and had some correspondence with. He seems to me to take a most gloomy view of the prospects of mankind—gloomier even than yours" (Mill's *Earlier Letters*, p. 101).

4. On 19 April 1832, Charles Tennyson wrote to his grandfather, informing him "of my wish to take advantage of, & to thank you for yr. kindness & early announcement of the [expected vacancy in the curacy of Tealby]." Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]'s 18 May 1831 letter to his father makes clear that this living was originally intended for AT, had he shown any real interest in taking orders (LAO).

5. See letter 160 n. 4.

6. See letter 156 n. 8. Fanny Kemble had realized that Knowles's play would be a successful dramatic piece, despite its structural flaws: "The part of the heroine is one, indeed, in which it would be almost impossible to fail; and every Julia may reckon upon the sympathy of her audience, the character is so pre-eminently effective" (*Girlhood*, p. 378). On 23 February 1832, she recorded her early impressions of her admirer: "Arthur Hallam dined with us. I am not sure that I do not like him the best of all John's friends. Besides being so clever, he is so gentle, charming, and winning." Her opinion fifty years later was somewhat less enthusiastic: "The early death of Arthur Hallam, and the imperishable monument of love raised by Tennyson's genius to his memory, have tended to give him a pre-eminence among the companions of his youth which I do not think his abilities would have won for him had he lived; though they were undoubtedly of a high order" (*Girlhood*, pp. 510, 185).

162. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Huntington

67 [Wimpole Street]. Thursday [3 May 1832].

My dear "owl of the turret,"[1]

I am not going to write anything funny, for I have no fun to spare, nor anything sublime or beautiful, for my mind is as stagnant as three hours reading of Nisi Prius[2] cases, which I neither understood nor remember, may be expected to make it. But in a sober, prosy sort of way, I will just say "How d'ye do, Brooks? What's going on in the turret? Weren't you very dull & sulky this vacation? What did you do with yourself? Are you or have you been reading at all? How proceeds the Declamation?[3] How sits the wind in the homequarter? or to ask the question yet more delicately—would the section of space intervening between you & your Governor be correctly described as an equilateral & equiangular parallelogram, *ὁ ἐστιν μεθερμηνευομενον*,[4] is all square between you? Are the couple of Scotchmen returned, & what are the results? I am anxious—no, not anxious—not more than curious to know the apparent impression on their minds. I think it very possible, considering the circumstances, they will have felt disappointed, but the contrary is also probable. In either case, I would have them *gagged*. You will shake your head, maybe, & ask whose fault it was that they went, & who ought to abide consequences. Still something may be done perhaps in the way of restraint, should either Scotchman prove too garrulous; and I think you might occasionally keep them in check. Nevertheless I hardly know what I mean when I write this; perhaps it had better be considered unwritten; of course it must remain unshown.[5]

I hasten to mention an event, which I know will give you, as it gave me, great pleasure. Trench is going to be married in a month to his cousin: his causes of disquiet & alarm are, as I always augured they would be, quite dispersed; & in short he is likely to be as happy as he deserves to be. He has been in town a few days, but leaves it directly

again. He still gives utterance to low thunders about S. [Simon] but it is evident such Hecubas are [not] so much to him now as they were. [A] man, about to be married to the woman he loves, is not easily to be persuaded that wars & revolutions will disturb his honeymoon.[6] John Frere is in town, looking better than usual—bad, you know, was the best; & seeming to relish his Essex life exceedingly. I have been keeping a term in the Temple, eating, that is, four execrable dinners among such snobs! redwhiskered things, who in the middle of dinner will accost one with "You'll be pleased to hear Sir, that Mr. Sims obtained merely nominal damages this morning." Here & there one espies a Cambridge face; but the multitude are of the redwhiskered class—ready "to go the whole hog," as Mrs. Trollope says. Have you read her book? There are few better written; she deserves immortality for trans-Atlanticising that single phrase about the hog.[7] Have you seen Wilson's article on Alfred? I have a huge desire to kick that same Professor—yea, to give him kicks "superhuman, not to say, supernatural." However, all things considered the review will do good rather than harm.[8] I hear weekly from Somersby: I trust all is as well there as I could reasonably expect; but I am heavy at heart, & the burden of uncertainty about the future, & much positive evil in the present, is often very grievous to bear. I hope I shall hear you are tolerably at ease in mind, bearing up, pressing forward, hoping, enduring, if but a little.

Ever affect:tely yours,

AHH.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 3 May 1832

1. See letter 152 n. 1.
2. "Unless previously," referring to civil court jury trials.
3. See letter 159 n. 1.
4. "Which is interpreted" (see, for example, Matthew 1:23; Mark 15:22).

5. See letter 161 n. 5.

6. See letter 149 n. 3. On 2 July 1832, Blakesley wrote to Donne: "I suppose you have heard of Richd. Trench's marriage. It was quite the one thing needfull for him (all people improve by it, do they not?) and will do more to tranquillize & discipline his mind than whole ages of study" (Miss Johnson). See other letters congratulating Trench in *Trench*, 1:112–20, and letter 161 n. 3.

7. *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (March 1832), by Frances Trollope (1780–1863), who toured America 1827–30. Chapter 20 reports the "rude eloquence of a thorough horse and alligator orator from Kentucky, who entreated the house repeatedly to 'go the whole hog' " (2:20); she alludes to the phrase again in chapter 31 (2:232).

8. See letter 161 n. 1. Blakesley's 2 July 1832 letter supposed that Donne was "amused at the terms in which Hallam's in the Englishman's Magazine was spoken of [by Wilson]" (Miss Johnson).

163. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [5 May 1832.]

How difficult it is for those experienced in sadness not to esteem all painful emotions deeper and truer than the joyful ones—It seems such a mockery when we are sad to attempt being merry—the whole exterior of life, with its pleasant looks & smiles & high spirits & laughter, looks a bare barren lie to us, & we think we can never love it again because we see clear through it; & if still we loved and reverenced it in the past, it is because we were not then disenchanted; & joy came to us not only with momentary allurements but with the full deep soul-satisfying aspect of eternal reality. Sure I am that these emotions are not themselves idle, fleeting and insignificant; they pass indeed as all within us passes, at least in form; but the voice they uttered, as their sad & solemn presences hurried by us into indefinite gloom, that voice was oracular; it spoke the significance of life, the form of the riddle of the world; its tones have maddened into tremendous inspiration the souls of all poets & philosophers, since the world began—for, where the Ideas of Time & Sorrow, the one as cause, the other as effect, are not & sway not the soul with power, there is no true knowledge, and therefore no true organ of knowledge in poetry or philosophy. But I am sure that God will answer our prayers if we continue incessant in them; nay I am sure He does answer them now according to the proportion of our faith. It always seems to me the most beautiful function of Prayer, that we can and are commanded to pray one for another; how it sanctifies and dedicates the common affections of humanity by taking them under the Shadow of the Almighty! how it secures us from that original selfishness which even in those sacred moments is too ready to taint the purest sentiments of our hearts.

I am glad of many things you tell me, glad of the opening smiles of summer, already coming to the habitation that bears her auspicious

name [. . . .] I went Thursday night to see the Hunchback, the house very full & Miss Kemble acted still more magnificently than the 1st. time.[1] The scene in the 2nd. act where she plays fine lady was excellent, but the tragic parts yet finer; for instance where Clifford comes in as Secretary, and afterwards where she expostulates with Master Walter. Her "Clifford, why don't you speak to me" and "Clifford is it you?" in the first of these; and her "Do it" with all the accompanying speech in the last I shall never forget.

1. Fanny Kemble's first Thursday performance in *The Hunchback* after 12 April was on 3 May 1832, a special "Fanny Kemble" night. See letter 161 n. 6.

164. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

67 Wimpole St. May 8th [1832].

My dear Milnes,

It was very kind in you—a piece of the constant kindness of your nature to write to me, who so little deserved a letter at your hands. I own my breach of promise in having suffered the winter to pass by without once having endeavored to win from you some account of your thinkings & actings, but I assure you for your comfort that you are not the only correspondent of mine whom I have ill treated. With regard to my Academical rigmaroles, I would certainly have sent them, had I been clear that Gladstone could meet with you; but this seemed by no means evident.[1] Your vehement invectives against those luckless compositions rather amused me: it is new to me to hear them attacked for coolness & scepticism, since people here are apt to compassiona[te] them as indications of a sad mystic turn. I will not however claim more than a bare presumption in my favour from these very opposite objections; I am disposed to yield to neither of them, believing that, however hasty some of the opinions may be, & however illchosen many of the expressions, the general tenor of the Essay on Cicero, and its younger, weaker brother, is not liable to any such sweeping charges. That there is truth in the leading idea of the former, truth of an important character, and capable of becoming a germ of many truths I am everyday more & more convinced. I believe an Academic, or, if you will, a Sceptical Philosophy to be the only sure bulwark of Religion which human reason can raise[; in other] words I believe the only transcendental Knowledge possible for man, is to be deduced from the written Word of God. But it seems out of the question that we should come to an understanding upon this point, or any connected with it: your notion of what I have been, & what I ought to be, is so hopelessly different from my own, and your idea of Religion is so unlike anything I am accustomed to call by that

name, that we have hardly an inch of common ground to start from.[2] I wish with all my heart it were not so; I wish you would understand the things that concern [your] peace, for I am sure you cannot have found rest to your soul in [its ac]tual position. God forbid that I should judge you—but since you [come] forward so boldly to the handling of spiritual things, I cannot but tell you that you are calling good evil, and evil good; putting darkness for light, & light for darkness. If the Gospel is right, you are momentously wrong. You seem to imagine that the love of Truth, the love of Beauty &c. may, in certain circumstances, compensate for the absence of love for God, or that th[ey] may in fact be the same thing—minor forms of one substantial principle. You speak of "living to think being the next best form of religious truth to that of thinking to live." How could you say this; did you feel what Life is? "He that hath the Son, hath life: he that hath not the Son, hath not life."[3] There is nothing said about "next best degrees": on the contrary, the distance between Religion & every other feeling, or, which is the same thing, between Life and Death, is always represented as strictly Infinite. This is not to proscribe the several developments of the human mind: they are lineaments of the image of the Creator; and, however blurred & distorted, attest to man the dignity of his origin & the dignity of his destination: but their functions are ministerial, not imperative. It is well to love the Beautiful: it is well to worship the Past: for Beauty is God's, & the Past is God's: from him they came, to him they return, in him they abide and are safe for ever. But it is not well to esteem these feelings sufficient, and the region in which they meet us our home. They are the gifts, but we are made for the giver: they are the bright foambow of the scattered waters, but we are worthy of the source; they indeed are the temple, but we are called inward to the God.[4] You talk much of the power of Catholicism, but you can have consulted to little profit the writings of its great teachers, the *λαμπαδηφορι*[5] by whom, you say truly, for a thousand years & upwards the truths of Christ were transmitted, if you have not found in them the impossibility of amalgamating Christianity with civilisation, or art or knowledge, or any product of the unregenerate mind. I trust however the influence of "the least dogmatic religion in the world" may be the instrument of God's grace to bring you to what I must consider more serious thought on this subject. Weak &

uncertain as my own faith is, I yet know & bear witness gladly that I [have] found peace in proportion to that faith. The state, which you designate as my "previous blindness" was one of profligacy & pride: were it even true that my intellectual [gift]s are less vigorous now, than then, how richly would that loss be compensated by the more abundant mercies of my God. I have perhaps said [too] much about myself; but you will not fail to remember that you on your p[art sp]oke very freely & used searching words; I was, in a manner, put on my defens[ive.

I] have not much to tell you about our common friends. Trench is goin[ng to be m]arried to his cousin, and is looking better & more cheerful than I [have seen] him this long time.[6] Kemble, whatever the world may say, is not going to be married,[7] nor am I clear that his sister is, although the case is [. . .] nor finally is your humble servant in the predicament which you say [has] been ascribed to him.[8] Sterling has been heard of lately; he is better than ever in his life, his wife well & his child well, & his property less injured by the hurricane than that of anybody else.[9] Maurice I wot not of. Tennant is in a strong, sophistical mood of mind, & very little troubled, I believe, with his old glooms. Garden & Monteith have not altered a jot: they say the same things, & do the same things, day after day. [The] Apostles are flourishing in point of numbers; as to their spirit I doubt; [but their con]viviality at all events I mean to experience Friday, on the occasion of the Apostolic dinner.[10] Charles & Frederic Tennyson are beginning to take positive steps towards entering the Church: they toil not however, neither do they spin (sonnets); very fat prelatical lilies they are like to make.[11] Alfred is much as usual, except that, methinks, his genius grows brighter & more vigorous every day: his spirits & health, although not good, seem to me better than they were at Cambridge; but he complains constantly & eloquently of total decay. They have reviewed him in Blackwood, in a [flippant fashion?], but the praise is considerable, as well as the abusive laughter, and on the whole the article will rather advance than hurt his reputation. I am treated with some severity in it; my consolation must be that Bowring comes off still worse.[12] With regard to Leigh Hunt, all I know of the matter is, that a subscription is going on at Moxon's to which many considerable names are attached;[13] that I have subscribed myself; & that Hunt is said to be much better off just

at present than he has been for somewhile past. Irving is turned out of his church: he preaches in the environs of London, waiting until some of his faithful flock shall build him a chapel. Two of his principal speakers in the tongue have put forth recantations, avowing direct imposition, as I am told, but I have not yet seen them. This will grieve poor Irving much, and, I suppose, will diminish considerably his followers: but latterly the sect has spread much in London.[14] I am glad you like the Robertsons, but am somewhat surprised at your vehement exception of the old lady:[15] I never found her so disagreeable; but as Monteith & Garden made pretty much the same report as yourself, I suppose she must have changed for the worse since I saw her. I have seen nothing of your Italian dialogues in Blackwood,[16] but not having been previously direct[ed] I may have overlooked them. Ministers were defeated last night on the first clause in Committee, & rumour sends Lord Grey out.[17] Che sarà, sarà. Faretheewell. Commend me to Gladstone, & say I know I have behaved shamefully in not writing to him.

Believe me always,
Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

I am not thinking of going abroad.

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Poste Restante / <Rome> Naple / Italie.
P/M 8 May 1832

1. Gladstone met Milnes in Rome on 31 March 1832 and spent much time in Italy with him; they parted company when Milnes left for Sicily circa 16 May. While traveling, Gladstone read AHH's "Essay on . . . Cicero" and "Declamation on . . . Italian Literature" on 16 March and 4 April 1832, respectively (*D*, 1:452–97).

2. See letter 117, 121.

3. 1 John 5:12.

4. See letter 160 n. 2.

5. "Torchbearers"; see Pope-Hennessy, 1:43–47 for discussion of Milnes's attraction to Catholicism. On Good Friday (20 April 1832), Milnes and Gladstone saw Cardinal Bernetti wash the feet of a pilgrim at St. Peter's: "The old man's feet were sore—and when the Cardinal began to wash, he winced & shed tears—I thought, from the smarting—Milnes however maintained, it was from a deep feeling of shame at the humiliation & indignity which the Cardinal was undergoing." At the miracle of St. Gennaro in Naples on 5 May 1832, Gladstone reported that Milnes was one of the first to kiss the vessel containing the liquified blood (*D*, 1:478, 490).

6. See letter 162 n. 6.

7. See letter 144 n. 4.

8. Perhaps an allusion to the false report of AHH's impending marriage; see letter 141 n. 3.

9. A hurricane in the West Indies on 11 August 1831 destroyed most of Sterling's library and other possessions on St. Vincent. But as he wrote to Trench on 19 February 1832, "Both I and my wife are in good health, our children as well and strong as possible, and, as far as domestic ties can give happiness, no one in the world has more of it than I" (*Trench*, 1:111). See also Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, pt. 1, chap. 12.

10. As Merivale wrote to Thompson on 11 June 1832, the Apostolic festivities included essays by Heath (on Niebuhr), Alford (on Christianity), and Merivale (on Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners*); Spedding, Monteith, Tennant, and (probably) Trench, Kemble, Pickering, and Donne also attended the 11 May gathering (*Merivale*, p. 130; *Memoir*, 1:85).

11. See letters 161 n. 4; 158 n. 4; and Matthew 6:28.

12. See letter 161 n. 1.

13. One of a number of subscriptions occasioned by Hunt's notorious indifference to practicalities.

14. See letter 151 n. 2. Irving's congregation assumed the name of "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" and found temporary quarters in various parts of London; Irving was expelled from his Scottish clericature on 13 March 1833. One of the recanters was Robert Baxter.

15. Probably Robert Robertson's mother, Anne Glasgow; his paternal grandmother died in 1830; his maternal grandmother lived abroad.

16. Perhaps "An Italian to Italy" (1831), though the poem hardly qualifies as a dialogue.

17. See letter 145 n. 3.

165. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Saturday. May 12 [1832].

My dearest Nem,

I fear this letter will prove but a stupid composition, since I have been travelling all the way from Cambridge to London since six o'clock this morning. I went to attend the celebration of an anniversary dinner of a certain society to which I belonged, and of which you may possibly have heard by the name of "The Apostles." Alfred was a member once for a short time, in faithful remembrance of which we drank his health with much applause, & three groans for Blackwood.[1] Have you got Blackwood yet? I sent it a week ago. Let me have your indignation expressed in good set terms next week. I am glad to find people agreeing to blame the silly flippancy of that article: Whewell, I hear, is particularly indignant; & in the Spectator of this week there are some good & severe remarks on it.[2] My principal real reason for spending Friday at Cambridge was my wish to see Monteith & Garden, & to elicit from them all the information I could respecting Somersby facts.[3] But I did not learn much: the poor ignorant creatures had no notion of names, & places; Tetford & Enderby were alike to them, & they never knew there was any brook, much less two, in Haglane! Indistinct ideas of Holywell[4] seemed to linger in their addled brains: but upon the whole they were sadly deficient. The best trait of their conduct was Garden's acknowledgement that he had no sort of knowledge, while at Somersby, how time went, & his watch remained unwound up till he left you. One piece of substantial information I did get from them; I hear that wrongheaded grandfather of yours is, or pretends to be, offended with me for not repeating the attempt to see him.[5] Was ever anything so unreasonable? How was I to know the fever & gout had left him, until he chose to give me notice? From this specimen of spite, I certainly have no cause to augur that any visit of mine to him "can terminate to my satisfaction."

I hear Alfred is becoming eager again about his unborn volume, & still talks of going abroad. On both these points & many others I long to speak with him: but I long in vain, for anything like an effective correspondence appears out of the question, and I fear he is not to be induced to come up to town. Don't you think it would do him good to come for a while? It would be a breath of life to me. Could you persuade him, think you? As to the Miller's Daughter I am not aware that any stanzas are wrongly transcribed: certainly not, I think, those you have just transcribed, which are as beautiful as any. Tell Alfred that Spedding's opinion is for "The palace of Art" as the finest of his poems: he is a good judge; yet I am not sure that I concur.[6]

I am glad Miss Burton is at last really coming: I shall think of the evening merriment & the music & the dancing & the glorious twilight gleaming in upon you all—but I do not mean in this letter to say a word of melancholy, either about you, or about myself. And yet—yet it is hard to refrain; one sentence in your last is very sad, & I should like to cry my eyes out over it. I shall think of you now, dearest, when the moon is rising, & I shall fancy your dreamy peregrinations amongst flowers of divers smells, which constitute, you remember, according to Charley, your one idea! If Charley is right, and all your thoughts are in truth but modifications of that one aromatic perception, I am curious to know what manner of flower, or rather flower-smell, I happen to be, since I certainly am thought of by you sometimes. Find out for me, for I am yet in want of a symbol—you couldn't find me, you said, [am]ong the birds. It is pleasant too to think of you as occasionally quacking. "Oh that I were the duck before those feet, That I might quack again unto that quack!"[7] I doubt the sentiment of the rooks; they are a bustling, political set, [who] have little leisure for contemplation of the beautiful. Now & then perhaps a young crow may be poetical in a very fine day, or on a very high bough: but your patriarchal, centenary bird has long outlived such idle stuff. Thank Taffy for his good wishes, & wish them back to him. Why do you never mention your studies, Italian & others? I fear there can be but one reason. To be sure Monteith did tell me he saw Mary & you reading Italian some day after breakfast: but I suspect that was a device, because you rightly thought I should come to know it. Tennant & Brookfield desired me to send remembrances to the whole house. The former is not going to fish &

fog at Newfoundland: so the prospect of not seeing him for three years, which seemed to give Mary such satisfaction, may after all not be so clear.[8] God preserve & bless thee, love, & with thee, if it be his will,

Thine Arthur.

P. S. Let me hear something of the Bournes? Does Mrs. B. ever come over now? & how is Mr.?

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 12 May 1832

1. See letter 164 n. 10. According to Merivale's 11 June 1832 letter to Thompson, the best part of the dinner was "the mutual recriminations of Spedding and Hallam for killing the *Englishman*, and their joint indignation at Blackwood for cutting him up after death" (*Merivale*, p. 130); see also letter 161 n. 1.

2. The 5 May 1832 number of the *Spectator* called Wilson's review one of his "extravaganzas, in which he first knocks down and then knocks up the whole creation. . . . The Poems of Alfred Tennyson (a young poet of genuine talent) Mr. Wilson first sets to and abuses . . . the poet's imbecility is proved by extracts of every kind; and the critics, of course, fall with the work they have praised . . . [then] the writer seems, not to repent of his work, but seized with a sudden passion of setting up the idol he had pulled down. The miserable spectacle of a poet is raised on high; and though the dirt is not cleared away, it is gilded over with praise as hearty as the abuse . . . the Lord deliver us from such horseplay" (5:424). The tone of the comment is one of grudging admiration; the writer admits the review is the only worthy piece in the issue. In its "Weekly Gossip on Literature and Art," the *Athenaeum* noted Wilson's review: "a bright article on Tennyson's poems" (5 May 1832).

3. See letter 162 n. 5.

4. All are in the neighborhood of the Somersby Rectory.

5. On 4 March 1832, Frederick Tennyson wrote to his grandfather: "Our friend Hallam is now staying with us, & is anxious to be introduced to you. I shall therefore with your permission bring him over to Tealby sometime next week"; the letter enclosed bills owed by the Somersby family (LAO).

6. See letter 156 n. 2. Merivale's account of the Apostolic gathering (see note 1 above) relates that AT's poem "was read successively to each man as he came up from

the vacation, so fresh conversation was less required. . . . Nevertheless the institution did on the whole drag a very slow length along, comparable only to an Alexandrine infinitely produced, like some of the lines in the *Lotus-eaters*. Though the least eminent of the Tennysonian rhapsodists, I have converted by my readings both my brother and your friend (or enemy?) Richardson, to faith in the latter poem. They rather scoff at the former, and ask whether the 'abysmal depths of personality' means the *Times* newspaper. They also make very merry with the poet's assertion respecting his soul, 'The nightingale delighteth to prolong / Her low preamble all alone / More than my soul to hear her echoed song.' "

7. Apparently adapted from *Romeo and Juliet*, 2. 2. 24–25: "O that I were a glove upon that hand, / That I might touch that cheek!"

8. Frederick Tennyson's 18 April 1832 letter informed Frere that "Tennant who is for ever destined to be shut out from the beautiful, is going to play the Tutor in *Newfoundland*! & in his leisure hours to study Cods' heads & shoulders the only form of the beautiful to [be] found in that country—If he had said Hell-I-go-land I should have thought he would have had a pleasanter destination. However it will I hope enable him to pay his debts" (Duke); see also letter 119 n. 9.

166. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: New York Public Library

67 [Wimpole Street]. Saturday. May 19 [1832].

Carissima,

Why was it "surprising" to thee to hear I had been at Cambridge? Was it because I came no farther?—but I had leave of absence only for one day. Or was it that I seem to treat Somersby unworthily by caring in the least what strangers may have to say of it? Truly it signified little; of course they could know nothing, but the surface of things, and of that surface I spoke with them. Thou needst not fear that I expected too much from them, or that I do not hold at sufficient distance from my heart all that is not instinct with the true spirit, the inner spirit, of Somersby. I am very sorry you have not received Blackwood; it is the more annoying as the parcel in which I inclosed it contained a letter for Alfred, which I did not wish him to miss, or anyone else to read.[1] Are you sure it is not still lying in the secret corners of the White Hart Inn at Spilsby?

I employ myself here in acting the part of a faithful Apostle to Alfred, preventing the distribution of his MSS. to unworthy hands, & promoting it among the true believers. Foremost of these last may be reckoned Miss Kemble, who the other night astounded the weak faculties of old Sotheby by shouting out at one of his crowded parties, "I am glad! I am glad!" "Of what, Miss Kemble?" "Glad that there is yet a man in England capable of performing such glorious things." She added "he is the greatest painter in poetry that I know." Bid Alfred make haste to idealise her somehow; she deserves some gratitude; & as for paying her in the simple oldfashioned way, by plain verses about herself in her natural capacity, I am sure he will not condescend to anything so *unartistical*.[2] Tell him that she gives her vote for the "Palace" as his greatest effort: her brother differs, saying, "Women always want a moral: give me the Lotus-eaters."[3]

I am sorry alarms of riots should have reached you: believe me, all

such rumours are gross exaggerations: the last eventful week has produced no real disturbance of any moment, either in town, or country. It is the business of newspapers to lie: you must not credit them. Things are likely to return to comparative quiet, since it is settled that Lord Grey resumes his government, & carries the Bill. Since the Duke of Wellington has failed in forming a cabinet, it is evident no Tory cabinet can be formed: nothing remains, but to trust to the Whigs for getting us, as well as they can, through the agitation into which they have plunged us.[4]

What is Sep doing at Dalby? Is he not playing truant to his medical duties? He must not forget that he is the practical man of the family.[5] You ask about Mrs. Trollope; I have often meant to speak of the book in my letters: all London has been talking of it. As a topic, it succeeded Cholera, & held divided empire with Reform. You will find it extremely amusing: the American party are of course very angry with it, & say it is altogether unfair. Nevertheless I believe in the truth of by far the largest portion: but it must be allowed she writes illnaturedly, & she did not, by her own confession, see the best society in the States. Pray, is she anyhow of kin [to] your neighbour?[6]

I grieve that your studies should be so nominal: at any rate do not entirely discontinue them. Your blossom, I lament to say, never arrived: after your glowing description of its beauties, I am of course inconsolable. Certainly some one, human or spiritual, must be plotting to injure our correspondence. Blackwood, & the opened seal, & the stolen blossom! it is very suspicious.[7] I will write a longer letter next time; meanwhile faretheewell, dearest—ever ever beloved by

Thine affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 19 May 1832

1. See letter 165. Presumably AHH enclosed letter 161 with the May 1832 issue of *Blackwood's*, and did not want anyone except AT to see his comments on Monteith and Garden.

2. On 4 May 1832, Trench wrote to his fiancée that he had spent an evening with the Kembles: "Kemble's sister seems to estimate things at their right value, which in one who is placed in so false a position for forming a right judgment is very remarkable. She has apparently no sympathy whatsoever with the shows and vanities wherein she is mixed" (*Trench*, 1:114). Sixty-seven years later, Emily Sellwood Tennyson was pleased to hear that Hallam Tennyson had met Fanny Kemble: "I can well understand that she and her brother really were the first to discover that Papa was one of the greatest English poets. Shakespeare must have lent them scales to weigh the poet and they had the wit to use them" (*Letters of Emily Lady Tennyson* [23 November 1889], p. 346). AHH's 1829 sonnet "To an Admired Lady" (see letter 84 n. 5) salutes Fanny as one of "a gentle family . . . Juliet and Imogen . . . Acclaiming all 'Welcome, our sister dear!' "

3. See letter 165 n. 6. A transcript of "The Lotos-Eaters" (*Ricks*, pp. 429–38) in AHH's hand is at the University of Hawaii.

4. See letter 164 n. 17. Merivale's 20 May 1832 letter to Frederick Tennyson noted that "the premature report of a Tory administration almost turned [AHH] Whig again; but I suppose he has now relapsed" (Harvard).

5. Septimus Tennyson (1815–66) was, by his own description, "the most morbid of the Tennysons." References in AHH's letters suggest that rather than working in a solicitor's office, as his uncle had recommended (*CT*, pp. 108, 127), Septimus at this time was studying medicine and/or apprenticed to a doctor at Louth, several years earlier than *CT* (p. 150) states. Inheriting £3000 after George Clayton Tennyson's death, Septimus spent the rest of his life doing very little; he lived with his mother and family at Cheltenham, and with Frederick and Horatio in Italy, but died alone. See *Tennyson*, pp. 63–64, and references in *Background*.

6. See letter 162 n. 7. A cousin of Cecilia Trollope, Frances's daughter, Henry Trollope (d. 1839) was rector of Harrington parish, Lincolnshire; Henry married Frances's sister-in-law, Diana. Cecilia visited her relatives in the winter of 1833–34, and, according to Rashdall's diary, argued with AT on 27 November 1833 (Rader, p. 14).

7. See conclusion to letter 158.

167. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] [26 May 1832.]

"Min hertes quene,"

In what phrase rather than the undefiled English of sweet vernal Chaucer art thou worthy to be addressed, who inditest letters all redolent of spring?[1] Truly, since thou art bold enough to conjecture sad things of me through the outward form of my letters, I may be allowed to draw a more welcome conclusion from thine own. "Perhaps I am mistaken," as thou saist so cautiously, but I felt as I read thy description of the leafiness & luxury of all the happy banks & lanes near about you, that their happiness, & the warm unclouded weather of the last week, had past into thee, infusing somewhat more of joy, & somewhat more of health than falls to thy accustomed lot. Surely it is noble weather. Even here sometimes one hears a bird, & feels the sunniness of things; but yesterday I was at Blackheath & there burst on my longimprisoned senses a profusion of light & life. I heard cuckoos, I heard blackbirds, I heard nightingales; I saw fields & flowers, looking enchantingly in the last new fashion of the month—but I spare thee my Cockney raptures. I cannot leave unnoticed thine affectionate inquiries after my health; but why wilt thou compel me to talk sadly when I talk to thee? Too often do I sit beside a dark & ominous shadow within myself, & shudder to see it widen—but thou art light & life to me—fain would I look towards thee, until I so drank & absorbed the rays of thy loveliness, that thenceforward I should be all light, & see every shadow float by me, without any dread because without any contact. No, I am not happy; didst thou dream I could be, Emily? The word "happiness" is not vague, not indeterminate, not abstract, as some think: it has but one meaning, & is clear, precise, as an object of sharpest vision, or a body of distinctest sound. Askest thou that meaning? It is just this, & no more, but no less—"Marriage to thee." But thou shalt not tempt me into melancholy discourse. As for my bodily health, I will not say it is very good just now, but I

would not that thou shouldst quarrel with the summerskies on my account. I lay nothing to the charge of the heat. I have very much avoided "formal parties," but some must be endured, & no week passes over without burthen of this kind. Yesterday I saw a family of pleasant, happy girls, whom I had known as children.[2] I was glad to see them look so happy—the time that has passed since we met before has scarce laid upon them any sharpness of pressure, but upon *me*—there again! Wicked Tennec, why wilt thou lure me into these whinings? I should tell thee I have looked diligently through Shaw's Zoology, a magnificent book of all living things, but I can find no account of the Tennec.[3] Perhaps that is because the book is modern, & published since that singular animal assumed its human form! Skipping back a sentence or two, I will add to my sentimental account of my visit that one of these young ladies bears the name of Emily. It does not suit her—that is, she is perfectly unlike thee. Yet she is a nice girl—"how can that be, if perfectly unlike me?"—I think it is just possible; 'tis a wide world.

Thanks for the bit of flower; I shall have a large garden of Somersby grafts soon in one favored compartment of my desk, interspersed with letters by way of gravel walks. Thy explanation of the failure of the last blossom is rather naive, & certainly settles the question. Sep's Sonnets amaze me to hear of: he is going the way of us all, poor fellow![4] let me have a transcript; also, if thou hast leisure *not otherwise*, the concluding lines of Œnone. Existing manuscripts go no further than "I only saw great Here's angry eyes" with the lines immediately following.[5] What you tell me of Alfred's health is very comfortable. Not so the accounts of Catherine Burton & Charlotte Bellingham, though for different reasons.[6] Twice you have asked me about Blackstone—really I have little to say of the old gentleman, except that he continues as dry as a stick. I am however better acquainted with him, than when I used to encounter his square prim phiz for a few fleeting moments before breakfast in your diningroom—and I will say for him, which is more than I can for all old gentlemen, that I believe he means well. You will be sorry to hear Fanny Kemble is extremely unwell—&, what gives me peculiar interest in it, her symptoms are exactly like those of which you complain. Like you too she is somewhat obstinate, & will not eat & drink when & how the physicians bid her.[7] Faretheewell, only love, for one other week.

Ever thine affect:te

Arthur.

By the bye your Italian is horrible: I really can't construe it. Scelerata![8]

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 26 May 1832

1. See letter 106 n. 4.

2. Unidentified.

3. Perhaps the *tenrec* or *tanrec*, a small hedgehog-like animal of Madagascar; certainly one of the more unusual objects to which AHH compares Emily. Perhaps he felt it resembled her occasionally bristly nature. George Shaw (1751–1813), naturalist, published *General Zoology* (1800–1812).

4. Some of Septimus's sonnets appear in the manuscript books of Mary Tennyson (TRC) and J. M. Heath (Fitzwilliam); see *Background*, pp. 121–22 and Sir Charles Tennyson, "Tennyson Papers II: J. M. Heath's 'Commonplace Book,'" *Cornhill Magazine* 153 (1936): 426–49.

5. Lines 191–95 in the *1832* version; see *Ricks*, p. 395.

6. See letters 150 n. 6; 110 n. 6; the nature of the accounts is unidentified, but see letter 223 nn. 2–3.

7. In a February 1828 letter, Fanny Kemble complained of a side-ache which, like that of Emily, seemed associated with her liver: "[It] does not give way entirely either to physic or exercise, as the slightest emotion, either pleasurable or painful, immediately brings it on" (*Girlhood*, p. 137).

8. "Wretch!"

168. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Pierpont Morgan

67 [Wimpole Street]. Tuesday. May 29 [1832].

My dear Brookfield,

The very wretched state of mind, & frequent touches of illness, I have had since I saw you, must be my excuse, if you need one, that I have not written to you. And now I am in no writing mood: as soon as I am you shall hear from me. What is the use then, you will very naturally ask, of making you pay the postage for this scrap? It is as follows. I received this morning a dunning letter from Litchfield[1] for nine pound odd, which I have owed him the greater part of the past eternity. I suppose I forgot to mention his name to you among the others. At any rate I forget whether you told me anything about him. I don't feel as if I had a receipt from the snob, so I fear it must be a true bill. In case however you should have already paid it, I would fain know. In the probable event that you can give no such favorable answer, I wish you would put on your very blandest look, & declare to Mr. L. on my part that my sorrow to hear of his maltreatment by me is only equalled by my surprise; that I fully thought he had been paid in a general commission to pay entrusted to a friend (you needn't say it was yourself, unless you chuse); that I should be much obliged to him to wait rather more than a month longer, at which time I shall certainly be passing through Cambridge, & will have great pleasure in paying him. Should this not serve, put on another bland look, & entreat Garden & Monteith to take between them this debt on their hands, & they shall be paid, without fail, this summer. The fact is, I do not like just at this moment asking my governor for more money, which I must do, if I discharge this demand now. Write to me speedily, & tell me how you are, & whether there is any chance of seeing you.

Ever your affect:te friend

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 29 May 1832

1. Unidentified; probably a Cambridge merchant.

169. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Yale

[London.] June 2 [1832].

I was sadly disappointed, dearest Emily, when this morning instead of my accustomed letter came an account from Charles of your being unable to write. But as you bid me not to be apprehensive, & assure me it is only a cold, I will wait in patience, & endeavor to think about it with cheerfulness. I am better myself than I have been, & have got rid of some troublesome anxieties which have lately given me a good deal of annoyance.[1] I wish I had any amusing anecdotes to tell you; for, even at a hundred & fifty miles' distance, I ought to play nurse to you, when you are ill. But London is very stupid, & I have either heard or retain nothing interesting or witty from the lips of any of its inhabitants. Yet people meet, & talk here, as they might anywhere else, nay, more than anywhere else; and they drive for hours in the Park, & sit for hours at the Opera, & eat for hours at eight o'clock dinners. It is hard that nothing should be uttered on these occasions worth remembering. Perhaps Nature curses us all with a cleaving curse[2] of dullness, forasmuch as we have deserted with disdain & contumely the rich ample festival she has prepared for us everywhere throughout that wide extent of the earth, in which the smoke of cities is not seen, nor their din heard. This being the case, I think you will thank me for sending some very pretty lines of Leigh Hunt on the month we have just quitted. I take them from the New Monthly.

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, & breath divine;
Month of bees, & month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, & poets' praises;

Oh thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet.
May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as tho' it heard,
And looks up & laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily;
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.
If the rains that do us wrong,
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books;
Love thee in the poets' pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love & read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over;
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those who part.
There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old & modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs & elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise & dress your rooms
In a drapery thick with blooms.
Come ye rains then if ye will,
May's at home, & with me still;
But come rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together![3]

These lines seem to me in Hunt's happy manner. Tell me what they seem to you, [for] until you confirm my judgement I have but half judged.

My own poetical labours go on very ill: perhaps this month will bring some moments of [insp]iration: but hitherto Dante[4] has slept peace[fully] in one of "the happy places," which Hunt [speak]s of. I hear from Charley that his awful moment approaches; he does not speak as if he much feared the result, & I heartily hope he has made sure of it.[5] Do not write, love, until it is quite good for you to write; not till then, but *then;* for I shall long much for the next letter. Talk to me a great deal of yourself—it is but a small part of my world that is out of yourself, & in that part interesting events do not often occur.

Sempre tuo fidele ed amoroso

Arturo.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 2 June 1832

1. See letter 168.

2. See letter 41 n. 10.

3. "To May" was first published in the *New Monthly Magazine* 34 (1 May 1832): 456; AHH's transcript contains minor variations in punctuation.

4. See letter 150 n. 1.

5. See letter 164 n. 11; Charles Tennyson passed his ordination examination in mid-June (25 June 1832 letter to his grandfather, LAO).

170. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:117–18

67 Wimpole Street. June 6, 1832.

You must have thought me very slow in answering your kind letter, if indeed you have had leisure for any thoughts about me, which I can hardly presume. I would have written sooner, and would now write at greater length, were it not that I feel incapable of writing cheerfully, and I would not be such a brute as to write otherwise to a friend so happy as I think you now are. Yesterday I saw your brother, who told me he had been present at your marriage.[1] He spoke so joyfully of it, and looked so like you, that I felt as if I saw your joy. And you are at Malvern! I don't remember that you expressed any intention of going there when I saw you; it must be an afterthought, and a bright one, for I know few more delightful places than Malvern. I passed two months there in the year '29,[2] scrambling about those glorious hills, writing bad verses, and musing bad metaphysics. You have, fortunately, a fair chance of better employing your time. Do you not agree with me that the extensive landscape on which you look from Malvern has something of an Italian character? It seemed to my eye (a shortsighted one, to be sure) to resemble parts of Lombardy. I have not been since at the place itself, but last year I saw the old hills from a distance, and, though it was but for a moment, that second association with Malvern is likely to be more durable to me than the first, for I was not alone, but in the company of one who makes all that comes near her holy to my imagination.[3] However, I know not why I should say this to you, who have been married now the enormous time of ten days, and may think yourself entitled to laugh at romantic young bachelors. I wish with all my heart I could see any prospect of being laughed at, or anything else, by your proper self in presence; for I find daily how much I miss the assistance and support of your conversation and example. I am left much to my own thoughts in London, and they are but too apt to follow a gloomy track of their own, unfavourable to sound thinking and courageous living.

But I will say no more of myself. Of our mutual friends I can give you little intelligence. Kemble is still in town, and talks of taking chambers in the Temple, on the expectation that his father and sister will leave England for a time.[4] He continues to pursue etymology keenly, but, I think, nothing else. Monteith and Garden were very eager about going to Italy this summer; but a veto seems to have issued from the authorities at Carstairs, and they submit indignantly.[5] I know no more politics than our lords and masters, the press, chose to inform me of. Tomorrow the wretched farce will be brought to a close. The King is expected to give his assent in person. This the Queen's party are said to oppose, which I think foolish and factious, for what can it signify? What do we gain now by giving ground for complaint of the King?[6] I agree with you that the Conservative peers have taken the right course in seceding. Many, however, are of a different opinion, and Peel, I see, of the number. I don't believe Earl Grey can stand long. It seems out of the question (if anything is so with a Whig) that he should obtain peers after the Bill is carried; yet the unparalleled *Times* says it can see "no objection in principle or precedent to a large creation for the sake of securing a general sympathy with Government!" Let me hear from you when you have leisure for writing; tell me of your intended movements, and believe me ever, my very dear friend,

affectionately yours,

Arthur Hallam.

1. See letter 164 n. 6.

2. September–October 1829.

3. Cheltenham is about fifteen miles from Great Malvern.

4. Charles and Fanny Kemble left London for a tour of Scotland on 29 June; they departed for America from Liverpool on 1 August 1832 (*Girlhood*, pp. 521, 532).

5. Merivale's 11 June 1832 letter to Thompson describes Monteith and Garden as "indignant and wild at being forbidden by their governors, who appear to be as identical as they are themselves, to go abroad. I left them each writing a letter in his respective style. How inconsistent with themselves are Human faculties! The genius

that can presage the fulfilment of the Apocalypse overlooks the specks and motes in futurity, and is taken by surprise by a parental admonition!" (*Merivale*, p. 131).

6. See letter 166 n. 4. William IV's assent was given by commission on 7 June 1832; numerous members of the House of Lords refused to vote in the final reading of the Reform Bill. Queen Adelaide (1792–1849) became quite unpopular after her supposed political involvement during the reform movement.

171. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Dumbarton Oaks

67 [Wimpole Street]. Saturday. June 9 [1832].

My own dearest creature,

I fear you have been much more seriously unwell than I allowed myself to think you were or even than you now confess. I would I knew what to say or do for you. For God's sake do not leave me in ignorance of any change that occurs in your health: I cannot make out from what you now say what kind of illness you have had, whether an aggravation of your constant annoyances, or something quite new & distinct. Charles spoke of "epidemic cold," but a word of that sort means anything. Tell me truly, have you only suffered what others in the family have suffered, or is your former complaint made worse? I am sure I do not want to torment you by frequent questioning, nor have I done it lately: but I cannot read your mournful words, "I am still very weak & unwell," without great anxiety, & a desire to know more about you.[1] Have you been under Dr. Bousfield's care? What does he tell you? I am determined, when next I come to Somersby, to see him, & learn from him his real opinion. I am particularly anxious to ascertain whether climate & air affect your general health. You told me, I think, yourself, that you had no reason to suppose it did, except that you were always better in warm weather.

Now I will tell you why I am anxious on this point. You are well aware, dearest Emily, that my prospect of attaining the only earthly happiness possible for me, my union with yourself, depends entirely on my father's will. It would not depend at all on his will had I any money, not drawn from his purse; but I have not; nor is it probable that I should succeed in gaining any for several years. I have represented to my father so strongly how important it is to my happiness, my health, perhaps my life, that I should not be left so long in a condition of miserable suspense, uncertainty, & divided

existence, that I have won from him a promise to effect, out of his own means, & at a period of time as little remote as may be compatible with that change in his mode of life which this sacrifice on his part must occasion, the great object of my hopes. Emily, if it please God to preserve us two years longer, three[2] at the furthest, I have hope we may be married. But if my father consents for my sake to so great an inconvenience to his own fortune—(so at least he describes it—I incline to think matters will be found more easy to be settled on further consideration) I, on my part, cannot in generosity, or indeed duty, avoid falling in with his other views respecting my plan of life.[3] He cannot endure the idea of my withdrawing myself from the society in which he has been accustomed to move, or abandoning the profession which he chose for me, at least until I have practised it. Besides, the fortune he could allow me, although sufficient, in my ready & his own more reluctant belief, for me to to[4] marry upon, will not be large, & ought, in prudence, to be increased by whatever professional, or literary exertion I could make. It is true that, were his feelings not in the way, this last consideration need not of necessity compel my residence in any given place: but, taken along with those feelings, it seems to render my continuance in or near London advisable. I say, "seems," for many chances may occur in the interim that may alter the circumstances of the case. But it would be a serious drawback to my hope were I to find any particular air or climate necessary to your health. Of this too I should rather say, "it seems," for, were it so, other plans might be devised: only what appears at present to be the best, the only plan, would be disturbed by it. My own wish, as I have often told you, would be never to reside in London. I hate every brick in its walls, every flagstone in its streets. Whenever & however I can find means of living out of it, I shall assuredly do so. I should like much to settle in some part of the South or West of England, or even to establish myself abroad, at least for a time. This too would be the most economical, setting a profession out of the question. And to this probably it will come before many years are out: but with this it seems I cannot well begin. At the same time I see no positive reason for living in London itself: I could pursue a profession as well, if I lived near it, & such a mode of life would, I incline to think, be more agreeable to you. There are uglier

places in the world than Richmond, or even Hampstead; and the latter is the healthiest, it is said, in England.

Perhaps, as this is so very businesslike a letter (even your grandfather would relax his miserly features into a grin of complacency to read it), I may as well tell you further that I do not expect to get from my father more than seven or eighthundred a year, which is a small matter, but not, I think, incapable of affording very comfortable living to such wise, romantic people as ourselves, who despise the pompous formalities of fashion, & wish only to be happy, or as little unhappy as we can in this ugly world. I fear I shall not succeed in adding much to my "small peculiar" from the treasures hoarded at Tealby: something however may be done.

I intended this morning to make this a long letter, but I have been detained from returning home by what the newspapers would call "a severe storm of thunder & lightning passing over the metropolis," so that I am only just in time now for the post. I must cease to write therefore, but not to think much & anxiously concerning you. If it be possible, induce Alfred or somebody to write *in the course of next week* to tell me how you are. I know not if it would be giving your mother too much trouble to ask her to write me a line, but very satisfactory would it be to me to know from her what the state of your health is. Do not dream I say this in distrust of you—I trust you with my whole soul—but one head is not so wise as several, especially about itself. To be sure, dearest, if you are really "Himalaya," 'tis little wonder your head should ache, being always up in that keen, cold air, nor that you should feel old, because you are, you know—rather older than the world![5] I wait eagerly for the next account of you: I trust you will be able to write next week; meanwhile think much of

Your ever affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 9 June 1832

1. See letter 169.

2. "Three" is added above the line.

3. See letter 183a.

4. Evidently AHH paused to think of the appropriate verb.

5. See AT's "The Hesperides" (*Ricks*, pp. 423–29), line 58: "For he is older than the world"; and line 74: "Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is bold and strong."

172. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

MS: Yale

67 [Wimpole Street]. Thursday [14 June 1832].

Dear John,

I have news for you, great news—Alfred the great will be in town, perhaps today.[1] He lingers now at Cambridge with Tennant. He talks of going abroad instantly, from which I shall endeavor to dissuade him. Meantime he wishes to know whether certain lodgings once occupied by Fred at *49 Southhampton Row* are vacant. Now it happens unfortunately that I am very unwell today: the said row is very near you; could you in the course of the day pick up this bit of information for me? Also, if you will visit an invalid at some time in your morning walks, I shall rejoice in seeing you. Alfred's coming seems to be mainly attributable to your letter three months ago—at least his answer to questions, why he comes to London, is said to be "I have never answered John Kemble!" One would have thought taking pen in hand was less trouble than coming 50 miles; but different persons have different estimates of difficulty.[2]

Faithfully yours,

AHH.

1. AT dined with the Kembles in London on 16 June 1832 (*Girlhood*, p. 519).
2. See letter 73 n. 16, for AT's preferences.

173. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

67 [Wimpole Street]. Saturday. June 16 [1832].

Carissima,

Marvel not at so short a letter from me, but remember I have sometimes had short ones from thee,[1] when thou hast been ill, [. . . .] a day or two I will write again, & say more about that, & other things: for the present, love, be content with this line from

Your ever affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 16 June 1832.

1. Approximately two-thirds of the letter is missing.

174. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] June 20th. 1832.

I was speaking the other day to Moxon about books & the polite publisher touched upon Alfred's, talked of the favourable light with which it was received & asked if Alfred had any views of further publication. I don't doubt that Moxon would publish any volume Alfred might make up for him free of expense.[1] It is worth his considering; a 2nd. book just now would set Alfred high in public notice, & afford him the means of putting money in his pocket.

1. This offer from Moxon seems finally to have persuaded AT to allow his poems to be published. Letters from Blakesley to Donne on 2 July (Miss Johnson) and Spedding to Thompson on 18 July 1832 (*Friends*, p. 395) speak for the first time of a new "volume" of poems.

175. TO ROBERT MONTEITH

MS: Oxford

Wimpole St. Friday. June 22 [1832].

My dear Monteith,

I drop you a line to say that Alfred went this morning to Richmond, intending to write an Innkeeper's Daughter[1] at the Star & Garter.[2] He murmurs much about illness, & incompatibility with Fred, but I dare say he won't bolt when you come, provided he has not bolted before (excuse the Hibernicism). Fred seems much bent on receiving your hospitality. If therefore you wish to have two instead of one, you had best not delay too long as by the time the Innkeeper's Daughter is written the poet may be off to some other *star*, & be occupied on some remoter *garter* than that which encircles the fair leg of the Richmond barmaid who doubtless will serve as the prototype of his ideal creations. Also bear in mind that *if in town*, you promised to dine with us on *Monday*; perhaps if you find you can't you will just be so good as to tip me a line before that day. I was dancing all last night & can command no better wit or sense than the above.

Ever very faithfully yrs.

A H Hallam.

1. Apparently never written.

2. A celebrated haunt of artists and writers, and, for many years, the place of the annual reunion of the Apostles; see Christopher Monkhouse, "The Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond," *Connoisseur* 187 (1974): 14–21.

176. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Saturday [23 June 1832].

Indeed, sweet Nem, I hope the cruel law that governs "the order of things"[1] you speak of has undergone some change, for I am now so considerably *better*, so very nearly verging on *well*, that, according to this same law, you ought to be worse. Rather let us put faith in some nobler law, by whose secret & wonderful operation my health may be subject to a like rise & fall with yours, & yours with mine. But let me, in consideration of my manly prerogative, have the right of setting this law agoing; for I am much seldomer ill than my Emily, & she will gain, I think, by wearing my health instead of her own.

Do not write so briefly next time, & tell me more things—for instance about Charley—is it possible you know not yet whether he has passed?[2] I am rather sorry you did not go to the Louth ball: you are, I fear, too reluctant to be amused; too prone to indulge & nurse that cruel melancholy, which (to use your own words) "*I would give a thousand lives if I had them*" to rid you of. Evil, baneful stars, that still keep me from thy side! The days however are fast hastening onward which will see me once again before thee, beside thee—my heart bounds at the thought of them—and is thine quiet, beloved? Oh, if not, look up at the next sunset, & speak musically to the rich lights ere they go behind the hills, below the earth—bid them hasten the days that are coming—bid them tell the future days how thou waitest for their dawn!

I can tell nothing of Alfred's intended movements:[3] he is still here, & the greater part of his money is here no longer: further I know not, but he can hardly get to countries "of colour," as he calls it, on his present resources. Yesterday he dined here, & was dreadfully nervous about it: he was silent a longwhile, but on mention of some water-insects of his acquaintance he sud[denly] became eloquent. Thursday night I went with him to the Hunchback; he was in great delight at it: Fanny Kemble acted better than ever, &, I think, *because she knew*

Alfred was there. She has lent him her unpublished play, the Star of Seville, which he admires extremely; & so do I. It is far above Francis.[4] Nal seems much the better for this visit to London: he smokes all day with Kemble & me, & very rarely talks, or thinks about his ailments, real, or imagined. Adio, cara: you have given me but a few lines to live a week upon: what if you wrote to Nal in the interim telling us about Charley, & so forth. God bless you, & make you well, & keep you mine.

Ever thy dear & affect:te,

Arthur.

P. S. I had nearly forgot to say I was introduced to Ann Fytche yesterday. I like her very much; & in truth I was predisposed to do so.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 23 June 1832

1. Perhaps an allusion to Sir Thomas Browne, *The Garden of Cyrus*, chap. 4: "All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again." See letter 173.

2. See letter 169 n. 5.

3. Two Edward Spedding letters describe AHH and AT's activities during this period in somewhat greater detail. On 27 June 1832, he wrote to Donne: "Jem and I went to Kemble's last Sunday night, where we met Hallam and Alfred Tennyson (the former of whom as usual wishes you to be reminded of his existence), and heard French and German oaths and curses set to music, and called Histories of David and Goliah; likewise Fanny Kemble's self singing the two Sisters who dwelt in a bower—Edinbroo, Edinbrooe, which was not a little edifying" (Miss Johnson). His 11 July 1832 letter to Blakesley may deal with the same evening: "You would have heard of Alfred Tennyson's sojourn among us—how he read to us the Legend of Fair Women—and gave us bakky—and was so excited by Kemble's mimicry and the clapping of his wings on a rump encased in white trowsers, that he set to work himself and enacted 1stly a Teutonic Deity—2ndly the Sun Coming out from behind a Cloud—3rdly a man on a close stool—and lastly put a pipestopper in his mouth by way of beak, and appeared as a great bird sitting on an opposite bough, and he pecked in my face and I cried haw, haw! with divers other facetiunculae" (Blakesley MSS).

4. Fanny Kemble recorded that the house was good, and she played "very well" on 21 June 1832; five days earlier she recorded her impressions of AT: "I am always a little disappointed with the exterior of our poet when I look at him, in spite of his eyes, which are very fine; but his head and face, striking and dignified as they are, are almost too ponderous and massive for beauty in so young a man; and every now and then there is a slightly sarcastic expression about his mouth that almost frightens me, in spite of his shy manner and habitual silence. But, after all, it is delightful to see and be with any one that one admires and loves for what he has done, as I do him" (*Girlhood*, pp. 519–20). Fanny did not share her admirers' opinion of *The Star of Seville*, either at the time of composition or after: "Messrs. Saunders and Ottley were good enough to publish it; it had no merit whatever, either dramatic or poetical (although I think the subject [La Estrella de Seviglia] gave ample scope for both), and I do not remember a line of it" (*Girlhood*, p. 319). Kemble wrote to Donne in August 1832 that AT had spent a happy time in London "and a holy time, for it is the mighty privilege of such men to spread their own glory around them, upon all who come within the circuit of their light, and to exalt and purify them also. We had a fine reunion of choice spirits of an evening then; Hallam, Edward Spedding and his brother, the two Heaths, and Merivale, the kindest hearted and one of the mildest of scoffers; and amongst them Fanny's 'Star of Seville' first read" (*Donne*, p. 14). See also letter 156 n. 8.

177. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

67 [Wimpole Street]. Saturday. 30 June [1832].

Dearest Nem,

I have strange news for you, news which will make your dear eyes open wide & full, like—(I am in a hurry, & can't think of any object in nature for a simile). In short I am going tomorrow with Alfred up the Rhine for three weeks! He complained so of his hard lot in being forced to travel alone, that I took compassion on him, & in spite of law & relatives &c. I am going. I shall not stay longer than three weeks, & on my return I shall probably come straight to Somersby. Meantime, Nem, thou must write often to me: punctuality of correspondence is invaluable to one over the seas & far away; you never knew the anxiety with which one goes to the Post-office, the infinite rapture with which one hears the necessary question answered "Oui, Monsieur," & the blank despair of the contrary predicament. Prithee, Nem, let me have a letter at *Cologne*, where I hope to be in ten days, & where I should be in five, if it was not for the Quarantine. I believe "*Cologne, Allemagne*" will be the right direction. But write soon, or it will be too late. I am much hurried today, & have scarce time to tell you how your letter charmed me. Surely I am no false diviner when I augur from it that you are better, decidedly better in health & spirits. I send you some lines by Alfred written in Adelaide Kemble's Album, as an apology for having lost a rose she gave him.

> Madonna, wise & mild & rare,
> More full of joy than summer breezes are,
> By thy white brows, & by the clear delight
> Of thy two happy eyes, I swear
> I did not lose that crimson rose;
> I sooner would have lost my sight.
> That rosebud was the only thing

Hath brought me any joy for years;
I thought to keep it fresh with joyful tears.
But when I saw it withering
Because no more sweet light
From thy most blissful eyes did make it [bright,]
Because no more sweet air
From thy most perfect lips did keep it fair,
I set it in my heart; it will not wither there.[1]

They are very pretty lines, & of course procured him pardon. Rather decisive too—don't you think so? Congratulate Charley in my name & Alfred's.[2] I shall think of his enviable birth in the Enderby pulpit while I am on the wide seas tomorrow. Alfred bids me say he would have written tonight, but thinks my writing may do as well. I am ashamed of so slovenly a letter in return for yours, but I will write more sweetly when the inspiration of Dutch canals is upon me. Farewell, & think ever of

Your most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 30 June 1832

1. See letter 166 n. 2. AT's poem was published by Motter in *TLS* (16 July 1970), p. 780.

2. See letter 176 n. 2.

178. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE [*with postscript from Alfred Tennyson*]

MS: British Library

[Rotterdam.] [5–7 July 1832.][1]

Dear John,

Wert thou ever in Quarantine? I think I heard thee say such misery fell to thy lot—compassionate me therefore, & that thou mayst do so more heartily, figure to thyself our situation. We are in a steamboat, lying in a mud-yellow river, between two of the flattest, ugliest banks in Christendom, three or four boat's lengths from one of them, which constitutes the Quarantine Ground, & is a small part of a small island, called "Tien-Gemete" i.e. as they tell me, "Ten Measures." On this wretched mimicry of Terra Firma we are allowed to walk in a straitforward direction till the water on the other side turns us back, but right or left we may not stir, on penalty of bayonet-law administered by some contemptible Dutch mannikins, whom may the Belgians reward according to their works! Six or seven long, dingy cabins, floored by broken rafters, & spaces between for tumbling through, are the accommodations provided for us by the Dutch Government; & one or two squalid wretches are set there to sell provisions & cook them. We have chosen the alternative of remaining on board the vessel, where we are in the power of extortioners, who make us pay at the rate of near ten shillings aday for the privilege of eating the worst dinners I ever suffered, & of being bitten every night by flying & creeping vermin, who seldom have such a feast as on the wellfed skin of an Englishman. The company on board is not of that pleasant sort which might alleviate our annoyances: the women are not handsome, the men are in all things ordinary. Sunday morning we shall be allowed to get on to Rotterdam, unless any of our crew should happen to touch one of a company from Dunkirk, just come to the island, in which case our Quarantine will be prolonged for

fifteen days, & in which case I think I shall swim for England. Should we get to Rotterdam, we cannot proceed till Monday night, as we shall have just come too late for the Cologne steamboat. Altogether our condition is luxurious. Two little boys chose to fall ill last night, & we had the additional pleasure of contemplating the possibility of Cholera breaking out, & our dying off one after the other, since the Batavier certainly would not take us back, & devil a Dutchman would take us forward. Coffins & a dissecting-room & all things comfortable of the kind are in readiness on the island. A red flag flies there, & a yellow flag on board: so you see our only change is like that of the lighthouse "from red to yellow, & back to red again."[2] Many a "shallop flits unhailed by the marge": but our "little isle" has no "rosefence," & is by no means "overtrailed with roses." We had however "two lovers" on board, not "young," but "lately wed"; & not liking the publicity of our small cabin, they are gone today to spend their honey moon in one of the long barns on shore. "Funerals" too we may have, but probably without "plumes or lights."[3] John Anderson, mate of the Batavier, died some little time ago (it is said of Cholera) & is buried somewhere in the piece of ground we have to walk on: I hope we shall not have any "canty days with ane anither."[4] My wit is exhausted, & I fear smacks of the stagnant ditches which regale our sight & smell, & I believe furnish the water we drink. To be serious then, don't you think it probable the Forty Days Deluge, & the Forty Two weeks of the Apocalypse were somehow typical of this *Quarantine*, this worse than Babylonish woe,[5] this double-damned Dutch dreary dull desolate ditch-death? In spite of all these miseries I live on & smoke hugely: your pipe is invaluable. I have finished Rosetti, & am puzzled what to do about him. Not convinced, I yet am staggered. I cannot bring myself to concede the full extent of so wide & unsettling a theory: yet I cannot help thinking there must be something in it. The coincidences are so numerous, & some of them so striking, that I should hardly feel satisfied to review the book, without further examination of its materials.[6] Alfred is about to finish this, so faretheewell & prithee let us have a letter at Cologne, if you get this in time: but in this damned Dutchland there is no reckoning on time. Alfred, be it observed, is as sulky as possible: he howls & growls sans intermission.

Ever faithfully thine,

AHH.

And good reasons have I to be sulky, John; as plenty as blackberries;[7] I am bugbitten, flybitten, fleabitten, gnatbitten & hungerbitten. I have had no sleep for the last three nights & have serious thoughts of returning to England tho' it were in an open boat, that is if I can get any Dutch broadbreech to take me: I have had no dinner that would satisfy a watersquill for the last three days, & I yearn after the [. . .] dinners you & I had at No. 49 as the children of Israël did after the f[leshpo]ts of Egypt.[8] Damn all Dutchmen! is it not infinitely more reasonable that Dutchmen should die of cholera than that English gentlemen should be detained on board a villainous ex-steamboat, where they are charged 3s—4d everynight for the supper which the fleas make on them; if this be tolerable, I am a ram with horns.

thine ever

A. T.

P. S. "Que Diable allions nous faire dans cette maudite galère?" {Molière}[9]

Addressed to J. Kemble Esq. / 79 Great Russell St. / London.
P/M 13 July 1832

1. The date reflects the letter's approximate time of composition; it was probably posted at the same time as letter 179.

2. See AT's "The Palace of Art," *1832* version, lines 97–101:

> Still changing, as a lighthouse in the night
> Changeth athwart the gleaming main,
> From red to yellow, yellow to pale white,
> Then back to red again.

3. All are references to AT's "The Lady of Shalott," *1832* version, lines 23–26:

The little isle is all inrailed
With a rose-fence, and overtrailed
With roses: by the marge unhailed
The shallop flitteth silkensailed

and lines 65 and 62 respectively.

4. Burns, "John Anderson my Jo," lines 11–12: "And mony a canty day, John, / We've had wi' ane anither"; whether life imitated art, and the mate of the *Batavier* was really named John Anderson, is unknown.

5. See Milton, "Sonnet XV: On the late Massacre in Piedmont," lines 13–14: "having learnt thy way / Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

6. *Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma, e sulla segreta Influenza ch' esercitò nella Letteratura d'Europa, e specialmente d'Italia, come risulta da molti suoi Classici, massime da Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio; disquisizioni di Gabriele Rossetti*, London, 1832; an English translation [*Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit Which Produced the Reformation; Its Secret Influence on the Literature of Europe in General, and of Italy in Particular*], by Caroline Ward, appeared in 1834. Rossetti (1783–1854), Italian poet and patriot, father of Dante Gabriel, Christina, and William Michael, became professor of Italian at King's College, London, in 1831. His two-volume commentary (in Italian) on the *Divine Comedy* was published 1826–27. John Hookham Frere and Charles Lyell were among the initial supporters of the *Sullo Spirito*: both later renounced it. Rossetti's theory that, in Motter's words, "the *Vita Nuova* was a late work designed to serve as a key to the *Divine Comedy*, and that Dante was an imperialist, and free-mason opposed to Rome's temporal power and spiritual pretensions, a reformer and heretic who advanced his views in the *Divine Comedy* through elaborate allegories," elicited AHH's "Remarks on Professor Rossetti's 'Disquisizioni Sullo Spirito Antipapale,' " published as a pamphlet by Moxon, November 1832. See *Writings*, pp. 237–79, and R. D. Waller, *The Rossetti Family 1824–1854* (Manchester University Press, 1932), especially chap. 5.

6. 1 *Henry IV*, 2. 4. 227.

7. Exodus 16:3.

8. Adapted from Molière, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, 2. 7: "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" AT describes the experience in his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell: "We had the pleasure of being moored by a muddy island full of stagnant dykes in the river Maas, where we performed quarantine for a week, and saw by night the boats, from the Cholera vessels stationed in the river, creeping round to the burial place of the island with a corpse and a lantern. We at last got so enraged that we pulled down the Dutch colours and reversed them, which put the ancient skipper into such indignation that he swore he would hang us at the yard-arm."

179. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Hotel des Pay bas. Rotterdam. July 9 [1832].

Emilia mia cara,

You will have been more than the usual week, I fear, without letters, and may be conjuring up fancies of strange perils & mishaps by land & water, to which bold adventurers like Alfred & myself are liable. Nor would you be altogether wrong in such fancies, as you shall see by the recital of our history. The Sunday before last we left London in the steamboat Batavier, as illbuilt & unpleasant a vessel as I ever saw, and after a voyage of about twentyfour hours found ourselves in the river Maase, a little way above Helvoetsluijs.[1] Here, to our infinite disgust, we had a Quarantine to perform of six days. No annoyance in the world is so great as a Quarantine. We had the choice of remaining on board a vessel, which received us from the Batavier, or living on the shore of an island, called Tien-Gemete, under the guard of some contemptible little Dutchmen. We chose the first, as the least of two evils; but certainly with the exception of those on shore nobody could be worse treated than we were on board. Bad dinners, bad beds; abominable prices; sulky attendants; no room to walk but a few yards of deck, & by way of pleasant variety a few yards of shore under penalty of being shot if found stirring right or left out of the appointed path. Then the same eternal prospect—of muddy river; flat, dingy banks; a few paltry trees; some sleepy vessels; and the horrible yellow flag, not allowing us for a moment to forget we were prisoners. All this you will agree was provoking enough: but to increase the luxuries of our situation, another vessel, the Atwood, arrived from London, with cases of Cholera on board. The poor men were sent on shore, & died one after the other very miserably, under no better treatment than that of an indifferent Dutch surgeon, who appeared too frightened to attend them properly. If ever situation

were selected for the express purpose of producing cholera in those placed there, assuredly our post beside Tien-Gemete would be the one. Perpetual damp, from which the beds were not free: food, bad in itself, & ill prepared; water the most unwholesome possible; add to which the effluvia of stagnant ditches on the island, & our close neighbourhood to a vessel actually infected—had we not some reason to apprehend consequences? It was too probable also that the Dutch Government, on hearing what had occurred, would lengthen our period of detention, & so multiply the chances against us. For[tunately] however the authorities were merciful, for instead of keeping us there to catch a thousand deaths, they allowed us of the Batavier (who of course had been kept from any communication with the company of the Atwood), to leave the hated island, & proceed to Rotterdam. Hither accordingly we came, and I can understand now by experience the delight of escaping prison, & breathing the air of freedom once more. It is so pleasant to go where one likes, careless of soldiers, & flags, & old Dutch colonels with enormous epaulettes! I have seen too little of Holland yet to be able to give you any description of people, or things. When I write again, which shall be soon, I shall be very descriptive. At present I will just say Rotterdam is the quaintest place I ever saw. Ships, houses, trees all mingled pellmell; & looking glasses hung out of every window to enable the people within to see what is going on in the streets. The country near the coast is very ugly, at least very flat, &, Alfred says, not unlike Lincolnshire.

I have such a horrible pen that I fear I must leave off. Thank God, dearest, that we are well, & have been preserved from all dangers: very soon I trust to see thee, but before that blessed time, I trust to hear from thee. Surely thou hast written to Cologne; write again there: I shall get it on my return, but write instantly if not, to Rotterdam. Put *Poste Restante, Cologne, Allemagne* for the first, & *Poste Restante, Rotterdam, Pay Bas* for the second. Alfred sends much love; & so God bless thee.

Ever thine own affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / England.
P/M 9 July 1832

1. The mouth of the Maas river is about twenty miles below Rotterdam.

180. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Nonnenwerth. July 16th. 1832

I expect as far as I can calculate (but a traveller's calculations are always liable to be deranged by unforeseen chances) to be in England by the end of this month, & then I shall go straight to Somersby. I had better tell you something of what Alfred & I have been doing. My last letter I think was from Rotterdam [. . . .] We resumed our steamboat last Wednesday morning & came on slowly up the Rhine; the banks of which are more uniformly ugly & flat as far as Cologne than any country I ever saw of so great extent. Really until yesterday we had seen nothing in the way of scenery, that deserved going a mile to see. Cologne is the paradise of painted glass: the splendor of the windows in the churches would have greatly delighted you. The Cathedral is unfinished & if completed on the original plan will be the most stupendous & magnificent in the world.[1] The part completed is very beautiful Gothic. Alfred was in great raptures, only complaining he had so little time to study the place. There is a gallery of pictures quite after my own heart, rich glorious old German pictures, which Alfred accuses me of preferring to Titian & Raffael.[2] In the Cathedral we saw the tomb & relics of the Three Kings, Gaspar, Melchior & Balthazar, the patrons of Cologne & very miraculous persons in their day according to sundry legends. The tomb is nearly all of pure massy gold, studded with rich precious stones.[3]

From Cologne we came on to Bonn, which really bears a sort of family likeness to Cambridge. Here the Rhine begins to be beautiful; & yesterday we took a luxurious climb up the Drachenfels, looked round at the mild vine-spread hillocks, and "river-sundered champagne clothed with corn,"[4] ate cherries under the old castle wall at the top of the crag, then descended to a village below, & were carried over in a boat to the place from which I am writing. Ten years ago it was a large convent of Benedictine nuns; now it is a large & comfortable Hotel, still retaining the form of the Convent, the Cloisters, cell-like

rooms. It stands on an island in the middle of the river; you will understand the size of the isle, when I tell you it is rather larger, according to Alfred, than that of the Lady of Shalott, & the stream is rather more rapid than our old acquaintance that ran down to Camelot. The prospect from the window & gardens is most beautiful, the mountains as they are called, Drachenfels being one, on the bank of the river, & Rolandseck towering up on the other, with the hills about Bingen glooming in the distance.[5]

A pretty legend is attached to this Convent. Once upon a time Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, fell in love with the beautiful Hildegonda. The young man went to the wars as was highly proper; & the young lady promised to marry him on his return. By & bye came a knight from the wars who was hospitably received at the castle by Hildegonda's father. Enquiries were duly made after Roland; & the knight made answer he had seen him fall covered with wounds. Hildegonda being terribly grieved took the veil in this very convent, but Roland, who was by no means dead, came back a little while after & was aghast to find his lady a nun. What did he do? He built a hermitage called Rolandseck on the summit of yonder hill, from which (he could not have been shortsighted) he might every day catch a glimpse of his beloved through the grating of her cell. At last she died, & he saw her grave dug in the garden. He remained ever sitting before the door of his hermitage, & one morning they found him dead, his face still turned toward the little window & the humble turf tomb beneath it. On this story there is a sweet ballad by Schiller.[6]

1. Begun in the thirteenth century, the cathedral was finally completed according to its original plans in 1880; work on the nave and spires was not started until 1842.

2. Perhaps the Archiepiscopal Museum, opposite the south gate of the cathedral, which contained an extensive collection of medieval art. But AHH may refer to the collection later housed in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum (completed in 1861), which included works by Dürer, Cranach, Van Dyck, Rubens, and Veronese.

3. The Chapel of the Three Kings contained, according to legend, the bones of the Magi, which the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, supposedly brought to Constantinople; they were subsequently transported to Milan and presented by Frederick Barbarossa in 1164 to Archbishop Reinald von Dassel, who took them to Cologne. The Reliquary of the Magi, in which the "bones" were carried, is

Romanesque, and was housed in the cathedral's treasury. See AT's lines on the three kings, *Ricks*, p. 1794.

4. AT's "Oenone," line 111.

5. See AT's "O Darling Room" (*Ricks*, p. 460), and Byron, *Childe Harold*, canto 3, lines 496–535.

6. "Ritter Toggenburg" (1797), translated by Bowring in the *New Monthly Magazine* 1 (1821): 121–22.

181. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

MS: Richard L. Purdy

[Bingen?] [16–20 July 1832.]

Dear John,

I take an opportunity, which offers, to send you a line by a private hand, just to say that, if you are in London you will very soon have the pleasure of seeing us, as we have turned our faces homewards, & are coming with moderate swiftness by the way of Belgium.[1] It is not easy to name the day on which we shall arrive in London, but it will probably be almost as soon as you will receive this. Should I be fortunate enough to recover a volume of Blackstone, left in the damned Quarantine vessel, I have desired the lady who carries this to leave that also at your house, where I can take it up, as I pass through. We have, neither of us, money to stay more than a few hours in London, & then shall make the best of our way into Lincolnshire. I suppose my own family has left London by this time: at all events I shall not go home, if I can help it, before I go to Lincolnshire; so, in case you meet my father, or the like, you need not give quite so precise an account of my intended proceedings as I have given you. Our journey has not been to me unpleasant; but Alfred swears the Rhine is no more South than England, & he could make a better river himself! We have climbed the Drachenfels, & the Niederwald above Bingen: we spent a day at Nonnenwerthe, & slept at Boppart & Andernach. We got no farther than Bingen, from which place we are this day returning in a Dampschiff, unquestionably one of the damnedest ships I am acquainted with. In Holland we saw no more than Rotterdam, Delft, the Hague, & Nimwegen. We have drunk infinite Rhenish, smoked illimitable Porto Rico, & eaten of German dinners enough to kill twenty men of robust constitution, much more one who suffers paralysis of the brain like Alfred. He has written no jot of poetry.[2] I am very anxious to hear of Moxon's proceedings.[3] I shall certainly swear, if I find you have left London

when I get there. Faretheewell, & remember the hint I give you about my father.

Ever faithfully yours,

AHH.

P. S. Of your goods as yet none are lost, except the pipe: we shall improve however as we go on.

Addressed to J. Kemble Esq. / 79 Great Russell St. / London.

1. AT's 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell confirmed the itinerary: "We returned by Aix la Chapelle and Brussels. At the former place I was so happy as to get a sight of the Virgin Mary's—I suppose I mustn't mention the word—it was that part of her dress which corresponds with the shirt in the male. I saw it streaming from the top of the Cathedral over the heads of adoring thousands and truly I must say that the Virgin wore marvellously foul linen."

2. As Kemble's August 1832 letter to Donne suggested, AHH was not similarly afflicted: "Hallam and Tennyson, influenced principally I believe by my descriptions, then went upon the Rhine, whence they are just returned. Arthur has written a beautiful scene on the subject of that charming picture of Rafaelle on the Fornarina of which you must have seen prints" (*Donne*, p. 14); the poem is printed in *Writings*, pp. 106–10.

3. See letter 174.

182. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Pierpont Morgan

[Somersby.] [12–14 August 1832.]

Dearest Brooks,

Well may you have thought my conduct atrocious, & atrocious in sober fact it may be considered; but I have not been without excuse. When your first letter reached me, months ago, I was very unwell, & very wretched—not merely hypped, as usual, but suffering the pressure of a severe anxiety, which, although past, has left me much worn in spirit. As I began to get better Alfred came up to town, & persuaded me to go abroad with him. So we went to the Rhine for a month, & as we had little coin between us, talked much of economy, but the only part of our principles we reduced to practice was the reduction of such expenses, as letterwriting &c. Really I often vowed to Alfred I would write to you, & as often he got into a pet, & jingled the bag of Naps, whose glad ringing sound began to come daily fainter on the ear, and their fair golden forms daily to occupy less space in the wellstuffed portmanteau. We have now returned, & are at Somersby. I fear I cannot stay here long: but I snatch the gift of the hour, & am thankful.[1] I have been very miserable since I saw you: my hopes grow fainter & fewer, yet I hope on, & will, until the last ray is gone, & then—. Emily, thank Heaven, is better than she has been, & I think rather more cheerful. Somersby looks glorious in full pride of leafy summer. I would I could fully enjoy it: but ghosts of the Past & wraiths of the Future are perpetually troubling me. I am a very unfortunate being; yet, when I look into Emily's eyes, I sometimes think there is happiness reserved for me. Certainly I am by nature sanguine & hopeful; I was not framed for despondency: if circumstances were as I wish them I hardly think I should moodily seek for new causes of disquiet. One thing I fear must be—even if I succeed to the utmost of my hopes, I think the affection of my own family, the faces of my home, the faces of my infancy, will be lost to me. Already I

see it clearly diminishing: yet, whatever guilt may weigh down my soul, towards my father at least I feel I have acted uprightly. I am certain I have not deserved contempt or indifference: but pity rather, & tender counsel, & perpetual love. I have been writing you an unwarrantable letter: soon I will write again, & more reasonably perhaps, although I expect little else than misery & slavery on my return home. I heard the other day from Trench: he is at Stradbally, mild & happy—bless him! & thinking about the Church & the Morning Watch still.[2] Tennant is at Cambridge, also Spedding—I saw them passing through. Charley is a Revd! & lives, poor fellow, at Tealby with the old brute, who is bruter than ever.[3] Fred has had a new quarrel, & is probably cut off with or without a shilling.[4] Alfred better in health & spirits than I have seen him this long while. Now goodbye, old cove, for the present, but prithee don't talk of alienation & all that when thou writest next. If sometimes under the immediate touch of new pain or pleasure I do not look on all sides & remember how much existence there is out of my actual mood, why bear with me a little: it is selfish, but it is human: a word, a tone, a look at any time, I believe, recalls me to a sense of what I owe to those whom I love, inter alios, to Master Brooks. Believe me therefore always

Your very affect:te

AHH.

P. S. I hope you floored your fever, & that the duplicate of spermaceti was not detected.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Sheffield.

1. See letter 181; as letter 183a makes clear, AHH managed to go directly to Somersby without his father's knowledge. In his 15 August 1832 letter to AT, Brookfield excused himself for not answering an earlier letter: "I should have written soon after coming home had I known your address; in part attestation whereof this bears date the very day on which I learned from Hallam where you are" (Yale).

2. See letters 164 n. 14; 151 n. 2. On 15 October 1832, Trench wrote to his wife: "I have not failed any day since I arrived here in attending Mr. Irving's church one or more times. I am not at all convinced; for though I heard nothing but what from my heart I believe to be the truth, and often truth in a very high form, yet the voices did not commend themselves to my conscience; I had not the answer of my spirit to their spirit which I looked for. . . . In Mr. Armstrong [an Irish Unitarian minister, then associated with Irving] I have been very agreeably disappointed. He has nothing—at least, in conversation—of the fierce intolerant spirit of the 'Morning Watch,' but seems full of love and holiness and prayerfulness; indeed, they all seem to continue in prayer" (*Trench*, 1:125–26).

3. Brookfield sympathized with Charles Tennyson's position—"I was a little melted at the name or the fact—or the addition. I suppose there is nothing very affecting in a man's casing himself in a pompous cassock—but I love the wretch better than blackberries—& if he were married instead of ordained there is that about him which would make me more sad than merry at the news"—and with AHH's delay in answering—"Writing from Somersby where there is so much to prevent one from thinking of any place else was certainly a meritorious exertion, & it has bought my pardon" (15 August 1832 letter to AT).

4. See letter 158 n. 4.

183. TO CHARLES TENNYSON

MS: Yale

[Somersby.] [17 August 1832.][1]

Dearest Charley,

I am here for a few days only; wilt thou not come & see me? Somersby looks mighty queer without thee. Come along.

Ever affect:ly thine,

AHH.

N. B. If Sunday duties are in the way, you needn't come till Monday; but I fear I cannot stay much longer.

Addressed to Rev. C. Tennyson / Bayon's Manor / Tealby.

1. The date is somewhat tentative. AHH's reference to "Sunday duties" suggests that he wrote to Charles on a Friday or Saturday. Letter 184 suggests that AHH left Somersby before Monday, 27 August 1832.

183a. HENRY HALLAM TO THOMAS HARDWICK RAWNSLEY

MS: Harvard

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Aug. 22. 1832.

Sir,

The subject of your letter is by no means new to me, but has been the cause of great perplexity & solicitude for a considerable time.[1] In the early part of 1831, a correspondence took place between the late Dr. Tennyson & myself, which is doubtless in the possession of Mrs. T. & to which I should desire you to have recourse. It will there appear that I stated very explicitly the difficulties that stood in the way of my consent to my son's wishes, partly on account of his age, but still more from my inability to make him such an allowance as could suffice by any means to maintain a family as respectably as the situation of the parties required. Dr. Tennyson's answer to my letter was an excellent one; & he appeared to coincide altogether in the views I had taken of the subject.[2]

It was certainly my hope, & was intimated by me as delicately as I could, that the young lady would have released a promise made by a boy of 19, who had neither his father's consent, nor any reasonable prospect of fulfilling the engagement. I stipulated with my son that he should not go to Somersby *during his minority*; & Dr. Tennyson felt that, on his own & his daughter's account, he could not think of inviting him.

The lamented death of Dr. T. took place not long after this; & nothing passed between my son & myself on the subject till last spring, when, having come of age, he expressed his wish to go to Somersby. I could not object to this, having limited my prohibition to his minority; & it came out about this time, that a correspondence had been kept up all along with the young lady. If this was done with Mrs. Tennyson's approbation, I must say that, making every allowance for a mother's feelings, under distressing circumstances, she had

done all in her power to frustrate not only my intentions, but those of her husband, as signified to me.[3] My son considered himself too far engaged in honour by this correspondence, & by the sort of renewal of their mutual promises which had taken place, to marry any other woman—in which it was impossible for me not to concur. But this of course left the objections to their union grounded on *want* of adequate income just as before. Of my son's *present* visit to Somersby I had no knowledge or suspicion, till he informed me of it by a letter from the continent, to which he had gone for a short time with Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

My uniform language to my son has been, that it would give me the utmost pleasure to see him happy; but that I am bound to consider the claims of my other children, by which I understand not only their claims to an adequate provision after my death, but to partake in the advantages of my fortune during my life. He has entered on the study of the law, a profession which I know to be expensive, & which, for several years, cannot afford him the slightest return. His abilities however are excellent, &, if rightly directed, may, it is to be hoped, in some mode or other become serviceable hereafter to his worldly interests.

My circumstances do not permit me to make a larger allowance to my son, in the event of his marriage, than £600 per annum; & as to do this may possibly subject me to some degree of inconvenience, I cannot think of going farther. It is in fact a liberal offer, considering all the circumstances, & one which I have never yet named to him. I do not immediately see any other resource which he can have at present towards augmenting his income, except what the bounty of Mr. Tennyson may supply. I wish this part of my letter to be confidential, & only communicated to the two Mr. Tennysons. I may here observe, that till your letter arrived I was wholly ignorant of the existence of guardians, & did not even know that Miss E. T. was a minor.[4]

I shall be perfectly willing to make an adequate settlement on any lady whom my son may marry with my consent.

I remain Sir
Your very obedt. Servt.

Henry Hallam.

1. Thomas Hardwick Rawnsley (1790–1861), who attended Eton and Oxford, was rector of Halton Holgate from 1825 to 1861, Emily Tennyson's guardian after Dr. Tennyson's death, and a close and trusted friend of all branches of the Tennyson family. On 25 August 1832, Rawnsley wrote to Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]:

> In consequence of a conversation I had with your father at Dalby about a week since, and from having recently heard that young Hallam was paying his addresses to and engaging himself with Emily Tennyson, a measure entirely unknown to me, and as your father said, equally so to you, I wrote to Mr. Hallam as one of the guardians, stating this fact, and that neither I or you could in fairness allow of the continuance of such an arrangement without first apprising him & receiving his opinion & consent.
>
> I now inclose you Mr. Hallam's answer received yesterday & I wish you to confer with your father upon it & return such an answer as he may think fit, or instruct me so to do. When I wrote to Mr. Hallam at your father's request, I did not mention the sum he said he should leave Emily at his death, not considering myself authorized to divulge at that time what I viewed as a confidential communication. I said to Mr. Hallam she was wholly dependent on his bounty.
>
> Young Hallam called here four days since. I told him I had already written as in duty bound to his father, & I must say that his only reason for not communicating with me before was a good one, namely, that *they* never informed him that I was a guardian under the poor dear Dr.'s Will. Your father kindly invited me to meet you at Tealby and when I knew it was convenient I would ride over & confer on this important matter. Under all the circumstances of the case, I cannot but consider Mr. Hallam's letter both kind and liberal towards his son.

D'Eyncourt's response (27 August 1832) thanked Rawnsley for "the judicious and friendly manner in which you have conducted this delicate affair" and asked him to continue to negotiate. Both AT's grandfather and uncle agreed with Rawnsley in thinking Henry Hallam's letter kind and liberal; they felt that if "the young man is in himself unexceptionable" there would be no difficulty, and authorized Rawnsley to state the terms of her grandfather's settlement upon Emily—£70 per annum during his life, and "a fortune for her by the sale of an Estate to be divided equally amongst the 7 younger children," each share amounting to approximately £3,000. Assuming Henry Hallam would make an adequate settlement, Emily's dowry could be left to AHH or brought in aid of the marriage. All other matters they wished to leave up to Henry Hallam. As George Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]'s 23 August 1832 letter to his grandfather makes clear, George Clayton Tennyson and his son had already made inquiries about Henry Hallam's financial situation: "I understand Mr. Hallam to be a man of some property—whether funded or landed I cannot make out—But I should probably think it consists of both. I think I shall be able to furnish you with more particular information in a few days" (LAO).

2. This correspondence (which apparently has not survived) must have taken place very shortly before Dr. Tennyson's death; see letter 103 n. 1.

3. See letter 106 n. 6.

4. See letter 181 and my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson" for the inauspicious circumstances of these negotiations.

184. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Tuesday [28 August 1832].

My own dearest,

I look for a letter from you today with confidence, but I must write first, as the post goes out again immediately after bringing letters, so that I should have no time to write a whole one. I feel I have been a long while without tidings—may they be tidings of comfort—yet, whatever they are, the mere sight of your loved handwriting will be a great comfort & support to me. I have been more hopeful & cheerful the last two or three days than I had imagined possible: I feel a courage within me to brave ill fortune, trusting in One who is above fortune. Perhaps nothing evil will happen, at all events nothing can happen to do us real injury, so long as we are true to ourselves. In my last letter I gave way too much to my first impressions—for with me first impressions are generally sombre, & some effort is necessary to see things in their right aspect. But then sometimes I run off to the opposite extreme, & in the very face of night deny that it is dark. Such poor creatures are we all—yet hope & trust are beautiful things, even when they are mistaken, beautiful as the victims adorned for the sacrifice, or trembling moonlight on dark swollen waves. Certainly it does not seem to be the expectation either of my father or my mother that this business will retard or perplex our affairs; they appear to consider it a decided advance.[1] My sister has been my comforter, as usual. Every evening after dinner I have smoked my pipe by her side, & talked about you. She says she has a very clear idea of you now; but I shake my head, & doubt. She is quite on the hopeful side, & last night surprised me (for she is not usually given to quote poetry) by bringing Comus to bear on me,

> "Peace, brother, be not overexquisite
> To cast the fashion of uncertain evils."[2]

Do you want to have a notion of this place? It is not positively ugly, but its neighbourhood to a dusty London road, daily & almost hourly travelled by innumerable coaches, is a very unpleasant, though sometimes a convenient, circumstance. Nevertheless the house itself is comfortable, & not in sight of the said road, you must observe: quite otherwise; fields are about it, with cows & horses in them; occasional elms try to look majestic, & behind the house a huge rambling kitchengarden presents some not contemptible dahlias at intervals among the cabbages. Take it all in all, although I cannot say with a clear conscience that "I never saw anything half so rural,"[3] I have unquestionably seen things less so, & rather bless my stars that I am in a place where I may at least see the leaves fall, & the grass grow dim beneath the winds & rains who are now introducing Autumn to our reluctant notice. The weather is what you would call "perfectly shocking": last night is said by such of the inmates as were awake to have been terrific. For myself I think this is as it should be—what have I to do with summer when away from the palace of summer? Why should the sun insult me with light & warmth, when Emily's eyes have set? Truly, it is very discreet & compassionate behaviour in the weather; & I have a great mind to thank the dingy old brute in a perfect little poem. I have not mentioned the inhabitants of our yard, with whom I am desirous you should make acquaintance. First there is Keeper, a respectable & most innocent mastiff; then one rather more ambiguous in character, who has received the name of Innominato[4] (you recollect Manzoni perhaps) & is never permitted to come near Keeper for fear of a fatal quarrel. Of Fanny, the spaniel, who seems to resemble Ariel in character, & a greyhound, whose name I forget, I cannot say much because as yet I know very little. The results of further knowledge shall be communicated. Tatler is but a sneaking terrier, so I shall say nothing of him. Our pigs are very pretty & spotted; our bull roars with such an awful grace, that it is quite pleasant to see how tight he is fastened to the manger. And oh Emily there are a couple of the frumpiest stacks! But it isn't Somersby frump neither—the smell is very ordinary & unromantic. In the garden are two beehives, on which I intend to institute philosophical experiments,[5] so don't wonder if you hear I am stung to death. Now then I think I have put you in full possession of the most important circumstances of my Croydon life: make me a full & ample return of

particulars much more important. Do not forget the picture, do not put off sitting from day to day, but pluck up a bit, & get it over. My sister is very anxious to see it—but perhaps it is bad policy in me to tell you that, lest you should be in horrors at the idea.[6] What say you to making Monday your postday; & I will make <Tuesday> Thursday mine: letters come in one day from Somersby to Croydon, but there is no time for an answer by return of post. I shall wait now, & put in a word after your letter comes.

I have just got & hastily read your letter. I am surprised Rawnsley has not been. By this time something must have taken place; let me hear from somebody as soon as anything occurs. I shall write again in a day or two. God ever bless you—

Ever your own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 28 August 1832

1. See letter 183a.

2. Milton, *Comus*, lines 358–59.

3. AHH would have seen the comment in Byron's *Letters and Journals*, ed. Thomas Moore (London: 1830), 2:12: "I remember at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English also, exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see any thing more *rural*?'—as if it was Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton, or Hayes" (18 September 1816 journal entry; accurately reported in Leslie Marchand's edition of *Byron's Letters and Journals* [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976], 5:97).

4. Character in Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* (see chaps. 19–20).

5. Possibly an allusion to Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees* (1714).

6. AHH's reference is unclear.

185. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

MS: Princeton

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Aug. 31 [1832].

My dear John,

Your laconic note "upon business only" was forwarded to me yesterday from Somersby. I passed through town without stopping on my return, so I could not see you: yesterday I went in, & called, but you were out. I am now staying, in the family bosom, at Croydon, nine miles from the Wen, & shall be dropping in every now & then, hoping to get a glimpse of you. I left the Poet well & wonderfully cheerful for him: Fred also in great force. Charley I saw, who appears worn with the duties of his new state; regarding which & his proficiency therein I have one or two comical tales for our next meeting.[1] As to the business, Cochrane must, I think, be in a mistake about Rossetti. His Analytical Comment on the D. C. was indeed reviewed as you say, I believe by Panizzi: but the new book has not, & they are as different as possible. I believe, & my father believes also, that this new one, if published in English, would have made a great sensation.[2] It is full of curious & highly interesting matter; nor can I see how the former article can preclude such a one as I should have sent him. However he is the best judge of his own shop. As for Botta I do not feel up to it: although the son of my father, I am no great shakes in history; & I had rather not do a thing than do it badly.[3] Sorelli I do not know, but shall be glad to see, if you will lend it me.[4] I think I shall finish my article (ten or twelve pages being already filled), & if Cochrane will have nothing to say to it, I will try Blackwood or Fraser or Bulwer.[5] But that is rather degrading. Better to die an implicit Reviewer, "wanting the accomplishment" of pea-green![6] Moxon is out of town. I suppose nothing further has occurred in that quarter.

I was much shocked yesterday to hear of the death of poor Edward Spedding. I was quite unprepared for it. James seems to bear it with

firmness, almost with stoicism.[7] [I sh]all see you perhaps in a few days.

Ever yours affect:tely,

AHH.

Addressed to J. Kemble Esq. / 79 Great Rus[sell St.] / London.
P/M 31 August 1832

1. See letter 183.

2. See letter 178 n. 6. John George Cochrane (1781–1852) edited the *Foreign Quarterly Review* from 1827 to 1834; Rossetti's *La Divina Commedia di Dante, con comento analitico* was reviewed in 5 (February 1830): 419–49, by Charles Lyell, Fortunato Prandi, and Lyell's son, Sir Charles Lyell. Sir Anthony Panizzi (1797–1879), librarian of the British Museum, was a close friend of Brougham and other English Whigs; Henry Hallam printed a portion of his letter praising AHH's Italian sonnets in *Remains*, p. xi. Kemble's review of "Der Germanische Ursprung der lateinischen Sprache und des römischen Volkes, nachgewiesen von Ernst Jäkel" appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* 10 (October 1832): 365–411.

3. Carlo Giuseppe Botta (1766–1837), Italian physician and historian, was exiled to France circa 1792; his *Storia d'Italia, dal 1789 al 1814* (1824), together with various supplements, was reviewed by André Vieusseux in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* 1 (1827): 253–91. AHH refers to his *Storia d'Italia, continuata da quella del Guicciardini, sino al 1789* [*History of Italy, continuing from that of Guicciardini up to 1789*], published in Italy in 1832; it was not reviewed in the *Foreign Quarterly*.

4. *Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton reporta in versi Italiani da Guido Sorelli da Firenze* (3d ed., rev.; London, 1832) was reviewed by AHH in the *Foreign Quarterly* 10 (October 1832): 508–13; see *Writings*, pp. 234–37. According to his autobiography, *My Confessions to Silvio Pellico* (London, 1836), Sorelli was born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and left Italy in 1821. He translated a number of Italian, German, and English works through 1840.

5. *Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country* (begun in 1830) was edited by William Maginn (1793–1842) from 1830 to 1836; Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (1803–73), first baron Lytton, edited the *New Monthly Magazine* from 1831 to 1833.

6. See Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, 1. 80: "wanting the accomplishment of verse." "Pea-green" is obviously a reference to the bindings of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (see letter 195 n. 7).

7. On 27 August 1832, James Spedding wrote to Thompson: "My brother Edward died early on Friday morning, after above a month of severe suffering. . . . He made a

good and a Christian end, and it is ascertained by a post mortem inspection that he could not possibly have had health for any length of time together. His disease was the formation of internal abscesses in consequence of a failure of some of the membranes, & quite beyond the reach of surgery—so that, had one been at liberty to decide by a wish whether he should live or die, it would have been an act of unpardonable selfishness to wish him a moment more of captivity. . . . I hope you will communicate the news to Tennant and Farish—and to all our common friends—for explanations face to face are formidable things" (Trinity).

185X. TO ALFRED TENNYSON [*fragment*][1]

MS: TRC

[Croydon ?] [September 1832 ?]

Carissimo,

I thank you, mo[st ? . . . .] things you say & do. My only hop[e ? . . . .] father's letter might do little ha[rm ? . . . .] me. I have written to him again [. . . .] he will accuse me a second time [. . . .] I have used in this letter the [. . . .] point, and have requested a dis[. . . .] my own exertions, or otherwise, I [. . . .] shall agree to be sufficient, and if [. . . .] requested [?] remains [?] the same, he wi [11 ? . . . .] which emergencies call forth, but slow & continuous, hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things.[2] I may sink under an effort for which my turn of character has not hitherto trained me, but the effort shall be made; and I trust God will strengthen to it my constitution of body and of mind. I have told my father that whatever profession, or pursuit he recommends, I will readily adopt, and will begin to direct my thoughts steadily to that object, whatever it be, so long as it holds out promise of the [. . . .] <There is [. . . .] that haunts me, however care > [. . . . yo]ur letter, which I hardly dare [. . . .] of brotherly conversation, such as [. . . .] not to see Emily; if you think [. . . .] I will not see her. Yet <were >should such [. . . .] this sentence of yours is unnec[essary . . . . ust] at least if I see her not, you [. . . .]ons & unshaken purposes I have ex-[. . . .] well endeavour to win for them [. . . .] a light upon my heart in all [. . . .] hope deferred. I know not, Alfred, [. . . .] out for you, written in London before [. . . .] so, ought not to be seen by [. . . .] the thought that they would; but [. . . .]

1. At least a fourth of the letter has been cut away, and there is no way to estimate its length. What remains shows AHH's predominant concern in the fall of 1832—the

financial settlement that would permit his marriage to Emily Tennyson. This letter clearly follows Henry Hallam's letter to Rawnsley (183a) that initiated the negotiations, and AHH's reference to writing "to him [perhaps Rawnsley, perhaps AT's grandfather or uncle] again" suggests that it is contemporaneous with letters 187–93. The letter would also seem to precede AHH's apprenticeship in a conveyancer's office, since by then Henry Hallam's intentions regarding his son's profession would be clear. AHH expresses a similar uncertainty about the time when he might next see Emily in letter 196.

2. See letter 239 n. 2.

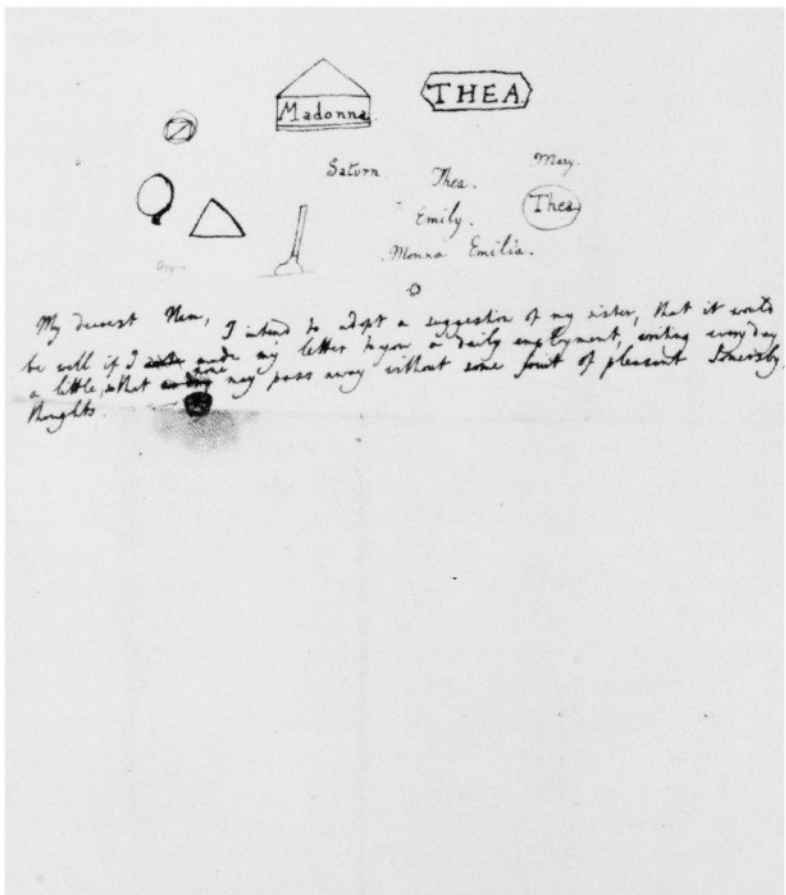

Fig. 2. Letter 186, with AHH's doodling (Christ Church).

186. TO EMILY TENNYSON [*draft*]

MS: Christ Church

[Croydon?] [September 1832?][1]

My dearest Nem,

I intend to adopt a suggestion of my sister, that it would be well if I < wrote > made my letter to you a daily employment, writing every day a little, so that < no day > none may pass away without some fruit of pleasant Somersby thoughts.[2]

1. The date is conjectural. "Thea," which appears in the doodling above AHH's salutation (see illustration), was the signature to his review of Rossetti (see letter 178 n. 6). Thea was Hyperion's wife, and may be an anagram (Tennyson Hallam Emily Arthur). AHH spent considerable time with Ellen Hallam while at Croydon (see letters 184 n. 2; 188; 191).

2. I.e., thoughts of Somersby.

187. TO CHARLES TENNYSON [D'EYNCOURT][1]

MS: LAO

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Sept. 4 [1832].

Sir,

Understanding that you are now at Bayon's Manor, I take the liberty of addressing you, at my father's request, on a subject which, I believe, has lately been brought under your consideration. You are aware of a letter written to my father at the desire of Mr. Tennyson of Bayon's Manor; of my father's answer to that letter, containing a communication to Mr. Tennyson, and of Mr. T.'s reply to that communication.[2] My father authorises me to say, that Mr. Tennyson's statement of his intentions with respect to his granddaughter is certainly less satisfactory than he had hoped, but that he trusts Mr. T. may be induced to reconsider the subject. He feels that the sum now offered will not constitute such an addition to the allowance he can make me, as to render marriage practicable for me with prudence. On his own part he cannot advance beyond the proposal already made, viz. 600£ per ann. but he will engage to settle 500£ per ann. as a jointure on Miss Emily Tennyson. He feels however that the 3000£ mentioned by Mr. Tennyson, as her probable share of the profits arising from a future sale of an estate, could with difficulty be brought in aid of this settlement. He hopes that Mr. Tennyson may be prevailed upon to settle 4000£ to himself during his own life, & after his death to his granddaughter, to be raised either by charge upon the estate mentioned, or in any other way, and to be vested in the hands of trustees. If Mr. Tennyson would consent to this, my father would see no further obstacle to the union's taking place, except that he wishes to reserve to his own discretion the appointment of the time. In the event of this concession being made, he would immediately do all in his power to facilitate the marriage.

On my own part, Sir, I venture to ask you to use your influence in my behalf, or rather in that of your niece. This engagement is

irrevocable; much unhappiness or at least much anxiety will result from such a delay of its completion, as must probably occur before my own exertions can have added anything to my income. I am aware that Mr. Tennyson has numerous claims upon his liberality; but I had hoped that upon an occasion s[uch] as his granddaughter's marriage, & that by no means a marriage which he can consid[er] disadvantageous, he might be induced to [make] her a larger allowance than he otherwise would have thought expedient. I do not however press upon him any alteration of those arrangements which regard his lifetime. Four thousand pounds to come into possession only after his death is certainly not so large a sum, but that [I] may entertain a hope he will be able to afford it compatibly with the just claims of his remaining grandchildren. Should this not appear otherwise to you I trust you will stand my friend in endeavoring to persuade Mr. Tennyson to this arrangement.

Not knowing how soon you may return to town, I have thought it best to make this communication by letter, but I am anxious to have a personal interview with you on your return. Should you wish to speak with my father on the subject, he desires me to say he will have great pleasure in this opportunity of making your acquaintance.

I am, Sir,
Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Right Hon. C. Tennyson M. P. / <Bayon's Manor, Market Rasen [?]> / Grimsby, Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 September 1832

1. Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] (1784–1861), AT's uncle, who attended Cambridge (B.A. 1805), was Whig M.P. from 1818 to 1852 and privy councillor in 1832; in 1835 he assumed by royal license the name and arms of d'Eyncourt and rebuilt Bayon's Manor. D'Eyncourt married Frances Mary Hutton in 1808; they had eight children.

2. See letter 183a.

188. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Croydon.] Sept. 4th. 1832

A letter has come at last from Rawnsley <contain>.[1] Turn about in your wise brain all the circumstances of the case & give your advice as to what I had better do. I read Spanish & German with my sister daily & work away at a review of Rossetti.[2] I called on Moxon the other day but he was out of town. Kemble I have not yet seen. E[mily] has probably told you of the death of Edward Spedding, cut off in the prime of life & the freshness of ardent feelings. He was more sensitive than his brother, but tempered that susceptibility with something of James' calmness. He looked to a future life, I should think, as calmly as to a future day. His epitaph is "Peace."[3]

When you write to me which I trust you will do without delay, tell me if you wish anything to be done about your MSS.[4] Give me the benefit of whatever thoughts may have been germinating in your skull on any subject whatever that is not entirely uninteresting to

Your ever affectionate

AHH.

1. Untraced; see letter 183a.
2. See letter 185 n. 2.
3. See letter 185 n. 7.
4. See letter 174.

189. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 170–72

Croydon Lodge, Croydon. Sept. 8th. 1832.

My dear Gaskell,

I take some shame to myself that I have not yet written to you, to learn how you are going on, and especially whether you are quite recovered. But I did not exactly know where you were, and I thought it better to wait until you should arrive at Thornes, which I think must now be the case. I left London so suddenly that I had not time to call on you before I went.[1] Since that day I have only heard a few indistinct rumours about your proceedings—something of your having been in the Isle of Wight, something of your having been engaged in canvassing Maldon; but I should be very glad to know for certain. I do not see your name in the papers as one of the candidates for Maldon. I hope this is not any indication of bad success, or of your having abandoned the intention of becoming a legislator.[2] Really, when Messrs. Atwood[3] and Cobbett are disposing of all the property of the people of England in so cool a manner, it is more than ever expedient that we should have a few sober men to look after our fortunes. I am as indifferent about politics just now as any one well can be: if you have any new lights on the subject I wish you would impart them, for you, I well know, can never be indifferent to public affairs, and I should be happier, perhaps, if I resembled you in this. I am, as you are aware, a moping, peevish creature—a sort of dog who wanders about sulkily in the darkness, and bays at the unsteady moonlight which here and there breaks through it. Lately I have been more than ever a prey to anxiety. A negotiation has been going on between my father and the old man whose only good quality is his relationship to the person I love best in the world. The wretch makes most shabby, beggarly offers, which my father considers inadequate; and unless I can by hook or crook induce him to bid higher, I am not likely to be married before the Millennium. If I had any means of

procuring by any means of my own, literary or others, even a slight addition to the allowance which my father can make me, all would go well; but I do not see such means. Bookmaking is a worse trade than ever; the law, besides being a profession which I hate, could not repay me for many a long year, and then only in case I succeeded in it. So, you see, I am in a tolerably bad way, and proportionably sulky.[4] It will give me real pleasure to hear every now and then from you. When you come to live more in London I hope to see you pretty often; but, at all events, I can never forget the happy days we formerly had together. There is an inexpressible charm to me in the recollection of our Italian dreams. I suppose memory softens down into pleasure much that was actually painful, but I am sure I had a freshness of feeling then which will not return. Yet I have experienced much more intense passion since, and it will be long ere I learn the hard lesson of taking life quietly. Your lot has been happier and calmer. To my eyes (an illusion, perhaps, but a natural one), you appear as happy as man need be. But I forget—you have been married now some months, and by this time, perhaps, may be wishing yourself a bachelor again. Speriamo di no![5] If my emotion did not deceive me when I saw you after your return to London—indeed, I did not see very clearly, for many past things came over me at that moment—it must be your own fault if you are less happy than I think you. I really ought to ask pardon for this large dose of sentimentality; but you will grant it when you hear that a fortnight ago I was at Somersby, and have since been brooding over my own thoughts here in the country without seeing a soul. So write me a good stern political letter to make a man of me, and tell me all about yourself; and believe me ever,

Very affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

You will not forget to remember me to your father and both Mrs. Gaskells.

1. Presumably in June 1832; see letter 177.
2. See letter 125 n. 4. Gaskell was unable to dislodge the liberal candidate, T.

Barrett Lennard, for Maldon. On 25 October 1832, Gladstone wrote to his father that "Milnes has now no prospect at Maldon or at Wakefield—but he is in hopes of an opportunity offering (this he said was at present *quite private*) at Wenlock in Shropshire" (St. Deiniol's); Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, then M.P. for Montgomeryshire, had recommended his son-in-law to a Conservative deputation at Much Wenlock (*Eton Boy*, pp. xvii–xviii).

3. Thomas Attwood (1783–1856), political reformer, who founded the Birmingham association, which supported Grey during the passage of the Reform Bill, was M.P. for Birmingham from 1832 to 1840.

4. See letter 183a. On 24 September 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that he had a long and "very characteristic letter from old Hallam the other day. I am afraid he does not see his way out of the difficulties wh. are likely to arise in the matter wh. is nearest his heart. He is brooding over his lot at Croydon, & I am trying (though without much hope of success) to prevail upon him to come to Thornes, and see how happy I am" (B.L.).

5. "I hope not!"

190. TO FREDERICK TENNYSON

MS: Harvard

[Croydon.] [10 September 1832.]

My dear Frederic,

I do not know whether you are gone to the sea, as I heard was your intention, but at all events I suppose some one has related to you the progress of my affairs. I had hoped to have heard from you, for it would have been satisfactory to me to know more of what took place with Rawnsley, than I was likely to know through Emily. However, as you do not write to me, I must to you. It seems not out of the question that you may be able to render me an important service—one so important indeed, that the gratitude of my whole life could not repay it. I do not know that you can do this—it is a delicate subject for me to enter upon—nor should I enter on it, if I did not believe we were real friends, & meant something more than words when we have spoken of keeping up through life an intimate union, either in this land, or in some other.[1] Understand that this letter is written in strict confidence.

You know, I suppose, that your Grandfather's reply to my father's proposal was briefly this, that Emily would have 70£ a year during his life, & after his death < the > her share of an estate to be sold, amounting to about 3000£. My father was considerably disappointed at this statement, and immediately directed me to write to your uncle, who is at Tealby, expressing, in his name, a hope that the subject might be reconsidered.[2] The expressions he authorised me to use were of a very conciliatory & courteous character. He did not raise his offer of allowance to me; he said he had gone as far already as he possibly could; but he stated explicitly what he would settle by way of jointure on Emily—& it was certainly liberal. He then presses your Grandfather to settle 4000£, securely vested, to come into use after his death; <waiving all> but asks for no more than the 70£ during his lifetime, which, considering the execrable shabbiness of that sum,

is much more than I thought he would have done. The question therefore now is, will your Grandfather, on seeing that my father is in earnest, & really anxious the thing should be (which, whatever my father may think, could hardly, I imagine, be gathered from his former letter), come into the proposal. If he does, all is right at once: my father waives all further objection. But the probability is, that he will not. Either he will return flatly the same answer, as before; or he will begin to bargain & haggle, offering a little more, but not enough. I rather expect the latter. However my father seems convinced that 4000 £ is the least sum he can accept. So I must think what strings I have to my bow, in case of a refusal from Tealby. It must be a matter of indifference to my father, from what quarter the additional thousand comes, provided it is secure. So if any one else were to settle 40 or 50 £ per ann. on Emily, to come into use at the old man's death, it would be the same as if he settled it. Do you think it impossible to persuade Mrs. Bourne, or Mrs. Russell, to enter into an engagement to this effect? The former, I suppose, would on your Gr.'s death receive some increase of income; & till his death, you will observe, nothing is required. The subject is one of great delicacy, & while I write with freedom to you, I wish you to b[e . . . . h]ow you take any steps. What I am [about to propose] however comes still more home. When [your Grandfather de]parts you, as his representative, become the head of the family. Except in the unfortunate event of further quarrels, you will, there is no reason to doubt, possess a tolerable portion of what he has to leave. From what George has said to me, it should seem certain that, if he has made any alteration owing to your late rupture, it is not such as will affect your own income, even if it restrains your power of alienation. Is there no possibility therefore of your charging your own future estate with the sum before mentioned? Were you on good terms with the old man, this would not be difficult to manage, were you willing: your dissension is an obstacle, but one which might be removed, either through the intervention of Mrs. Bourne, or perhaps by direct communication from yourself. So long as you continue uncertain respecting your future estate, it would undoubtedly be difficult for you to enter into any engagement of the sort: yet even so it might be made, subject to conditions, & might not be ineffectual towards removing my father's last objection.

Am I an impudent fellow to make so cool a proposal? Certainly it is

not my habit to beg money of my friends; but, jesting apart, it is for you to consider whether what is given for Emily's interest is not given for the welfare of the whole family, & yourself in the number, nearly as much as if you retained it in your disposal. The hearthstone which you would thus contribute to raise would be a sure & lasting asylum, not perhaps useless or [. . .] of comfort to you all, when the foot of an alien shall be on the soil of Somersby.[3] The projects of union, & mutual alleviation of life's sorrows, which we have so often formed half jokingly, might be realised beyond our wildest wishes. I think it impossible that you should not feel on the one hand that to promote my marriage with your sister is to promote the welfare of your house; & on the other that your Grandfather's discreditable slowness in meeting my father's free, liberal proposals is not such as you wish to be observed in a head of that house. I am far however from desiring you to take any step that you may think unbecoming, or that you have not maturely weighed. I have full trust in the rectitude of your judgement, when calmly exerted. Above all things be prudent, & act as you think best for

Your most affect:te

AHH.

Addressed to F. Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 10 September 1832

1. See letter 183a. Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]'s 27 August 1832 letter to Rawnsley notes that his father "particularly desires me to add his wish that Frederick may be made no party in this business" (LAO).

2. See letter 187.

3. See letter 104 n. 4.

190a. CHARLES TENNYSON [D'EYNCOURT] TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM (*draft*)

MS: LAO

Grimsby. 11 Sept. 1832.

Sir,

I have had the Honour of receiving your letter of the 4th. Inst.[1] and have mentd. [?] the subject of it to my Father. He desires me to say that he cannot <depart from> break into the arrangements <which he has> made for a large family of which the portion he designs for Miss Emily Tennyson is a part. I am also to add that having fully made up his own mind he requests that all future communications may be made through Mr. Rawnsley.

If Mr. Hallam shd. wish to see me, I shall be happy to meet him on my return to Town.

I am Sir
Yr. most Obedient Servant
C. T.

1. Letter 187.

191. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Croydon.] Sept. 13th. 1832.

"O world O Life O Time."[1] Have you a clear idea of my Croydon life. Listen: about ½ past 8 in the morning, I find myself dressed. I sometimes take a turn in the garden until the great bell summons to prayers & breakfast. A microscope is then produced if the day be sunny and my Father examines various subjects of the animal & vegetable kingdom, then ½ an hour music by my sister. Inundated with Mozart and Beethoven I go up to my room and read about "Real Property" till 2, then walk; then talk or German reading or more music with the sister. Dinner at 6. As soon as my Father makes the stir of his chair as a prelude to rising after desert, I tap my sister on the shoulder, take a candle and up we go to my room, where I smoke and read German till ½ past 8 when we are called down to tea, then I read or write till 11. The last two days Kemble has been staying here. He has been very lively but he is so absorbed in Gothic manuscripts, that however conversation may begin he is sure to make it end in that. If one says "a fine day John" he answers "very true, and it is a curious fact that in the nine thousandth line of the first Edda, the great giant Hubbadub makes precisely the same remark to the brave knight Siegfried."[2]

Moxon is impatient to begin the volume; unless I hear before Wednesday concerning the order I shall take that upon myself.[3]

1. Shelley, "A Lament," line 1.

2. In a late September 1832 letter to Jakob Grimm, Kemble mentions that "in the month of August I discovered a very beautiful and hitherto completely unknown MS of Willerams in the Harleian Collection [British Museum]. It is thoroughly

complete . . . and for the science of language it is one of the most important monuments which I have ever seen. I have completely copied the German text" (*John Mitchell Kemble and Jakob Grimm: A Correspondence 1832–1852*, ed. Raymond A. Wiley [Leiden: Brill, 1971], p. 28). Kemble at this time was preparing his edition of *Beowulf* (1833).

3. See letter 188 n. 4.

192. TO GEORGE TENNYSON [D'EYNCOURT]

MS: LAO

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. [18 September 1832.][1]

My dear Tennyson,

I am anxious to have half an hour's conversation with you, & hope to have an opportunity of doing so tomorrow. I will call in Park St. between twelve & one o'clock. Should you find it <impossible> inconvenient to be at home at that time, or within two hours after, I must take my chance some other day.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

1. Dated from the following letter.

193. TO GEORGE TENNYSON [D'EYNCOURT]

MS: LAO

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Sept. 19 [1832].

My dear Tennyson,

I have been prevented from calling on you today, as I had intended. I write this therefore to express my hope that you will let me know, if you hear anything about my affairs that may be of any importance to me. I do not expect you will. The step I took proved a complete failure, & has made matters worse instead of better. The old man seems angry at an attempt to influence him through his son, & your father seems angry at being troubled with the subject.[1] As I never suffered my expectations from Tealby to rise high, I am the less annoyed by this complete discomfiture of them. The worst that can happen, I trust, is delay. If your father expresses any displeasure at having been written to, throw the whole blame on me; for mine now says he never meant I should write, but wait until I could speak with Mr. C. Tennyson; however, I understood him differently at the time.[2] If you should by any chance find that a possibility still exists of setting matters right with the old man, you will perhaps be kind enough to give me a hint. I will call next time I come to town: meanwhile believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to G. Tennyson Esq. / 4 Park St. / Westminster.
P/M 19 September 1832

1. See letter 190a.
2. See letter 190.

194. TO WILLIAM MAGINN

MS: Wellesley

Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Sept. 19 [1832].

Mr. Editor,

If you should care to insert the accompanying Sonnet in your next Number, it is very much at your service. Perhaps, if <it should> you insert it, I may trouble you with some other communications. I am not quite new to Magazine writing; during the life of the deceased Englishman's Magazine, I contributed prose & verse to it. Notwithstanding, I am as good a Tory as your heart can wish.[1]

I am, Sir,
Very obediently yours,

A H Hallam.

1. Identification is supplied from the editor's notation on the letter: "Sonnet on an old German Picture &c." and "will do." *Fraser's Magazine* (see letter 185 n. 5), whose politics were Tory, published a "Sonnet on an old German Picture of the Three Kings of Cologne" in February 1833 (7:239), and both the subject (see letter 180 nn. 2–3) and the style leave little doubt it is AHH's:

There were no crowns, no gold, no jewels bright
  Of strange tiaras, on the saintly brows
  Of Mary Nazarene, what time she rose
Beside the manger, trembling at the sight
Of the three wanderers, and their new starlight.
  They were no kings; nor were their garments those
  I see before me, rich in deepen'd glows
Of Eastern crimson, zoned with chrysolite.
Yet would I not from yonder frame remove
  One colour or one form; nor for the show
  Of real things those higher truths let go,
Fresh on this canvass from the painter's soul—
  Pure elements of faith, and joy, and love,
Wrought into one by Art's divine control.

The picture is undoubtedly the Altar of the Patron Saints by Stefan Lochner (d. 1451) in the Cologne Cathedral; it depicts the adoration of the Christ child in an idealized setting, rather than in the stable, and the details of the colors and adornments correspond to AHH's description. See my " 'They were no kings': An Unrecorded Sonnet by Hallam," *Victorian Poetry* 15 (1977): 373–76.

195. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Croydon.] Sept. 24th. 1832.

I felt a thrill of pleasure on opening your packet this morning, for, to say the truth, I had begun to despair of your volume getting on, as you seemed so indignant at our endeavours to hasten it.[1] They are good sonnets, especially the 2nd., your stanzas "all good things" most beautiful, & to me especially should be most precious, since whether you chuse or not to descend from your convenient station in the Ideal, the world will consider them addressed to me.[2] "Mariana in the South" seems the right title; I perceive you mean to refer only to the former one, not to republish it. Is "looming" rightly used? its precise meaning I know not, but rather think it applies to ships at sea seen through mist or fog.[3] I read some of Oenone to my Father today. He seemed to like Juno's speech and the next but was called away in the middle of Venus. I have the "Sisters." I like extremely the new stanzas in the "Palace." You must put a note to Kriemhild. I would hint a change of Livy into some other body. What think you of "Goethe & Raffael"?[4] I have not a perfect copy of the Hesperides. I wish you would send me one entire. Are we to have Amy & Margaret? Send the Old Year.[5]

I shall go into town Wednesday, & give the MSS. to Moxon; but will direct him to wait till Monday, before he begins printing, in case you should think to alter your proposed order. Should you wish to correspond with him directly, the address is New Bond Street. I have not time to write more now for I am very busy. If neither Moxon nor I hear from you to the contrary, the printing shall commence next week in the order you specify.[6]

I have just finished a long article on Rossetti, which I fear, as my ill luck will have it, cannot find a decent receptacle. The Peagreen declines the subject; the Quarterly is preengaged, the Edinburgh has an article already, so I am driven to the small fry of Mags, which will probably vote me superhumanly pompous, & my pains will be lost. I

have sent a short notice of an Italian translation of Milton to the Peagreen, which if inserted, you shall see; not that it is worth sight.[7] Farewell.

1. See letter 191 n. 3.

2. "My life is full of weary days," which in *1832* began with these lines; see *Ricks*, pp. 350–51. Spedding's 1 April 1832 letter to Donne confirms that the lines were addressed "to the lordly-browed and gracious Hallam . . . worthy subject of worthy Poet!" (Miss Johnson).

3. "Mariana in the South" (*1832* version), lines 5–6: "Far, far one lightblue ridge was seen, / Looming like baseless fairyland."

4. "The Palace of Art" (*1832*), lines 69–70—"Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold, / Athwart the lightgreen rows of vine"—and 171—"Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphaël"; see *Ricks*, pp. 407–10, who notes that AT also thought of including Pyrrho, Averröes, Virgil, and Cicero in the latter list. In Eversley, AT noted that "our classical tutor at Trinity College used to call [Livy] such a great poet that I suppose he got into my palace thro' his recommendation."

5. "The Death of the Old Year"; all except "Amy" were published in *1832*.

6. AT finally wrote to Moxon on 13 October 1832: "Sometime ago Mr. Hallam (to whom I gave full powers to treat with you) informed me that you were willing to publish my book, going shares with me in the risks and profits, neither of which, I should fancy would be considerable. You will have received by this time the first proofsheet not corrected. I think it would be better to send me every proof twice over. I should like the text to be as correct as possible, to be sure this proceeding would somewhat delay the publication but I am in no hurry. My MSS (i.e. those I have by me) are far from being in proper order and such a measure would both give me leisure to arrange and correct them, and ensure a correct type. I scarcely know at present what the size of the volume will be, for I have many Poems lying by me with respect to which I cannot make up my mind as to whether they are fit for publication."

7. See letter 188 n. 2; letter 185. John James Blunt had reviewed Rossetti's *Comento* in the January 1828 *Quarterly Review* (37:50–84), but apparently the *Sullo Spirito* was never reviewed in that journal. Herman Merivale reviewed both works in the July 1832 *Edinburgh Review* (55:531–51).

196. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[Croydon.] Sept. 26 [1832.]

My dearest Nem,

I have often thought the devil had a hand in my affairs, and now I am sure of it. Who but "auld Hornie"[1] could have put it into my head to write to your Aunt just at the time she was staying with the very individual,[2] whom of all others I least wished to know I had written to her! However I take some comfort by perceiving in the papers today an address to the electors at Lambeth, signed with his odious name, & dated *Bayon's Manor, Sept. 19th.* Perhaps therefore you may be mistaken in supposing him now at Clea. I have had no answer from your aunt, & begin to fear—or shall I say, hope—that my letter never reached her. It may be lying at Dalby, or in the Spilsby postoffice; I desired Alfred to inquire if this last was the case, & I hope he has done so. You do not mention a letter I wrote to your mother, nor have I heard from her; I do not know that it required any answer, but I should be glad to be sure that it reached its destination. I trust it is impossible my conduct can have given her any dissatisfaction. Were I so unfortunate, you would surely have told me. Do not blame me, because I pour out to you all the doubts & fears & little anxieties, which my too busy imagination is ever suggesting to me. It is my nature to be more dismayed by possibilities than by facts. Shew me a danger, clear & positive—and my courage rises to meet it: but there is a darkness over the wild, uncertain future, which terrifies me like a child. I hate its black look. This constitutional habit is a thing to be struggled with; and indeed, so long as liberty of action is left me, I do not want for energy; it is only when my hands are tied & my game is played without consulting me, that I am apt to forget the best kind of courage is passive.

I am afraid you will think I am emptying my metaphysical commonplace book; so I will tell you a story to amuse you. Listen, I

pray you, to the memorable adventure of the Knight of the Kennel. My little brother, you must know, is a great reader of Don Quixote, & some weeks ago he took into his head that he must be dubbed a knight. Nothing less would satisfy him; so on his birthday the ceremony was performed in great pomp by the Governess, & the young warrior, completely accoutred in armour of the finest coloured paper, sallied forth in quest of adventures. He soon came in sight of the kennel, in which is sheltered the surly strength of Innominato.[3] The monster was duly hailed & challenged, but, not having chosen to return any answer, acclamations of the bystanders pronounced Sir Harry his victor, according to all laws of chivalry; whereupon he assumed the title, Knight of the Kennel. Sometimes, alas, the pride of chivalric spirits is humbled. Several days after this encounter, a more serious one occurred, with a v[ery] different result. Harry having incautiously app[roached] the kennel was attacked by the brute, & had a narrow escape of being disfigured for life. His nose was torn in two, on one side; & his arm severely wounded. We were all much frightened at the time; but the wounds are by this time in a promising state, & no disagreeable consequences, except loss of honour, are likely to accrue to our young Cavalier. I think he reads Don Quixote rather less. So you see you are right in bidding me keep to honest Keeper. I faithfully gave him your messages of kindness, & he seemed to appreciate the honour you did him. Own it now—the reason why you like the idea of Keeper is that you have a pleasant recollection of a certain relation of his in Evenings at Home. You laugh—ah, I knew it was so.

I sympathize with your delight at this glorious weather. The last few nights I have walked out, with a pipe in my mouth, & my hands in my pockets, under solemn elms, not "starproof,"[4] which stand on the lawn before our house. You do Croydon Lodge too much honour by supposing it can anyway resemble Somersby: but I am become rather attached to the place, on account of its quiet, & the beauty of the trees near it. Don't be disturbed about the road—a large field separates us from that, & the distant sound of wheels & horses mingles not unpl[easantly] with the closer noises of quacking ducks, [mooing] cows, or the sharp, quick brush of the gard[ener's] scythe. In about a fortnight I must change this pleasant scene for the smoke & streets of London. Pity me—I am going to read the dryest part of

the dryest of all branches of learning in a Conveyancer's office.[5] I must endure this somehow; but it is crushing. My letters will be so husky & grumpy, you will [hardly] be able to read them. My prettiest metaphor [will] be the comparison of you to a Fee Simple; [and all] my wit will relate to the Statute of Uses. [Ver]y shocking! but you won't cut me quite, will you, when I have grown so disagreeable a character. Methinks you ought not—since it is for your sake, & in the hope of securing our happiness, that I devote myself to a life so uncongenial to me. With such prospects I consider every hour so lost a great gain.

I fear I cannot fix any very near time for coming to Somersby. It would not do for me to play truant just at the beginning of my slavery; when I shall have earned my taskmaster's favour by my diligence I may be let out of Algiers[6] for a while. But the snow will be on the ground first. Comfort me, dearest, with letters: forget not, that since we mean to totter down the hill together, & since fortune denies us now the power of being so much with each other, as we desire, we must exert ourselves to make absence as unlike its own ugly self as we well can. In spite of my repeated inquiries you tell me nothing of your health—Emily, is this proper confidence towards

Your ever affecionate

Arthur?

P. S. I have received your mother's letter: thank her for it in my name.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 27 September 1832

1. Traditional; see Burns, "Address to the Deil," lines 1–2.
2. Mary Bourne and Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]
3. See letter 184 n. 4. The Hallams' governess is unidentified.

4. Milton, "Arcades," lines 88–89: "Under the shady roof / Of branching elm star-proof."

5. A Mr. Walters of Lincoln's Inn Fields (*Remains*, p. xxxi).

6. Perhaps legal slang for a *day* office; the *Dey* was the Turkish ruling official in Algiers before the French captured the city in 1830. See letter 202 n. 1. But AHH may allude more generally to the imprisonment of European and American sailors in Algiers by the Barbary Coast pirates, the subject of numerous dramatic presentations. Sydney Smith uses a similar expression in an 1809 letter to Lady Holland: "You know Mr. Luttrell is prisoner in Fez, and put to stone cutting" (*Letters of Sydney Smith*, ed. Nowell C. Smith [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1953], 1:152).

197. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 173–75

Croydon Lodge, Croydon. Oct. 1st. 1832.

My dear Gaskell,

I feel much obliged to you for so kind an invitation, given in so kind a manner, but I fear I cannot accept it, although I certainly have not that plea which you own you would consider valid. I am not going to Lincolnshire, very different. I am going in less than a fortnight to a Conveyancer's office, where for some months I must work like a slave.[1] I am so ill-prepared for these labours that I must work hard during the few days that remain, lest my task-master should think me quite a fool. I know not when I shall have earned the right or power of playing truant; but be assured that I look forward with the greatest pleasure to paying you a visit at some time, let us hope not terribly distant. I am sorry to hear of your mischances in electioneering matters; yet, perhaps, on the whole it is well for a man to be out of Parliament just at present.[2] One or two Reformed Houses must pass away before we can form an accurate judgment of the real condition and tendency of affairs; and in the meantime it is well not to be pledged, or committed to anything, but to wait and observe. I am glad, too, that you should not be in the hands of any Radical committees, who might have involved you in a great deal very disagreeable to your feelings. The prospects for next Parliament are not discouraging. It seems the general opinion that very few low men will be returned; so far is well; but I fear the results of the pledging system will be found more extensive and more mischievous than they have been yet. If a man is tied hand and foot by blackguards, it is nearly as bad as if he was a blackguard himself. We may be ruined, indeed, in a more gentlemanly way; finer words will be used about it; more lies will be thought necessary; but the ruin will come, and not the less irretrievably because it comes from Macaulay rather than Hunt.[3] Still I look forward to a good fight in the next Parliament at least. The Gladstone whose name I see for Portarlington is old Weg, is

it not?[4] I don't much see what business he has there, but that is the affair of the Radicals; I shall be very glad if he gets in for any place. We want such a man as that. In some things he is likely to be obstinate and prejudiced; but he has a fine fund of high chivalrous Tory sentiment, and a tongue moreover to let it loose with. I think he may do a good deal. Have you heard from him lately? I promised to write when he went to Italy, but I never did, which was the more inexcusable because he wrote to me. I heard the other day from your namesake, who was then at Otranto, just going to sail for Athens.[5] By this time, I doubt not, he is startling the Parthenon. You do not tell me anything about your own health; I hope, therefore, your silence augurs a tolerably favourable state of it. Indeed, the happy tone of your letter seems to say still more emphatically that you can have no considerable drawback on the happiness you are enjoying and so well deserve. Early in the winter I expect a volume of poems will be published by Alfred Tennyson. I hope you will like them as you did the others; and Mrs. Gaskell a little better. I have not forgotten that I promised to convert her by this forthcoming volume.[6] Will you remember me to her and to the rest of your party, believing me always

Your very affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.

1. See letter 189.

2. On 31 December 1831, Gaskell had written to Gladstone: "It is too late to wish that one had entered into Public life in less troubled times. It remains only to hope that the services of every good man may be of real & practical value" (B.L.).

3. Henry Hunt, then M.P. for Preston.

4. This was Thomas Gladstone; William Ewart was then canvassing at Newark.

5. Milnes arrived at Athens on 13 October 1832 (Pope-Hennessey, 1:58).

6. On 13 March 1831, Gaskell had written to his mother that he hoped they would agree about AT's 1830 volume: "I quite agree with you that there is a want of both taste and judgment in much that he has written, but still I think that some of his playful and some of his pathetic pieces are quite perfect in their kind. I do not like any of his mystical poems . . . but I cannot conceive anyone's not entering into the immense spirit and fun of both the 'Merman' and the 'Mermaid.' " Gaskell also praised "The Burial of Love," "A Character," "Nothing will die," "All things will die," "Hero to Leander," "Oriana," "English War-Song," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "To J. M. K." (*RES*, pp. 161–62).

198. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Croydon Lodge. October 2nd. 1832.

I am going tomorrow to spend two days with Heath.[1] My brain is quite addled with law, reading ever since breakfast. You are somewhat mistaken about Keeper. Although the most excellent of dogs in his relations to the human race, he is a very devil to his own kind. Twice lately he has been let loose & twice he has had a savage encounter with Innominato. Their yells were tremendous, & to do justice to our enemy I must say Keeper was the aggressor. My brother's nose, you will be glad to hear is now nearly like other noses, but a little niche at the bottom of it will probably remain through life.[2]

1. Douglas Denon Heath's brothers included John Moore Heath (1808–82), who matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A., twenty-seventh Wrangler, 1830), was elected to the Apostles in 1834, became tutor in 1839, and was ordained in 1836. John Heath was engaged to Mary Tennyson in 1835, but broke off the engagement in 1837, and thus became estranged from the Tennyson family for several years; he married Marianne Harman in 1845. His commonplace book (Fitzwilliam), compiled from 1832 to 1834, contains many early poems by AT and other members of the Tennyson family. Another brother, Dunbar Isidore Heath (1816–88), who attended Trinity from 1834 to 1838, became vicar but was deprived of his benefice for *Sermons on Important Subjects* (1861), considered derogatory to the Thirty-nine Articles; he later edited the *Journal of Anthropology*. A third (younger) brother, Sir Leopold George Heath, became an admiral.

2. See letter 196 n. 3.

199. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[Croydon.] October 10th. 1832.

My dear Alfred,

I must snatch a few minutes from the overwhelming mass of law business which is now on my hands just to talk with you about the proof. I had it sent down to me while I was staying at Heath's.[1] The weather was miserably rainy, so after breakfast we adjourned to an arbour in the garden and while Thompson[2] who was also staying there furnished cheroots, I furnished proof-sheets. After mature examination we came in full conclave to some decisions of which you shall have the benefit. We think the type very pretty <and a> but are rather sorry the book will not bind up with its predecessor. We admire the Buonaparte sonnet extremely, but we strongly urge the substitution of "dreamer" for "madman."[3] The stanzas "All good things" seem to us perfect.[4] As for the "Lady" the more I read it the more I like it. You were indeed happily inspired when the idea of that poem first rose in your imagination. We had a long battle with Mr. Heath, a famous lawyer, but no man of letters, about a stanza in the proof. We flatter ourselves we floored him; to be sure we were three to one, but he fought well. The principal point of attack was "cloud-white"; he said it was absurd to explain a fixed colour by the most variable hue in the world, that of a cloud.[5] We recovered ourselves with all the grace of practised combatants, and talked learnedly about the context of feeling, and the conformity of the lady's dress to her magical character, till at last our opponent left us in possession of the field, declaring still between his teeth that for his part he thought poetry ought to be sense. In one place a whole line was omitted. Douglas Heath read "sudden laughters of the Tay" without ever suspecting the misprint.[6]

I hear that Tennant has written to dissuade you from publishing Kriemhilt, Tarpeia and Pendragon. Don't be humbugged, they are

very good; you may put a note or two if you will, yet Milton did not to Paradise Lost.[7] Rogers the poet has been staying here and speaks of you with admiration. Have you written to Moxon? He is anxious to have the rest of the MSS.[8]

Ever your most affectionate

Arthur.

1. See letter 198 n. 1.

2. William Hepworth Thompson (1810–86), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., fourth classic, second Chancellor's medal, 1832), was elected to the Apostles in 1830, was regius professor of Greek and canon of Ely 1853–67, and master of Trinity (following Whewell) 1866–86.

3. "Buonaparte," lines 1–2: "He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak, / Madman!"

4. See letter 195 n. 2.

5. "The Lady of Shalott" (*1832* version), line 122: "A cloudwhite crown of pearl she dight"; AT dropped the entire stanza in *1842*. George Heath (d. 1852) was serjeant-at-law.

6. "My life is full of weary days" (*1832* version), line 20: "Ring sudden laughters of the Jay"; see *Ricks*, p. 351, for AT's numerous revisions of this line.

7. See letter 195 n. 4, and *Ricks*, pp. 406–7. AT included the stanzas describing Kriemhilt and "that deepwounded child of Pendragon" in the *1832* version of "The Palace of Art," but subsequently dropped them. The "shamed Tarpeia" stanza appears only in the Heath MS.

8. See letter 195 n. 6.

200. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

Croydon Lodge. Thursday. Oct. 12 [1832].

My very dear & respected Miss Dod,

I am rather jealous of your "*very pleasant*" partners, whose characters you envelop in so mysterious a silence. However I will not imitate your reserve, but tell you frankly all the attractions of Miss Julia Heath, under whose fascinating influence I remained for two rainy days.[1] She is not handsome, but her eyes are lively & pleasant, and her countenance wears an expression of intelligent archness. She talked no mathematics, but made many sensible remarks, & some witty ones. What I liked best in her was her affectionate sisterly behaviour towards "the dear boys" as she called them. I know not why, I feel always melancholy & ashamed, when I come into a new family circle, & see familiar affections going on which I have neither part nor lot in. Is this vanity, Nem—or is it worthy of a better name? I had Alfred's first proof with me, & it provoked much discussion. Miss Heath professes to admire Nal soberly, not with her brothers' enthusiasm. She once went to London on purpose to take her chance of seeing him at the National Gallery, which she did, but was disappointed, because he wore his glass in his eye, & looked cross. Mrs. Heath[2] said she had loved him dearly till she heard he sat all day smoking with his feet on the hob. The father vowed we were all spoiling the young man with our absurd flatteries.[3] I am sorry the weather was so execrably bad, for the place where they live is one of the most beautiful situations in England. One afternoon I got out, & scrambled up a woody hill, where I had a rich view of breaking mists driven along ranges of hills, covered with brown heath, & presenting at intervals holts of oak & ash. I thought of you then, & on Thursday night also, you may be sure, although the pelting of the pitiless storm made me doubt whether you were really gone to Horncastle.[4]

Your mention of a headache annoys me. I shall be fancying terrible

things, if you do not promptly reassure me about your health. A month & a half of Autumn, your enemy, have now passed away, and it is time I should know whether you feel yourself worse than you were in summer, or whether any change of any sort has taken place. I do not want to plague you, but just tell me simply about this; I will not worry myself, I promise you, whatever your answer is. I am glad you have lighted on a new friend. If you really like her, I hope you will cultivate the acquaintance in spite of Mary's astonishment. Hitherto your friendships have not been very lasting; perhaps one so close as Harrington may have better issue. Who are these Miss Barings?[5] I do not remember to have heard the name even. Do they live in the great house at Harrington?

I think you are rather piqued at my impudent parody on the only stanza you ever shewed me of your writing. I hope I am not ungrateful for the favour I wrested from you with such long & earnest importunity; but if the imitation is really a bad one, I cannot help saying it is your fault for giving me such a scanty original to work upon. Shew me more, & I will imitate better. But positively, I maintain the parody is not so bad. Judge now—I will put them side by side.

I wish I were a child again,
A simple, happy child,
Before my heart knew aught of pain,
And I was wild as wild.

I'm very glad I an't an owl,
Altho' such pretty creatures,
For always by fair means or foul
Some Baumber mauls their features.[6]

Are you still reluctant to confess the resemblance? Then must I give you the three first stanzas of Meg's own lament on finding himself dead.

I wish I were an owl again,
A simple, shrieking owl,
As once I was, before big men
Destroyed me—hapless fowl!

No more alas! will Dolly Dod
My downy feathers sleek,
No more shall I with manners odd
Peck at her lip & cheek.
And Martha Pink, & Peggy Wood,
<Although> Who were so kind to me,
Can't now, for all that they're so good
Avert the doom to be!
&c. &c. &c.[7]

You are cruelly malicious about Kate. As if our tastes in Poetry were not perfectly similar! "I love all that thou lovest," & I doubt not therefore I shall love Kate. I hope she is sufficiently distinct from Rosalind.[8] As there will be few Female Characters in the book, they ought to be very different. I did not see any lack of richness & goodness in the [stud]y. I hope you like those beautiful stanzas, ["All] good things."[9]

The destruction of America has [evi]nced little sensation here. In the name of all that's sensible, what strange papers can you be in the habit of reading? Is it my old friend, The Atlas? I fear he has begun to doat.[10] The intelligence contained in the last part of your letter made my heart beat. I dare not give way to hope, yet assuredly the circumstances are rather calculated for hope than fear.[11]

Fare ye well, Dolly. Hast thou forgotten thy birthday comes the 25th. October? I shall not forget it, even if thou askest me. Nay, but I remembered Mary's also & smoked three additional whiffs of best Canaster in honour of the day.[12] Best love to the old circle, & proportionate degrees of kind remembrances to Mrs. Bourne, & to Miss Ann Fytche, in whose view of dancing I agree theoretically, tho' not practically.

Ever thine own,

Arthur.

P. S. I have just got the 2nd. & 3rd. proof. [Do] tell Nal to be more quick in sending [them] back: Moxon had not yesterday received [the fir]st from him. Tell him to send the other MSS. as soon as possible.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 11 October 1832

1. See letters 198 and 199; Julia Heath and her sister Mary became close friends of Emily Tennyson and Ellen Hallam after AHH's death.

2. Anne Raymond, née Dunbar.

3. Trench voiced the same objections about AT's Cambridge friends in his 23 June 1830 letter to Donne: "[They] will materially injure him if he does not beware; no young man under any circumstances should believe that he *has* done anything, but still be forward looking" (*Trench*, 1:74). On 14 June 1831, Trench expressed a similar concern: "[AT] is certainly the best of the young Poets and the perversest, but this must chiefly be laid to the charge of his Cambridge advisers (Hallam, Blakesley, Kemble and Co.) who in a short time did much to spoil and pervert him, flattering in every way his Antinomian Spirit, which needed rather a check and no such encouragement" (Miss Johnson).

4. Horncastle was noted for its horse fairs.

5. Fanny, Georgiana, and Charlotte-Rosa were daughters of William Baring (1779–1820), of Harrington Hall, approximately two miles from the Somersby Rectory. For accounts of AT's involvement with Rosa Baring, see Rader, especially chapter 2, and my "When Did Tennyson Meet Rosa Baring?" *Victorian Newsletter*, No. 48 (1975), pp. 26–28. Rosa (1814?–98) married Robert Duncombe Shafto (1806–89) in 1838; Fanny (1812?–91) married Francis Charles Massingberd (1800–1872), chancellor of Lincoln, in 1839; Georgiana apparently did not marry.

6. The grange adjoining the Somersby Rectory was called "Baumber's farm," after its occupant, evidently the model of AT's "Northern Farmer (Old Style)." See *Memoir*, 1:4–5.

7. Except that AHH's poem is modeled on Emily's, his references are unclear.

8. Both AT's "Kate" and "Rosalind" were published in *1832*; see *Ricks*, pp. 456–57, 438–40. Emily's "malice" suggests that "Kate," like some of AT's other portraits of women, may have been drawn from a real person. See also Shelley's "Song (Rarely, rarely comest thou)," line 25.

9. See letter 199 n. 4.

10. Jackson's administration had faced financial panic and Southern resistance to a congressional tariff in 1832; the *Atlas*, a weekly newspaper, printed a brief review of AT's *1830* volume on 27 June 1830; see Shannon, pp. 3–4.

11. Unidentified; but see letter 202 n. 9.

12. Mary Tennyson was born on 11 September 1810; Emily on 25 October 1811.

201. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

MS: Princeton

Croydon Lodge. Thursday [18 October 1832].

My dear John,

My heart smites me that I have not seen you for three weeks. But a studious man will make allowances for studious avocations in others. I have been terribly busy, & when in town (which I have been once or twice) have had no time to make calls. However I will without fail next time. I am anxious to hear how you proceed with heroes & giants. Have you been to Peterborough yet? Alfred's *third* proof I have just received;[1] the type is very pretty, but the volume will, I fear, be small. My admiration of it increases, if possible. Do what you can in the way of Puff collateral.[2] Couldn't you bring it in head & shoulders to illustrate some very ancient passage in an Edda?[3] My essay on Rossetti is about to come out as a pamphlet, but without my name. I took fright at some things I had said about Christianity & matters appertaining to it, so I mean to avoid the direct responsibility, having no wish to earn the reputation of an Atheist or a Mystic. The secret of my authorship therefore may only be cautiously divulged by you. Do you know if Rossetti is a big man? I flatter myself, if he calls at my house to lick me, I have English stuff enow in my fists to floor a beggarly Italian. The stiletto, though more congenial, he will hardly employ, as it might not be considered Professorial. A duel would be inconvenient, because I am no great shot; but if you will be my second, & load my pistol, perhaps I may contrive to fire it. However let us hope he will not find out that I have called him a fool, as I have intimated a sort of respect for his talents.[4] My sister is much obliged to you for the music; from the arrival of which I conjecture yours is returned to town. I suppose she wishes the verses, which Alfred wrote in her book, to remain private property: otherwise the world would be highly edified with them, were it only as an example how poets can lie upon occasion.[5] The Squire of dames is almost entirely well.[6]

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

1. See the postscript to letter 200.

2. See Sheridan, *The Critic*, 1. 2.

3. See letter 191 n. 2.

4. See letters 195 n. 7; 186 n. 1. AHH's cautious tone is reflected in his concluding paragraph: "But we will not take leave of the ingenious Professor with a jest. We wish him well in his further progress. We wait patiently for his promised proofs, and till they appear, shall not dismiss our old prejudices on these subjects, lest we find nothing in their room but a dismal void. Signor Rossetti is very sensitive to criticism; but we trust he will believe our remarks at least to have been made in fairness and love of truth. He will not, perhaps, be the worse for bearing in mind some gentle warnings we have given. Let him moderate his pretensions, and enlarge his views." Rossetti, who reacted violently (at least in print) to some of his critics, spoke with respect of AHH's pamphlet, thought its style good, and in his *Amor Platonico* (1840) described its writer (whose identity he apparently never learned) as (in Waller's words) "a lover of truth who might quite possibly have been converted by the five later volumes" (pp. 97–98). Cyrus Redding, then associated with the *Metropolitan* journal, commented favorably on AHH's pamphlet (without knowing its author) in his 13 December 1832 letter to the *Athenaeum* (22 December 1832), pp. 825–27.

5. Adelaide Kemble; see letter 177 n. 1.

6. See Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, 3. 7. 51; AHH presumably refers to himself, though the context in the poem is rather sinister.

202. TO EMILY TENNYSON [with postscript to Alfred Tennyson]

MS: TRC

Croydon Lodge. Oct. 23 [1832].

Carissima,

As this is the last letter you will receive, which is not quite unreadable from the effects of law-muzziness in my unhappy brain (for the day after tomorrow, the very day on which this will reach you, I begin my regular residence in Algiers),[1] it shall not be a very short one. On Wednesday you will read these lines, and Thursday—I dare not say what makes Thursday to differ from other days, yet differ it certainly does, and it must be very captivating erudition in the musty papers at my Dey's office that will for one moment draw my thoughts from dwelling on the very subject, which you wish me so to forget.[2] Not being in the least able to obey you in this, I have taken my side resolutely, & I am about to incur probably your still greater displeasure by hinting that due inquiry at Spilsby postoffice will bring to light a small parcel designed for a person not the most distant in the world from yourself. Whether this will give you more pain than pleasure I know not; it gives me great pleasure; therefore I hope you will at least, for my sake, submit to it as a sacrifice, if you cannot enjoy it as a gratification.

With regard to the contents of that parcel, I must say a few words, although contrary to etiquette on such occasions. The music is a Duet Waltz of Beethoven,[3] copied out for you by my sister. It is a great favorite of mine, & I hope may become such with you. But Mary's indolence must be persuaded into diligent practising, or its beauties will remain undisclosed. I hope you will find no errors in the copying; but Ellen is unaccustomed to the work, and perhaps may not have executed it with sufficient care. You will at all events take the will for the deed. I must apologise too that the copy of Undine which I send you is such a poor one.[4] There is an error in the titlepage, & some pages transposed in the book. Those who have read this delicious

story in the original German, of whom I thank my star I am one, can alone know how miserably inadequate is the French translation. So much for depreciation of my own wares. But, in spite of these defects, which will be less palpable to you from your ignorance of German, I am sure you will like Undine. Like, did I say? You will love her—even as you love Kate & Margaret, Lilian & Adeline.[5] One of the few points about which every body is agreed, is just this, that La Motte Fouqué's Undine is one of the most charming things in the world. I knew an old man in a wig, a Provost of Eton College, whose celebrity was great in Greek & in puns, but who was never suspected of taste or sentiment—well, this old man in his wig shed oceans of tears on first reading Undine, and, what is more surprising, read it six several times through, shedding fresh oceans each time. Then he went back to his Greek & his puns doubtless much refreshed, & conscious that he had a heart.[6] Let me know quickly, whether you agree with me & the Provost; if you don't I shall be quite down about it, & must lay the fault on that execrable translator. That ugly staring picture, although of a piece with the French fopperies that have here & there been substituted for the grand, imaginative touches of the author, especially disgusts me. But it was the only copy I could get, & you may cut out the picture, if you will.

The remaining contents of the parcel I will not mention, to give you, as the children say, a surprise. I remember, when Harry was somewhat smaller than he is now, his great pleasure used to be to prepare such surprises for the rest of the family; but the little fellow could not keep his secrets; they would have burst him; so he secured himself a double pleasure by telling beforehand what the *surprise* would be. I however, his wiser elder brother, shall not imitate his example; so you may teize your odd brain all the way to Spilsby, but till you get there you will not be acquainted with the mysterious residue of the packet. I hope, when seen, it will give satisfaction. I am not very wise in such things, but I did my best, with Ellen's assistance.

After writing my last letter, I felt, as I have often done before, remorse for having scolded you a little in it, & I began to scold myself a great deal. You are so dear & good a creature; you have had so much to suffer; your tender frame is so susceptible of agitating impressions from memory & imagination—I ought to deal with you delicately, as

with a trembling flower, or a being, like Undine herself, composed of subtler elements than common earth. Yesterday I read over the greatest part of your letters to me. They filled me with comfort, & a strange melancholy joy. It is now near three years since you arose upon my life, like a star. At first the beams were clear, but distant; their brightness & their warmth have been increasing ever; but they have not yet reached their meridian and I yearn for the hour of their fullness with impetuous, believing hope.[7] Can you wonder that the idea of your birthday (pardon, that I mention it again) is a cherished idea for me? Every birthday, every signal & landmark in the flood of Time brings me nearer to the great object for which I live. On it flows, that mighty stream, around me, in me, yet above me; very awful is it, & yet more awful the Ocean in which its waters shall be still: but between me & that Ocean lies a tract of Paradise. When I have passed through that, I am content to die; until I have reached that, I consume away with impatience, & bless every turn, every reach, every rapid that shortens the distance to that luminous region. I cannot help it, if you do not understand this. But, setting aside these feelings, I feel pleasure of a different sort in knowing you are twentyone. You have escaped from the "durance vile"[8] of guardianship. This was little enough practically; but I could not brook the thought of your being even nominally subject to the caprices of such a thing as your uncle, or even of Mr. Rawnsley. By the bye, I am somewhat surprised, perhaps somewhat angry, that I have no letter from your aunt. It is hardly civil on her part to send word she means to write directly, & three weeks afterwards not to have written. Perhaps your letter tomorrow may explain this; I will leave off writing, till I receive it. Tuesday. The letter has come, & God be thanked that the contents are not uncomfortable. Your reluctant avowal of better health allays the anxieties, which, in spite of myself, had begun to oppress me. But why, dearest Emily, must I wait for such comfort until I have hunted you through a hundred evasive answers into a position, where you are forced to give a direct one? I do not quite understand what you say of Mrs. Bourne. Do you mean she told Frederic she would, in the present circumstances, *not leave* her property to your cousins; or merely that she had not originally intended it. If the latter, we know that already, & it is but a confession of weakness: the former, which I think you must surely intend, seems of great importance.[9] I have no

time now to write more, as the post is going out. May the Merciful God bless you for ever & ever and yield you from the times that are with Him a long succession of years, happier than any you have yet known, and rich in perpetual consolations & delights to

Your ever, ever affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

Direct of course to *Wimpole St.*

Worthy Master Nal, a word with you on tadpoles. All frogs have been tadpoles but all tadpoles do not become frogs. There is a kind of adult tadpole, retaining the elegant form your lively pencil has portrayed, but possessing also the full activities usually allotted to the proper shape of frog. Why such a tadpole might not find himself in a current, I cannot see; nor indeed why any ordinary tadpole might not, provided he were taken out of his still birthplace & thrown into one. Now to your "cachinations" with what appetite you may. You are right in supposing me very ignorant of Natural History; but it is gratifying to perceive there are persons in the world still more so.[10] With regard to your proofs, Moxon told me I had better leave the alterations to be made by you in the proof—unless they were extensive. Why you should not insert <the> any stanzas you please, I cannot guess. As for the note, I am guiltless. I sent it appended to the Palace exactly as it came to me. Perhaps the Devils mean to stick it at the end of the book.[11] I rather regret that you should have shewn so much deference to spelling in the instance of Chatellar.[12] The new line does not tend to strengthen the passage. Bright, bright is weak.[13] I must not end without denying all knowledge of a 5s. parcel having been sent to you. Some stupidity of the servant—but at all events let your reprisals cease.

Ever thine,

AHH.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 23 October 1832

1. See letter 196 n. 6, and reference to "Dey's office" below.

2. See letter 200 n. 12.

3. Probably either the waltz in E-flat major or D Major (both composed 1824–25); both were arranged for piano duet.

4. *Undine* (1811), by Friedrich Heinrich Karl, baron de La Motte Fouqué (1777–1843), is the story of the tragic love of a knight, Huldbrand, for a water sprite, Undine. Fox's *Westminster Review* compared "The Mermaid" of AT's *1830* volume to Undine.

5. See letter 200 n. 8; AT's "Lilian" and "Adeline" were published in *1830*.

6. Probably Joseph Goodall, whose Latin verses were published in *Musae Etonenses* (1817); possibly AHH's great-uncle, William Hayward Roberts.

7. Compare Burke's description of Marie Antoinette in *Reflections*: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision." See also letter 48 n. 5. This is the only passage which might suggest that AHH met Emily in December 1829. In light of the overwhelming evidence against this date (see my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson"), it seems likely that AHH refers rather carelessly to the April 1830 meeting as "now near three years." He may also have been thinking of their December 1830 meeting and mistaken two for three years.

8. See letter 84 n. 1 for AHH's previous use of this traditional phrase.

9. See letters 196 n. 2; 200 n. 11.

10. An undated fragment, possibly from an AHH letter, expresses a similar skepticism about AT's scientific knowledge: "Do you mean that the human brain is at first like a madrepore's, then like a worm's, etc.? but this cannot be for they have no brain" (*Memoir*, 1:44).

11. The note is unidentified; AHH refers to the "printer's devils."

12. See AT's "Margaret," lines 36–37: "Exquisite Margaret, who can tell / The last wild thought of Chatelet." Pierre de Boscosel de Chastelard, French poet, was executed in 1563 at the order of Mary, Queen of Scots, whom he loved; see *Ricks*, p. 455.

13. See AT's "Kate," line 2: "Her brightblack eyes, her brightblack hair."

203. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] [30 October 1832.]

My dearest Nem,

En attendant your letter I may as well begin mine, & just tell you my adventures for the last week. Wednesday I left Croydon, a place which I had begun to feel some attachment for, & turned my face towards the wintry prisonhouse which now confines me. What a change for your poor Arthur from the pleasant green fields & cheerful sunshine to an atmospheric compound of dense, yellow fog! October has this year in London anticipated the constant complexion of November: the last few days have been such, that people were obliged to stagger about the streets, discovering their way only by the occasional loom of houses, or steeples. Perhaps you have some difficulty in believing this; well, I won't press you to swallow that last sentence, steeples & all; but seriously the fog is execrable, & a little indignant exaggeration may be pardoned to one in my circumstances. All my mornings I now spend in a Conveyancer's office, copying precedents of Deeds & so forth—not very hard work, to be sure, but irksome, especially as it destroys the prime of the day, & leaves the mind fatigued & irritable for the rest of it. However there are many worse things in life than my office. There are three more besides myself, two of whom are Cambridge men,[1] whom I know; we have a snug fire, & a newspaper; we yawn in concert, & sometimes chat. About three o'clock I get loose, so, you see, the imprisonment is but short; & I dare say in time I shall think it sufficiently agreeable. I know much more about law than I did some time ago, & my liking for it increases, in many respects, with farther knowledge. I am not therefore much to be pitied; yet pity me a little, Nem, "from thy most gentle eyes";[2] it will do me good to think you do.

Saturday night I went to Covent garden, to see the new Masque about poor Scott.[3] Part of it is very pretty; a sort of moving panorama

presents in succession different scenes in his novels & poems, with Tableaux vivans of the characters. I also saw Ellen Tree[4] as Julia in the Hunchback; many prefer her to Miss Kemble; I consider it sufficient praise to say she comes near her in some parts. Certainly she is a good actress; but she lacks the touches of genius which Fanny used to throw into her acting, & which covered a multitude of faults. I don't think I have any more news for you: last week seems a long one, & I am longing even more than usual for your letter. By the bye, I have at length heard from your aunt. It is just the sort of letter I had made up my mind to expect, not committing her by any promise, yet encouraging, & leaving room for hope that she may do something. Pray thank her in my name, when you see her: the tone of her letter is extremely kind towards us.[5] I trust this disposition may continue; but in your family there is an unfortunate spell against concord;[6] do all you can however (I am sure you must feel the importance of it) to foster her actual feelings, & to prevent any sudden impulse which might ruin our hopes.

Tuesday. Your dear letter! I am so glad you like the earrings.[7] I had great fears they were not properly packed, & might be bruised in the coach; but as you mention nothing of the sort, I hope my fears were groundless. Since you like them I may venture to tell you they were not bought in London—a circumstance which with most young ladies in the country lowers the value of an article almost infinitely. They were however the best that Croydon contained, & are warranted real gold—not that I trust much the face of the shop boy, who sold them; however in this instance I think he has deviated into truth.[8] Your hearty welcome of poor Undinchen is very gratifying to me. Cannot you indeed find any one like her in the world? So I thought for a good many years; but one fine spring I came to a wooded glen among wolds, where I saw a being more like Undine than I had ever thought to see.[9] She was not indeed so frolicsome; she had neither blue eyes, nor was she a "wonder-fair blonde" as the German original calls Undine: but the soul of the creature I speak of had something Undinish, to my fancy. I hope I shall behave better than Huldbrand. The Beethoven Waltz seemed to me fraught with a rich divine melancholy not often to be met with in modern composers. It is the same spirit that breathes in the "Già fan ritorno" of Mozart.[10] Music is a great revelation. Its most exalted moods mirror to us life, as life is known to

the wise <man>; for they breathe a profound sorrow, yet one that understands, compassionates, & surmounts itself.

I will write to Nal in a day or two; the verses consecrated to Edward Spedding are all that I could wish, or, as I think, that James himself could.[11] Ask Nal what he means about Anacaona? Is it possible he will not publish it? If he has merely forgotten, let him write immediately: for, if I understand him, this batch of MSS. is to conclude the whole.[12] I thought of you all through Thursday, & filled my glass to your health "& many happy returns" after dinner. I am sorry for the black seals; but it can't be helped now.

Ever thy most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 30 October 1832

1. AHH's Cambridge acquaintances in his conveyancer's office are unidentified, though Venables and Herman Merivale were among his companions at the Inner Temple in 1832.

2. See Shelley, "Julian and Maddalo," lines 337–39: "O Thou, my spirit's mate / Who, for thou art compassionate and wise, / Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes."

3. James Sheridan Knowles's *The Vision of the Bard* was first performed in Edinburgh on 1 October and at Covent Garden on 22 October 1832; Sir Walter Scott died on 21 September 1832.

4. Ellen Tree (1805–80), who played comic roles at Covent Garden from 1829 to 1836, married the actor Charles John Kean (1811?–68) in 1842. Her acting was praised for its sympathetic, womanly quality rather than for its high drama. She played Romeo to Fanny Kemble's Juliet in the 1830–31 season, and subsequently the leading role in Fanny's *Francis I*; Fanny recalls their "pleasant professional fellowship" in *Girlhood*, pp. 200–201. Knowles's play was performed "by special desire" on 27 October 1832.

5. See letter 202 n. 9.

6. See AT's comment in his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell: "I hope for [my cousin's] own peace of mind that he will have as little of the Tennyson about him as possible."

7. See letter 202; AHH's birthday present has apparently not survived.

8. See Dryden, *MacFlecknoe*, line 20: "But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

9. AHH's description closely resembles Emily Sellwood Tennyson's description of her first meeting with AT in the Fairy Wood (see *Letters of Emily Lady Tennyson*, p. 1); it is possible that both meetings took place in April 1830.

10. Pamina and Tamino's duet ("return again") in *Die Zauberflöte* 2. 5; the first London performance of Mozart's opera (1811) was in an Italian translation.

11. See letter 188 n. 3. "To J. S." was the concluding poem in AT's *1832* volume; see *Ricks*, pp. 463–66.

12. See letter 94 n. 4. According to Hallam Tennyson (*Memoir*, 1:56), AT chose not to publish "Anacaona" because "the natural history and the rhymes did not satisfy him." Edward FitzGerald reported AT said that the poem "would be confuted by some Midshipman who had been in Hayti latitudes and knew better about Tropical Vegetable and Animal" (quoted by *Ricks*, p. 284).

204. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [31 October–3 November 1832.]

Thanks for your batch of MSS. The lines to J. S. are perfect. James, I am sure, will be most grateful. The "Old Year" is excellent.[1] The "little room" is mighty pleasant.[2] People however will say "he's only been to the Rhine, if he doesn't like the German rooms, which [. . . .] Remember the maxim of the Persian sage: "*ει δοιάζεις, ἀπέχου.*"[3] Your epigram to North is good, but I have scruples whether you should publish it.[4] Perhaps he may like the lines & you the better for them; but "*μερμηρίζω.*"[5] I think the "Lover's Tale" will be liked as far as I can remember its old shape.[6] Moxon is in ecstasies with the May Queen;[7] he says the volume must make a great sensation. He & your friends are anxious it should be out before the storm of politics is abroad. The French Fleet has got the start of you & I fear Antwerp may be taken before your last revise is ready; but still you may be beforehand with the Elections which is more important.[8] There has been some delay this week owing to want of types but the printer's devils are full of promise to set the whole up immediately. Moxon has sent me the revises of the Palace, with the notes; they are I believe correct, yet I would know whether you altered "pouring glorious scorn" into "frowning" etc.[9]

In the course of next week I hope to send you two compositions of my own—the one very trifling, an article of 3 pages only in the Foreign Quarterly, the other a pamphlet Moxon has just published for me on Rossetti. I hope you will like it; yet I have not forgotten that the last time I sent you a publication of mine you did not even deign to read it.[10] When should I have done the like by one of yours? Perhaps you may retort with justice that this question is like the American's remark in Mrs. Trollope to an Englishman, who had never read Bryant's poems, "how illiberal you English are! just let me ask you, what you would say to one of us that had never read Milton or Shakespeare or any of *your* great authors!"[11]

Fare thee well, old trump, poems are good things but flesh & blood is better. I only crave a few words.

1. See letters 203 n. 11; 195 n. 5.

2. See letter 180 n. 5; "O Darling Room" was singled out for special ridicule in Croker's *Quarterly Review* article. Fanny Kemble's otherwise enthusiastic response to AT's *1832* volume predicted the response: "I can fancy perfectly well both the room and his feeling about it; but that sort of thing does not make good poetry, and lends itself temptingly to the making of good burlesque" (*Girlhood*, p. 581).

3. "If you have doubts, refrain"; the sage is unidentified.

4. "To Christopher North," AT's response to Wilson's *Blackwood's* review (letter 161 n. 1); see *Ricks*, pp. 460–61. Although Croker ridiculed this poem, it certainly did not provoke his attack, as some critics have suggested; see Shannon, pp. 23–26.

5. "I am doubtful, uncertain."

6. See *Ricks*, pp. 299–301, for the circumstances of composition.

7. *Ricks* (p. 418) suggests a possible allusion to the "New Year's Eve" section (line 26) of AT's "The May Queen" in AHH's "To Alfred Tennyson" (*Writings*, p. 87; MS at TRC).

8. A French fleet joined an English force off Spithead late in October 1832 to compel the Dutch to evacuate Antwerp, in accordance with the Belgium-Dutch treaty; Antwerp surrendered to the allied forces on 24 December 1832. The first reformed parliament was elected in mid-December.

9. See stanzas describing the statues of Elijah and Olympias, which were introduced in the note to line 53 of "The Palace of Art" (*1832* version): "Or the maidmother by a crucifix"; the note was omitted in *1842*.

10. See letters 185 n. 4; 201 n. 4. AHH's previous offering was probably either his essay on Cicero or his oration on Italian literature; AT certainly read his *Englishman's Magazine* review.

11. Conversation between Mr. Chambers and Mr. Gordon in Frances Trollope's *The Refugee in America* (September 1832), 3:62–68.

205. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Nov. 8 [1832].

My dearest Nem,

If I did not write to you today you would be uneasy, & so should I too; yet I am in no cue for writing. Do not be alarmed—I am not ill—only labouring under the weight of one of those "dark hours"[1] which sometimes press me to the earth. I believe the mere fact of being in London works upon my brain in a manner dismally unaccountable. The law I like better than I expected—it is not that which depresses me—the mere fact, I repeat, of being in London sends me a shock of sudden & terrible gloom through my entire frame. At Croydon I was so cheerful & tranquil—had you been with me I should have been perfectly happy—as it was, my anxieties were tempered with a spirit of endurance & quiet cheerfulness. Here I am overthrown—dashed down—trampled on. What do you mean, you may ask. Indeed I know not; I know no cause of all this, no distinct form to be grappled with: I know only that I am to be pitied.

Let us talk of something else. I send off tomorrow a parcel directed for Alfred, containing sundry little productions which I think he will like, among them a pamphlet of my own, & a Number of the Foreign Quarterly which has a few pages of mine in it. I hope, although they are directed to him, you will not on that account refuse to read them.[2] I give you full liberty to skip whatever you find dull—a liberty which I dare say you would have taken without permission, but which may be fatal to my hope that you will read some of it. The Printers are full of promises that they will send Alfred all his proofs by Saturday; but like other people they perform much less than they promise. That the whole however may be out "in a clumpy volume" before December, if Alfred himself uses reasonable diligence, I have little doubt.

I am glad you have taken up Robertson again—I was just going to begin catechising you about your state of learning.[3] Robertson

himself is a pedantic, superficial fellow; what you were dreaming of when, a letter or two ago, you mentioned him together with Dante, I cannot tell; but dreaming you certainly were, & indeed, if I may say it, the end of your letters sometimes betokens of the time of the evening to which you have postponed writing. But Robertson was fortunate in his subjects; there can hardly be a grander one than the Conquest of America, & to spoil it would require more *positive* badness of head than can well be laid to his charge. To come back to the last sentence, I don't mean of course to say that your dreamy conclusions are not the most delightful things in their way: but somehow I should like sometimes to become acquainted with the tenor of your thoughts when awake & unfatigued. Why should you always write at the last moment possible? Gradually too you have omitted to fill the little bit that used to be chuck full—a clear loss to me, which I remonstrate against warmly. But however & whenever written, your letters are always delicious, & my greatest blessing. All my little censures & cavils are to be constantly taken with this reservation. I may venture therefore to hint that considering how often you use Italian words it is rather remarkable you should never deviate into a right use of them.[4] I fear you have not perseverance enough for German; but I am sure, if you had, there is no language—hardly your own—that you would like as well. It would be a new world for you. Hereafter perhaps, when your taskmaster may be more constantly by you, something of the sort may be done: but as a free [lab]ourer, & not under my eye—never, I think.[5]

[I hav]e no news to tell you. Last week has been a blank one with me. To be sure, I may tell you that I have drawn up my first Conveyance, by which Miss Joan Hogeson alias Hoggeson has "bargained, sold, granted, released & confirmed" certain Butcher's shops in Barley Market in Tavistock in the Co. of Devon to Mr. Christopher Vickry Bridgeman. It covered eighteen folio pages—I wish him joy of his beef & mutton. Goodbye, Nem, for this week; do not fear but I shall get over my sulky fit, & whistle it down the wind, as I have done many the good time before.

Ever thy most affect:te

Arthur.

P. S. Did you go to the Ball?[6] Full particulars are requested.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 8 November 1832

1. *Macbeth*, 3. 1. 26–27: "I must become a borrower of the night / For a dark hour or twain."

2. See letter 204 n. 10.

3. See letter 158 n. 6.

4. See previous use in letter 203 n. 8.

5. AHH may have been echoing Milton's language in "How soon hath time" or "When I consider how my light is spent" in his promise to "lord" over Emily's labor.

6. Probably the "Stuff Ball," regularly attended by most Lincolnshire families. See also letter 200 nn. 4–5.

206. TO LEIGH HUNT

MS: Iowa

67 Wimpole St. Nov. 13 [1832].

Allow me, Sir, to return you my sincere thanks for the copy of Shelley's Masque you have presented me through Mr. Moxon. I have read it with great interest, both for the author's sake & the editor's.[1] While at Cambridge, I partook largely in the enthusiasm, which animated many of my cotemporaries, & indeed formed us into a sort of sect, in behalf of his character & genius. If I have since somewhat tempered that enthusiasm, in so far as it extended to some of his peculiar opinions, I have not ceased, & shall not, to regard him as one of the most remarkable men, & greatest poets whom this country (rich though she be in such) has produced.

I happen to possess a memorial of Shelley to which I attach some value—a copy of Spinoza's Ethics, said to have belonged to him, & which probably did so, if I may judge from the pencil lines of approbation in the margin of several passages.[2]

For the courteous manner in which you have spoken of my Remarks on Rossetti in a note which Mr. Moxon has shewn me, I must also express my thankfulness. I had thought you might be pleased with them, on account of the subject, so conversant as I knew you to be with the sunny literatures of the South. I am afraid however my little pamphlet has many more faults than you are willing to find with it. I wrote it too hastily, & with few books at hand. One or two inaccuracies there are, which a slight degree of attention might have rectified—such as a foolish slip of the pen about the date of Augustin.[3] In your remark on the usual failing of critics, too fond of metaphysical refinement, I entirely agree: in my own instance, I endeavor to guard against the temptation, but perhaps with little success.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of presenting you a second collection of poems by my friend Alfred Tennyson, much superior, in my judgement, to the first, although I thought, as you know, highly of

those. His brother, the author of the Sonnets, has entered the Church, & is, I fear, lost to the Muses. Alfred has resisted all attempts to force him into a profession, preferring poetry, & an honourable poverty.[4]

Believe me, Sir,
Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Leigh Hunt Esq. / York Buildings.

1. *The Masque of Anarchy: a Poem, now first published*, with a preface by Leigh Hunt (Moxon, November 1832).

2. *Ethica, Ordine Geometrico Demonstrata* (published posthumously) by Baruch Spinoza (1632–77); this copy has apparently not survived. AHH refers to Spinoza's *Ethics* in his "Remarks" on Rossetti (note b; p. 62).

3. AHH had stated that Augustine (354–430) wrote "six centuries earlier" than Dante (1265–1321); he had also given 1484 as the birthdate of Luther (1483–1546) and ascribed a slightly misquoted line to Verges, rather than Dogberry, in *Much Ado About Nothing*. See *Writings*, pp. 243, 278. On 20 June 1833, Hunt wrote to William Tait, then editor of *Tait's Edinbugh Magazine*: "It has struck me that Mr. Hallam, son of the author of the Constitutional History of Great Britain, would be an excellent man for your purpose in the magazine, as a young writer of talent. He is author of a very promising work indeed—a pamphlet on the subject of Signor Rossetti's strange theory about Dante, which deserves to be better known, & which would make a good & curious article for review in your publication. Mr. Moxon has it, & can give you Mr. Hallam's address; & you might make use of my name to him, if you pleased" (Iowa).

4. See letters 101 n. 3; 164 n. 11; 119 n. 4. Hunt's letter to Tait had also recommended "asking some verses of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, a genuine young poet, who will by & by be an eminent one. He is a friend of Mr. Hallam's."

207. TO CHARLOTTE SOTHEBY[1]

MS: Huntington

67 Wimpole St. Thursday Eveng. [15 November 1832.]

My dear Miss Sotheby,

If you are good enough to send the Poneychaise to meet me at Loughton it shall find me there when the *earliest* Coach comes in. I shall work very hard all tomorrow to earn a right to this holiday. I hope your exertions have been unremitting to <procure> produce a splendid display on Saturday Evening. I have not found any article of dress that would be worth having: but faute de mieux I have written some verses in the character of Pygmalion,[2] so I beg that part may be considered bespoke for me. I am philosophically indifferent who is to be my Statue: the verses talk about beauty & so forth, but since it would be invidious in me to apply them to any one, where so many are deserving, I must leave the ladies to settle among themselves which is to be considered the handsomest for the occasion. My part in Ivan is not very perfect yet: in fact, I think we chose the least eligible bit in the play.[3] I have not studied the other words at all; and without Mrs. Trollope's book I am afraid we shan't be *jam* in one of them.[4] Speriamo pure.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Sotheby / Fairmead Lodge / Highbeach / Essex. P/M 16 November 1832

1. Charlotte, second daughter of Admiral Thomas Sotheby (1759–1831), and thus niece of William Sotheby, married Robert Boothby Heathcote (1805–65), rector of

Chingford, Essex, in 1837. Both of Charlotte's parents were dead by 1832; she and her sister—Catherine-Sophia, who married Charlotte's brother-in-law, George Heathcote (1811–95), rector of Conington, Hunts., in 1839—lived with their uncle.

2. "Lines Spoken in the Character of Pygmalion, Written on the Occasion of a Represented Charade," published in *Remains*; see *Writings*, pp. 111–12. AHH transcribed the lines into an album (now at Indiana), which William Sotheby presented to Charlotte Sotheby.

3. Perhaps a version of *Ivan Vejeeghen, or Life in Russia* (published in England in 1831) by Thaddeus Bulgarin (1789–1859), a political novelist and essayist. The German translation—*Abenteuerliche und Romantische Geschichte des Iwan Wischyghin, oder der russische Gilblas* (1830)—provides a somewhat clearer indication of the work's subject matter. In his 19 June 1830 letter, Southey, "very much pleased and amused with the book (which has a great reputation in its own country, and has been translated into French)," recommended the English translation to Moxon, who, however, did not publish it (*Letters of Southey*, 4:188–89).

4. *The Refugee in America*, 1:70: "The American young ladies had rather bide at home from July to eternity, than show themselves when they ar'n't jam."

208. TO EMILY TENNYSON [with postscript to Alfred Tennyson]

MS: Wellesley

[London.] [20 November 1832.]

My dearest Nem,

I have more to say of the Forest, and since you are so favorably inclined to its inhabitants I will not spare you any particulars.[1] Saturday, according to promise, I went down, & was received with the warmest welcome, for which, in truth, I may be more indebted to the fact of my being the only young man there than to any individual merits. Well—we rehearsed all the morning, & in the evening performed eight Charades, beautifully got up, with appropriate dresses, scenery, & language to the admiration & delight of an audience not numerous but very welldisposed. I had to sustain the principal men-parts, & I will not say it was not hard work: but I was rewarded by much applause, & certain sweet smiles that shall be nameless. My most decided success was in the character of Pygmalion. Charlotte Sotheby was my Statue: she looked it to perfection: when the curtain drew up, & shewed her standing motionless on the pedestal, draped in white, & a white veil concealing all her head except the beautiful features not unlike in truth the work of Grecian art—when I, dressed as a sculptor, chisel in hand, poured forth a speech (in verse) of my own composition in praise of my supposed statue, ending with a prayer to Venus that she might live, & at the word slowly & gracefully the form began to move, to bend forward, to descend, to meet my embrace—the room rang with acclamations, & I—I thought of several things, but of none so much, as of the pleasure I should have in describing this to you, & perhaps on some occasion acting it with you. "Ah, traitor," you perhaps are saying, "the end of your sentence forgets the beginning—you were better pleased with Ch. Sotheby than you would have been with any one else." Be as incredulous as you please: I disdain to defend myself. It is a fact however, I think, that I like Kitty Sotheby better than her sister. She

is handsome, though not so handsome: she has a fresh complexion, which is a pleasant thing, though not so good for a Statue: & she has very soft eyes that look all sorts of things. They are both agreeable girls, & full of lively, somewhat satirical conversation, yet not without tokens of deep & strong feeling, ready to come when called for. Now I have done—positively I have—I will say no more, or you will say with the Clown in Twelfth Night "Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man—he talks of nothing but ladies!"[2] Consider in my behalf that I am pent up all the week with parchments, which are dull things, without eyes or lips—so that a little Sabbath of lady-looks may be allowed me.

I am over-perplexed what Alfred can possibly mean by an enigmatical sentence about "Love being deaf" in his letter today. I entreat the riddle may be solved, or I shall pine for curiosity: I am utterly at a non-plus, & can guess no shadow of a meaning.[3] What do *you* mean when you say you were nearly "struck by a bullet?" Are you serious, or joking or metaphormaking or what? Prithee explain.[4] I am not sorry my pamphlet is liked. Leigh Hunt says in a letter to Moxon on the subject that he is glad to find I like Ariosto, because he has observed that "where these double-refined metaphysical critics fail in their universality, it is apt to be on the side of active poetry, & so of wit & manners & that best kind of conventionality wch. feels cheerfully & *in masses*, as distinguished from a more anxious spirit of imagination!" There's a sentence for you. Fancy "conventionality" or anything else "feeling *in masses*!!"[5] Goodbye, Mrs. Nem. I must add a line to Alfred.

Ever thy own

Arthur.

Dear Nal,

By all that is dear to thee—by our friendship—by sun moon & stars—by narwhales & seahorses—don't give up the *Lover's Tale*. Heath is mad to hear of your intention. I am madder. You must be pointblank mad. It will please vast numbers of people. It pleases the wise. You are free from all responsibility as to its faults, by the few lines of preface. Pray—pray—pray—change your mind again. I have ordered *Moxon* to stop proceedings, till I hear from you again. Therefore write *instanter*.[6]

Ever thine

AHH.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 20 November 1832

1. See letter 207.

2. 4. 2. 25–26.

3. See letter 200 n. 5.

4. See letter 211 n. 4.

5. See letters 205 n. 2; 206 n. 3. Hunt's letter to Moxon has not been traced; his use of "conventionality" predates the earliest *OED* entry (1834).

6. See letter 204 n. 6. On 20 November 1832, AT wrote to Moxon: "After mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume entitled 'Lover's tale'—it is too full of faults and tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular <yet as popularity is not what I am particularly anxious for>, yet to my eye it spoils the completeness of the book & is better away. Of course whatever expenses may have been incurred in printing the above, must devolve on me solely. . . . On the receipt of this you may begin to dress the Volume for its introduction into the world as soon as you choose."

209. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [22–27 November] 1832.

I hope to have a line from you today, stating your ultimatum as to the Lover's Tale. I fear it will not be favorable as you say you made up your mind after deliberation.[1] If so I shall be very sorry. There are magnificent passages in that poem. The present casket, faulty as it is, is yet the only one in which the precious gems contained therein can be preserved.

I have begun a sort of article upon you, which I think I shall send to the "Edinburgh."[2] For several reasons the "Edinburgh" is preferable if I can manage it. If however Macaulay would review you favourably it would be much better.[3] Do you intend putting any sort of preface to the volume? "Poems" is not a sufficient title. People will think it is the old book & not buy. Moxon's advertisements have been "A second series of Poems by etc." but I don't much like the word "series." Let me or him have a line about this—[4]

I have just got your note. It can't be helped. "Nescit vox missa reverti." In a selfish point of view I shall gain; for mine is the only printed copy of the "Tale" & I shall lend it at 5/ a head.[5]

1. See letter 208 n. 6.

2. Submitted by mid-December 1832 (see letter 214 n. 8). It was not accepted and apparently has not survived; AT's *1832* volume was not reviewed in the *Edinburgh*.

3. See letter 156 n. 9.

4. AT's 20 November 1832 letter to Moxon states that "the titlepage may be simply Poems by Alfred Tennyson (don't let the printers squire me)."

5. At least seven printed copies survive; see *Ricks*, pp. 299–300; W. D. Paden, "Tennyson's *The Lover's Tale*, R. H. Shepherd, and T. J. Wise," *Studies in Bibliography* 18 (1965): 111–45; and Wise, *Bibliography of Tennyson*, 1:27–30. The copy at Texas (not mentioned by Paden) is inscribed, in AHH's hand, "Adelaide Kemble from A.

Hallam"; it contains the accidental corrections, but not the substantive alterations, in AT's hand that appear in the B.L. copy, and thus appears to be the volume that AHH threatened to lend out. Assuming that AHH is correct in his assertion in this letter, he may have parted with his single copy of *The Lover's Tale* after the additional printing, which, as the dedication in the New York Public Library copy ("D. D. Heath from his affec^te^ brother J. M. Heath. Dec^r^ 1832") makes clear, took place almost immediately. That AHH should give his copy to Adelaide Kemble implies a closer attachment to his friend's sister than these letters indicate. AT's headnote to the 1832 copies states that the work "contains nearly as many faults as words. That I deemed it not wholly unoriginal is my only apology for its publication—an apology, lame, and poor, and somewhat impertinent to boot; so that if its infirmities meet with more laughter than charity in the world, I shall not raise my voice in its defence. I am aware how deficient the Poem is in point of Art, and it is not without considerable misgivings that I have ventured to publish even this fragment of it." See also Horace *Ars Poetica*, lines 389–90: "delere licebit / Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti [the unpublished may be destroyed; a word once uttered can never be recalled]."

210. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:127–28

[London.] [25–30 November 1832.]

I am very remiss in not having sooner written to you, especially as you were kind enough not to forget giving me some account of yourself. Frere's letter, on the first page of this, has given me an opportunity which I am not quite so reprobate a correspondent as to neglect. His proposal does not seem very tempting. However, as he seemed desirous you should know it, I may as well convey it to you. It is the only one I have heard of, except that Spedding, whom I saw a little while since, said he would inquire whether the curacy I mentioned to you near London was still vacant; but I have not heard any result. I keep on the lookout, however, and if all your friends do the same, it is hard if something does not offer soon.[1] Yet it is a disadvantage certainly that you should be so far off; curacies are snapped up long before a post can travel to Stradbally. I do most heartily wish you were well out of the doomed country in which you live. A few days ago I saw in the papers an account of a dreadful murder, committed, I fear, on one of your father's household, residing perhaps under the same roof with yourself. I shuddered to know blood was spilt so near you. I trust you do not put yourself forward more than is unavoidable as defence, in opposition to these irreclaimable banditti or their employers.[2]

I have mislaid your letter, and have no distinct recollection of its contents, except one announcement, of which I give you joy cordially. You and Donne will nearly start fair in the course of educating a child to become a good citizen in evil times. Your plans will be somewhat different; I hope the result may be the same.[3] I am very hard at work now, slaving at the outworks of my profession. I do not dislike it much, further than my natural indolence indisposes me to labour of any sort. I am laid up today with a severe cold, a circumstance to which you owe this letter and its stupidity. I know nothing of any interest about any of our friends. Of course you agree with me in

execrating the Dutch war. A pretty mode of keeping the peace of Europe, to bring a Prussian and a French army to stare at each other over a frontier! Bets are even that the French are not in the citadel two months hence. If not attacked from the town side it is almost impregnable.[4] God bless you!

1. The various proposals are unidentified; Trench's 8 January 1833 letter to Donne noted that "there was some difficulty which prevented my obtaining the curacy of Shelton [near Norwich]. Rose, the Christian advocate, offered me a like situation at his living at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, which I have accepted" (*Trench*, 1:130).

2. On 22 November 1832, the *Times* reported the barbarous murder of Mr. Trench's steward: "He was attacked by two men with spades, who instantly dispatched him. The body next morning presented a most frightful spectacle, the skull having been literally broken to atoms." In his 8 January 1833 letter to Donne, Trench mentioned the murder and admitted that "every day that I was in the country I felt that I carried my life in my hand. A few days before we left, there were a couple of graves dug in our lawn, with a coffin traced in the sod between them, being a sort of very lively *memento mori* to my father and self" (*Trench*, 1:131).

3. Trench's first son was born on 25 March 1833; Charles Edward Donne, Kemble's future son-in-law, was born on 21 May 1832. On 5 April 1833, Trench wrote to Donne that "to me it seems that all our efforts to educate a child to be a child of God, and not a child of this world or of the devil, must have reference to and be grounded in its baptism; and we are called not to doubt, but earnestly believe, the Father's goodwill towards it, and from that moment entreat it as one regenerated" (Miss Johnson).

4. See letter 204 n. 8.

211. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Wednesday Evening. Nov. 28 [1832].

My dearest Nem,

I did not receive your letter until today. Whether the guard of the Boston Mail is to blame for this I know not, but as you mention no cause for not writing, I suppose at all events you intend me to lay the blame on that obnoxious character—& so I will with all my heart. I am glad my letter amused you—it was rather silly—but it is better to be silly than sad. Had you been indeed present at the Fairmead festivities, visible or invisible, I think I must have found you out. Had you come with two rings, & slipped one on my finger, how kind it would have been, & how my sudden disappearance would have startled the gay company![1] Do you know, Nem, what is the predominant feeling always in my mind, when I see beauty & talent, & when I address to them the common homages of politeness? I mentally sacrifice them to you with feelings of pride, & almost of disdain: I pass among them, as one above them: they seem utterly remote from my own sphere of life: I look at them as a living man might look at empty ghosts. I am enthroned in the love of Emily, & regard all other things as below the concern of my royalty. You too are enthroned; you sit, a queen beside me, on a triumphal car, behind which follows a long train of fair captives conquered by my valour & bestowed upon you. I will take care to make the train long & resplendent. Do you be gracious & majestic, as becomes so illustrious a queen. To think now, what a rage certain fair ones would be in, if they were to see this letter, & how coolly I dispose of them in it! "Who is this odious little Lincolnshire animal" they would say, "whom this wretch has the presumption to set over our heads!" I should lose my captives, & you your followers—so we won't tell them a word about it.

I have not been gay this last week, except a little visit to a family at Blackheath, whom I have mentioned to you before, among whom

there is an Emily.[2] But she is not much of an Emily. The nicest of them is a Marianne—lively, pleasant, nearly witty, & not far from pretty. She played the Flauto to me, which she has, arranged for singing, with the words, which are poor enough. I learnt the meaning of several things I never understood before—for instance "Hm, Hm," which is sung by a youth with a padlock on his mouth.[3] You did right to lower my pretensions to good acting by recalling to my mind former failures in that way at Somersby. Perhaps however I may have improved. Besides one can't become an old woman in a minute. You must know nevertheless that I was dressed partly in woman's clothes as a sculptor. How so, you ask. The truth is, we were exceedingly puzzled for a proper Grecian artist's dress. At last, after many suggestions, la belle Charlotte produced—what do you think? her dressinggown! a long white thing with an elegant frill—and this, with the addition of a blue sash by way of girdle was declared very Grecian. The sharp eyes however of one lady among the spectators detected the real nature of my habiliments, & it caused some merriment afterwards at supper.

Your explanation of the bullet deprives your first account of some of its terrors. As far as I see, Taf's rearing seems the worst part of the adventure. Pray get into as few battues as you can reasonably help.[4] I should be grieved to hear you had been served up with breadsauce in the second course of some Lincolnshire squire. Such an event would probably change the purpose I have of playing old woman with you on Xmas eve. You shall have more particulars as to this my intention in a short time. I know not yet exactly *when* I can come, nor *how long* I can remain. I know only that it cannot be long. I am bound for a whole year to my taskmaster, & a few short vacations not amounting *altogether* to more than two months, & taken at different times, are all the liberty allowed me in that time. You, dearest, will make that leisure as sweet to me as it must be brief. I am very sorry to hear so rueful an account of my namesake. When will the fatality of your house begin to cease from persecution?[5] Not until a Tennyson discovers & proves that there is no fatality, which undaunted Will & patient Piety may not resist & overcome. Poor Arthur—what does the Assassin, the Old Man of the Wolds, intend to do with him? Your flower puzzles me. It is so shrivelled that it might puzzle a wiser florist. I am driven to my old resource of pronouncing it a heart's ease. I dare

say I am wrong—but what? may I not be mistaken in the symbol when I have toiled so long in vain to attain the reality! Love to all. And believe me ever

Thy most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 29 November 1832

1. See letters 207 and 208 n. 1.
2. Unidentified; see letter 167 n. 2.
3. *Die Zauberflöte*, 1. 1; the youth is Papageno. See letter 203 n. 10.
4. See letter 208 n. 4; other details are unknown.
5. There is no record of this specific incident.

212. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[London.] Dec. 5 [1832].

My dearest Emily,

Is it necessary for me to assure you that every hour of time I can give to Somersby shall be given? Were I the master, oh how gladly would I abandon every place & every thing to be beside you for ever. Poignant is the misery I often feel—or why say I, "often"? it is *always* at my heart, smothered sometimes by force, yet there still, & withering all that otherwise might be pleasant—the misery of wearing a divided being, of being forced to live & smile in one place, while all my hope, desire, affection, & true life are inseparable from another. Oh never, never think for a moment when I write gaily, & talk of enjoyments, & amusements, that my heart is or can be in them. Sometimes I am reckless; sometimes I try to assume philosophy; but the intervals are rare & short in which I obtain oblivion of myself. To have known you, Emily; to love, & be beloved by you is to be either most happy or most wretched—there can be no cold medium. God have mercy upon us. I trust the illness you mention was transitory: the thought that you have been better this autumn is a great comfort to me.

I have one piece of news for you, which cannot but be pleasant. Alfred's book is out. It shines in Moxon's window, resplendent with lilac covers, & tempting passengers, I hope irresistibly. Near a hundred copies are sold, which is pretty well for the first two days. A parcel will be sent off to Alfred *tomorrow* containing a proper assortment of copies, the article in the Athenaeum, & various etceteras. Let me have your full opinion how the volume looks, what you think looks best in it, & such other little criticisms as you like. I am so glad it is out. I could have wished many things corrected, & some inserted; but I am thankful for it & delighted with it, as it is. The faults are human; the genius divine.[1]

Have you seen any new books lately? That which makes the greatest sensation here is the series of Tales by Harriet Martineau, illustrative of Political Economy.[2] She is undoubtedly a very extraordinary woman—quite deaf & rather lame—but gifted with a masculine intellect, & a graphic imagination. There is great pathos, eloquence, & power of delineating character in her tales. As for their scientific merits I am not a competent judge: it is the fashion to praise her extravagantly in this respect; but I entertain some repugnance to doctrines so sweeping as hers on the subjects of Charity, Marriage &c. She thinks the only safety for the country, the only chance of preventing our becoming a nation of paupers, is to abolish all charitable institutions (which only serve to increase the number of the indigent), & to check marriage as far as we can. To me these seem insecure expedients for rendering the people moral & contented. The extinction of public & private Charity would surely make the rich hardhearted & the poor desperate. Poor comfort it would be to one begging for bread to tell him future generations will be the better for his starvation.

I am interested in your poor woman.[3] Tell me more about her, & how she goes on. God bless you in your good works. It is fearful how the rich are wont to harden themselves against the poor, by merely keeping out of the way of their sufferings. To watch by a sickbed; to shew a sufferer that we have a human heart; this is better even than almsgiving. "Pure religion & undefiled" says the Apostle "is *to visit* the widow & the fatherless in their affliction."[4]

Ever thine affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 6 December 1832

1. The volume was dated 1833, suggesting perhaps that Moxon had expected further delays in its publication. It was (favorably) reviewed in the 1 December 1832

Athenaeum, pp. 770–72. Moxon was already known for the high quality of his bindings. See letter 114 n. 7, for the previous allusion to Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

2. Harriet Martineau (1802–76), who published *Illustrations of Political Economy* (1832–34), *Poor Laws and Paupers Illustrated* (1833), and *Illustrations of Taxation* (1834), was a strong advocate of social reform. Her posthumous autobiographical memoir comments on literary figures of the period, including Henry Hallam.

3. A Mrs. White of Mablethorpe, who evidently rented her home to lodgers (Emily Tennyson to Ellen Hallam, 7 May 1835; Trinity).

4. James 1:27.

213. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[London.] Thursday. Dec. 12 [1832].

My dearest Emily,

I am much grieved to think what your grief must be in leaving Somersby.[1] I hardly dare endeavor to console you, but I trust you feel the necessity of summoning up all the powers of your mind to meet the event with composure & patience, if not with fortitude. Surely it must be some relief to you that you go not to a distant place, but to Dalby, the *second home* of your childhood, a spot endeared by numberless early associations, & having the same neighbourhood as Somersby itself. This must comfort you, I think; and since you must indeed go to Dalby, it is well that you should keep it much before your mind, as I doubt not you do. Yet—shall I own it, Emily? I could bring myself to wish it were not so, and that when you left your home you had left altogether the country. There is a hunger of imagination preying upon your mind which I want to see blunted by a complete, or at least considerable change of circumstances.[2] Do you think me cruel for saying this? I speak only in what I think your real & permanent interest. To secure your welfare I would assent to anything & everything—even to the temporary wounding of your feelings. I too love Somersby. How dearly! But I love it *principally* for your sake. I trust I am not too late to see it once more, to take a farewell of it with you—a last farewell of objects & places eternally engraven on my heart, because connected with a passion that has made the destiny of my life. I will not sadden myself more by writing more about it.

Tell me—you do not surely leave Somersby before Xmas? I purpose being with you *the twenty third;* Sunday I believe. I would fain have come before the *twentieth,* for that day is to me a saint's day—can you guess why, or does your perplexingly short memory leave you at fault?[3] But my father particularly wishes me to dine on the 21st. with Mr. Justice Bosanquet who has made me a very kind offer lately

connected with the law.[4] Will your aunt be in town at that time? I much wish to see her. I hope her being in town henceforward may be made advantageous to us. You never answered a question I once asked you about the precise tenor of a certain speech made by her to Fred; however I shall soon be in a condition to ascertain for myself.[5] Has anything been heard lately of the old man? What does he think of your change to Dalby? I fear you are rather more in his way there: but we may defy him; we have done with him; having refused to assist us when civilly asked, he has no longer the slightest influence on our conduct. We can despise his vices, and afford to pity him. Your reputable uncle, I see, is returned by a large majority for Lambeth.[6] I wish the electors joy of him.

Alfred's book is very prettily got up; there are, I believe, no errors except here & there in the stopping, [which] the reader's eye easily corrects. The heaviest [source of] errors alas! consists of Alfred's own alterations. I hear the most rueful complaints from Cambridge of what he has done to the Lotuseaters Palace &c. However the men of Cambridge have bought *seventy-five* copies; a fact infinitely to their credit.[7] There is a savage & stupid attack on poor Nal in the Literary Gazette—with such a parody on the Lady of Shalott! Poor Nal will die of it. But nobody minds the Lit. Gazette.[8] Farewell, love; one letter more—and *then*. Oh gioia! Oh ineffabile allegrezza![9]

Ever thy most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 13 December 1832

1. Apparently the Somersby Tennysons were again in danger of eviction; see letter 104 n. 4.

2. See Johnson, *Rasselas*, chap. 32: "[The pyramid] seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life and must be always appeased by some enjoyment."

3. See letter 96 n. 4.

4. See letter 93 n. 1. Sir John Bernard Bosanquet (1773–1847), a contemporary of Henry Hallam at Eton and Christ Church, was judge of common pleas in 1830 and privy councillor in 1833.

5. See letter 202 n. 9.

6. Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] outpolled the other successful Whig candidate, Sir Benjamin Hawes, 2,716–2,166.

7. See letter 212 n. 1. Kemble's 22 June 1833 letter to Donne expressed a continuing dissatisfaction: "You are far as I can see quite of my own mind, ergo, quite right, about Ælfred's alterations; what in the name of all mischief could he mean by changing in the Lotus Eaters, 'Full-faced above the valley stood the moon' into 'Above the valley burned the golden moon'? except that some damned friend or other told him that the full moon was never seen while the sunset lingered in the West; which is a lie, for I have seen it in Spain, and in the Lotos Land too! Then again what think you of the 'tusked sea-horse' for the 'broad-maned sea-horse'? Here also some *stumpf* told him that the Walrus or sea-horse had no mane; as if he and you and I do not know very well that he never meant the Walrus or any such Northern Brute, but a good mythological, Neptunian charger! But Ælfred piques himself upon Natural History, for which may a sound rope's end be his portion" (Miss Johnson). AT restored the first version of line 7, and completely revised lines 131–70, in which the second phrase appeared, in *Poems* (1842). Shortly before its publication, Kemble wrote to Brookfield: "If Alfred has changed one word of the Gardener's Daughter I will never forgive him" (Pierpont Morgan). Donne's opinion of the *1832* volume, in his 12 April 1833 letter to Trench, was nevertheless enthusiastic: "What a rich and magnificent volume has Tennyson put forth—do manus scientias" (Miss Johnson).

8. William Jerdan, then editor of the *Literary Gazette*, criticized AT as a pupil of the "Baa-Lamb School"; though the review (8 December 1832, pp. 772–74) praised "a fine perception of rural objects and imagery, and descriptive passages of no mean truth and beauty," the parody was more representative:

> On either side the dishes lie
> Brave plates of beefsteaks, beefsteak pie,
> That stuff the wame and feast the eye;
> And 'bout the table, beer runs by
> To many a thirsty throat.
> The yellowleavèd piccalilly,
> The greensheathèd pepper chili
> Tremble (pen me aught more silly!)
> Round about Shallot!!

See Shannon, pp. 14–15.

9. "Oh joy! Oh inexpressible exuberance!"

214. TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: *RES*, pp. 177–79

Oxford and Cambridge Club. December 15th, 1832.

My dear Gaskell,

I congratulate you with all my heart on your triumph. The lying Ministerialist journals said you had no chance, which, added to other information, made me presume you had a very good one, as the event has proved. Can it be true that Beilby Thomson canvassed *against* you?[1] There is a rumour to that effect, which, for his sake, I hope may be false. And Gladstone has turned out the Serjeant![2] I congratulate you upon this also, for I am sure, next to your own success, there can be none that pleases you better. What a triumph for him! He has made his reputation by it; all that remains is to keep up to it.[3] The elections, on the whole, are perhaps not matter for congratulation; in some places the Conservatives have done better than I expected, in others worse. I did not, for instance, look for a defeat at Manchester.[4] The counties, I hear, will do pretty well. There are, however, a fearful number of pledged Radicals returned, and many of them all the worse for not being Radicals *in name*. For instance, look at Tennyson's speech. Was ever anything so disgraceful? Yet that man stood professedly against the Destructive interest, as represented by Wakefield.[5] Look, too, at Grote, with his thousands of voters, far at the head of the poll; what a mischievous Radical he will prove! Again, two furious fellows returned for Brighton; and Roebuck for Bath.[6] But I most apprehend the Irish elections. If Dan carries it his own way, as is the general expectation, and if his pledged Repealers unite with the pledged Radicals of England, as is their obvious interest, they may, between them, govern the House. Nothing can stand, in the long run, against a compact body throwing its weight alternately into the Whig or Tory scale, as may best suit its purpose. You and Glad. must bestir yourselves. I am not sorry Macaulay has succeeded at Leeds, because I dislike Sadler,[7] and because one naturally wishes

eminent men to hold their seats in the House, especially in a Reformed House, where oratory and genius are likely to be at a discount. One good result of your election is that you will soon come to town. When you do I shall make you buy Alfred Tennyson's book, which may serve by way of recreation after hot stormy debates. I have reviewed it for the "Edinburgh," but I don't know whether my article will be accepted.[8] All your London friends that I have seen are in high glee at your success. I dine today with the Duckworths,[9] when I doubt not you will be the subject of conversation. If you chance to see Gladstone, give him my hearty congratulations. Remember me very kindly to all that belongs to you, and believe me ever,

Very affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

1. On 11 December 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone: "We have beaten them after the sharpest contest ever remembered in Wenlock" (B.L.). Gaskell, with 365 votes, placed second to the Tory incumbent, George Cecil Weld Forester (469 votes); the radical ironmaster, Matthew Bridges, placed third with 339 votes. On 31 December 1831, Gaskell had written to Gladstone that Beilby Thompson "will be a pretty regular supporter of the Government. He is a very pleasant and hospitable man, but grossly ignorant of the bearings of political questions." Gaskell's 1832 letters (B.L.) do not mention any opposition from Thompson.

2. On 13 December 1832, Gladstone placed first (887 votes) at Newark, with the Tory candidate—William Farnworth Handley (the uncle of Gladstone's Etonian companion)—second (798 votes), and the Whig incumbent, Thomas Wilde (1782–1855)—serjeant-at-law, who served as M.P. for Newark from 1831 to 1832 and from 1835 to 1841—third (726 votes).

3. Southey's 8 January 1833 letter to Mrs. Bray stated that "great expectations are formed of young Gladstone, the member for Newark, who is said to be the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years, since Peel or Canning" (*Letters of Southey*, 4:322).

4. Mark Philips, Liberal M.P. for Manchester from 1832 to 1847, had placed first, with Charles Edward Poulett Thomson (1799–1841), Liberal M.P. for Manchester from 1832 to 1839, choosing to serve at Manchester rather than Dover, where he had also been elected. Cobbett, who had contested unsuccessfully at Manchester, was elected for Oldham.

5. In a series of speeches at Lambeth in late November and early December 1832, Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] had declared himself in favor of extending the franchise and other civil and religious rights; he placed first in the election, with Daniel Wakefield (1776–1846), writer on political economy, an unsuccessful third.

6. George Grote (1794–1871), an associate of Bentham and the Mills, served as Radical M.P. for London from 1832 to 1841; Isaac Newton Wigney and George Faithful were M.P.'s for Brighton from 1832 to 1837 and 1832 to 1835, respectively. John Arthur Roebuck (1801–79), M.P. for Bath from 1832 to 1837, placed second.

7. Macaulay had placed second, ahead of Michael Thomas Sadler (1780–1835), political reformer and Tory M.P. from 1829 to 1832.

8. See letters 197 n. 6; 209 n. 2.

9. Possibly William Duckworth (1795–1876) of Lancashire, who attended Eton and Trinity and married Hester Phillips in 1825.

215. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[London.] Dec. 20 [1832].

My dearest Emily,

I have secured my place in the Mail for Saturday night. If it is really in no way inconvenient to send the poney-chaise, I think I may as well save myself the expense of a postchaise. But if there is the slightest reason to the contrary, pray don't think about it. Be visible—that's a good girl—when I arrive. Every hour of you will be precious, since I cannot stay longer than I did last time.[1] I fear the shadow of the coming event will be on your spirit;[2] but really you must try to pluck up a bit, & make me properly merry for the Eve. If you set up a "reg'lar good cry" because it is your *last* Eve at Somersby, how shall I remember it is my *first?* I hope I shall find you a breakfaster now—shocking sad it will be, if you never make your appearance before one o'clock. Surely you have corrected such bad manners.

Your letter was brief, and mine is briefer; I make the same promise of redemption by talk which you do, & I doubt not shall keep it rather better. Goodbye. Friday, Saturday—how I despise fortyeight hours; yet I rather hate them too.

Ever thy most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 20 December 1832

1. August 1832; see letter 182.

2. See Thomas Campbell, *Lochiel's Warning:* " 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, / And coming events cast their shadows before."

215a. EMILY TENNYSON TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

[Somersby?] [24 December 1832–7 January 1833?][1]

Carissimio Arturo,

Come sono disgraziato di assere ancora male, e che sono forzato di rimanere nel mio camere, quando i momenti sono cosi preziosi che state qui—ona pure, come dice il Signore Whewel, subito che potrò, scenderò. Mi par mill' anni di vederti—che pensate del giorno; fa freddo o piu tosto un giorno secondo il tuo cuore? Mi dica ti scongiuro, comeva la tua saluto aggi—Addio, il cielo ti guardi.

P.S. Vuol correggere la mia biglietto senza troppo ridendo.

Addressed Per Il Signore Arturo.

Translation:

Dearest Arthur,

How unlucky I am to be ill again and forced to stay in my room when the moments when you are here are so precious—but then, as Mr. Whewell says,[2] as soon as I can, I shall come down. It seems a thousand years since I've seen you; what do you think of the day; is it cold or rather a day like your own heart? Tell me, I entreat you, how you are today. Farewell, may heaven watch over you.

P.S. Would you like to correct my little note without too much laughing.[3]

1. Evidently AHH and Emily corresponded in Italian while both were at Somersby. Emily's reference to the possibility of cold weather and AHH's half-hearted attempt to prohibit her from venturing outside (letter 216) suggest a winter visit; Emily's attempt at Italian, and AHH's indulgent response, would seem to date the exchange after AHH's somewhat caustic comments on her linguistic abilities (see letter 205 n. 4).

2. The allusion to Whewell, who certainly would not have been at the Rectory, is unclear.

3. AHH's corrections are noted on the letter; the editor has attempted to imitate his indulgence by not listing Emily's numerous errors.

216. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

[Somersby?] [24 December 1832–7 January 1833?][1]

Ben mio,

Assai gravoso mi era stamane, benchè non affatto inaspettato, il sentir che facevi un' altra fermata lassù. Ah, cara, se ti fermassi un poco più in questa stanza, dopo avere scesa, non ti sarebbe d'uopo staccarti da me ogni mattina. Mi dimandi nuove del giorno; ebbene; l'aria è umida, come jeri, ma più dolce; non c'è vento; ma ho gran paura che fra poco avremo pioggia. Come al solito, ti proibisco di uscire; come al solito, bisogna credere, ti burlerai di mia proibizione. Vieni presto, pazzetta; ne parleremo insieme. Quanto a me, non sto bene, ne pur troppo male: s'io ti veggio, e se non mi sembri ammalata, forse starò ottimamenti. Matilda[2] mi aspetta; dunque adio, cara, carissima, pazza, pazzissima. Bacia questo biglietto al principio della seconda riga della seconda pagina; ve l'ho baciato io. Ti fo mille complimenti sullo stile della bellina lettera, che mi hai mandato: pochissimi sbagli vi trovo, e più bellezze. Vieni presto à consolarmi.

Arturo.

Addressed All' ornatissima Signorina Emilia. favorita dalla Signina Matilda.

Translation:

My beloved,

This morning it was rather sad, although not at all unexpected for me to hear that you were making another stop upstairs. Ah, dear, if you would only remain a little longer in this room after having come down, you would not have to separate yourself from me every

morning. You ask me news about the weather; ah well; the air is humid, as it was yesterday, but more pleasant; there is no wind, but I have a strong fear that before long we shall have rain. As usual, I forbid you to go out; as usual I suppose you will laugh at my prohibition. Come soon, foolish one; we shall talk about it together. As for me, I am not well, nor am I very ill: if I see you and you don't seem sick to me, perhaps I shall be very well. Matilda expects me; therefore good-bye, dear, dearest one, little fool, foolish one. Kiss this note at the beginning of the second line of the second page; I have kissed it there. I make you a thousand compliments upon the style of the lovely letter that you have sent me. I find very few errors, and many beautiful things. Come soon to comfort me.

Arthur.

Addressed to the most beautiful Miss Emily. favorite of Miss Matilda.

1. See letter 215a.

2. Matilda Tennyson (1816–1913), according to Sir Charles, "had a strong sense of humour (much less marked in her two elder sisters) and a naïvety which was remarkable even in the Tennyson family" (*Background*, pp. 146–47); she never married, lived with her mother at Cheltenham, and with AT and Emily Sellwood Tennyson at Farringford. She and Mary Tennyson saw what might have been AHH's spirit at Somersby a few days before his death; she brought letter 248a, unaware of its contents, from the Spilsby post office to AT (see other references in *Background*).

217. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[Somersby?] [24 December 1832–7 January 1833?][1]

Poverina, stai male. Assicurati ch'io compatisco da cuore al soffrir tuo: volontieri soffrirei un dolore vieppiù amaro per liberarti, mia vita. Promettami una cosa; fa d'uopo che prendi alcun rimedio oggi; non tralascia la cura di te stessa; di grazia, bada a conservarti, se non pensi a te, pensa a me. Sii pietosa del mio male, se nol sei del tuo proprio. Era pazzià, come ti ho già detto, l'uscir di casa jeri; promettami, cara, di restar cheta, e domestica quest'oggi. S'io sapessi, che badi alla tua preziosissima salute, meno mi lagnerei di non accorgermi "Del soave splendor degli occhi belli, Delle dolci par[ole,] assai più dolci, Che'l mormorar d'un lento fiumicello, Che rompa il corso fra minuti sassi, O che'l garrir dell'aura infra le frondi." Così canta il gran Torquato,[2] e così ti favello anch'io. Mandami una semplice paroletta: ti congiuro di non uscir di casa, e di far qualche cosa per migliorar l'odiosa raffreddatura. Mandami solamente un sì. Arturo lo prega.

Addressed Per le mani di Madonna Emilia. Si chiede la risposta.

Translation:

My poor dear, you are ill. Be assured that I sympathize from the bottom of my heart with your suffering; willingly would I endure a far more bitter pain to free you, my life. Promise me one thing; you simply must take some remedy today; don't neglect taking care of yourself; please take pains to save yourself; if you don't think of yourself, think of me. Have pity on my unhappiness if not on your own. It was madness, as I have already told you, to go out yesterday; promise me, my dear, to stay quiet and at home today. If I knew that you were taking care of your most precious health, it would distress

me less not to perceive "the gentle brilliance of the lovely eyes, and the sweet words, much more sweet than the murmur of a slow streamlet which breaks its way among little stones, or the singing of the breeze among the leaves." So sang the great Torquato, and so sing I too to you. Send me simply one little word: I entreat you not to go out of the house today, and to do something to improve the hateful cold. Send me only a yes. Arthur begs it of you.

Addressed For the hand of Lady Emily. A reply is requested.

1. See letter 216.

2. *Aminta*, 1. 2, by Torquato Tasso (1544–95); AHH has adapted the passage slightly for his own purposes.

217a. EMILY TENNYSON TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

[Somersby?] [24 December 1832–7 January 1833?][1]

Arturo mio caro mi dica ti prego qualche delle tue avventure di jeri s'elleno fossero maravigliose o ridicole o piacevole—di più che crederti alla Signora Burton e del signore la una fratello[2] quello giovano amabile da chi il signore suo padre receve le lettore lunghe giornalmente. Spero che Charles ha fatto quasi nulla contro il credito della famiglia a che non ha dormito di nuovo.[3]

Translation:

Arthur my dear tell me I beg you about some of your adventures of yesterday, especially if they were marvelous or ridiculous or pleasant, and also what you thought of Mrs. Burton and that pleasant young man, her brother, from whom his father receives long letters every day. I hope that Charles has done almost nothing against the credit of his family and that he has not slept again.

1. See letter 215a; this letter does not seem to belong to the previous exchange.
2. Perhaps Langhorne Burton's mother; her brother is unidentified.
3. Charles Tennyson would have been at Somersby for Christmas.

218. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

Cambridge. Tuesday [8 January 1833].

I cannot resist writing a line, dearest Nem, & withdrawing myself from the noisy laughter of some worthy smokers around me. I stopped here last night, as I told you I intended, and found Brookfield, Garden & Monteith awake, & ready to welcome me with all sorts of hospitality. This morning, after about three hours' sleep, I have been breakfasting according to all the usual rights & honours of a Cambridge breakfast, & am about to set off for town. But I feel a heaviness of spirits, and a sort of remorse for hearing & seeing merriment, which makes me desire to offer myself an atonement by writing these few words.[1] And what if I were to add a request, a supplication, a single prayer, which you shall not grant if you find it at all inconvenient, but which if you do grant, I shall be much comforted. *One line from you*, written Thursday evening, sent Friday morning, received by me Saturday. Not more than one line perhaps—because I would not have it prejudice a longer letter to be written Sunday, in answer to mine of the day after tomorrow. I long, I burn to know whether you are better or worse or just the same: write to me, dearest, one line—and yet, if you will, interpret this liberally. People are making such a noise, & scolding me so for not talking to them, I say farewell for two days—fare well—& don't be angry with me for pestering you so soon. Dearest, dearest, God bless you.

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 8 January 1833

1. See letter 153 n. 1.

219. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Thursday. Jan. 10 [1833].

Dearest Nemkin,

I wonder whether I shall see your handwriting tomorrow. How nice it would be! Yet I rather regretted having written to ask it; for it seemed *teizing* you; and you are much too dear & good to be teized.[1] I am going to give you a chronicle of my adventures since I left Spilsby; Alfred may have given some history of them up to that time.[2] I felt so well just at the moment, that I began to hope I should be spared the horror of sudden loneliness which I have told you always comes upon me, when those odious wheels begin to whirl me away from all I hold most dear. However I had not gone two yards, when I felt something of it—a sort of unpleasant suffocation which made me turn round & attempt talking to my neighbour, a venerable spinster in dingy bombasine. I believe she spoke first—"a very dear piece of road this, sir"—I was surprised, & affected—"It is indeed" I answered, & thought the bombasine looked less dingy, & the spinster's face beamed with sudden beauty. "Poor woman," I said to myself, "she too thinks this road *dear;* some early affection no doubt, some powerful association"—but my raptures & sympathies were roughly checked by her next speech, "They charge me two pound six inside to town, & that's what I call very dear!" The bombasine looked dingier than ever; & I turned gruffly to look out of the window. When we reached the first stage, I got on the outside, & the bleak winds blowing from extensive fens soon took away sensations of illness. Nothing further worth relating occurred until I reached Cambridge about halfpast twelve. I went directly into Trinity as I told you in my last scrap; & my good friends prepared mulled claret to refresh me. I slept awhile on Brookfield's sofa, & enjoyed some pleasant talk with him during the night. He spoke much of Somersby, and inquired with great interest after everything. Certainly he is a good creature, that Brookfield. Next morning they made me eat grilled fowls, & smoke,

until two, except the little precious moments I stole amid general execrations to write to you. Then I departed in the very slowest coach that ever travelled, & did not reach London till halfpast ten at night. I found my mother rather better, but by no means rid of her spasmodic cough, which is a usual tribute she pays to winter. You are not the only person, Nem, who are ill in winter. My father was not yet come—he has been staying at Ld. Lansdown's in Wiltshire, & writes word he has been playing at crambo[3] every night, & thinks it a delightful game! We expect him today.

I have begun my work again, & all things return to their old tiresome track; all things the same, except the delicious consciousness of the fort[night] that is gone, which in some respects I prefer to any other time I have spent with you. Oh those dear mornings with the Simple Story![4] and oh those dearer evenings with nothing at all—yet how can I say so? If that [. . .] be *nothing*, then must annihilation, as some ancient wiseacres thought, be identical with supremest bliss. I have hardly any drawback on the felicity of that fortnight, but my anxiety for your poor health. I take a little comfort though, when I recollect how you danced that terrible long reel. Now do, love, when you write, say a little about yourself. And so goodbye—I commend myself to your love, my great & eternal blessing, and to the kind thoughts of all the rest of you.

Ever thy own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby/ Lincolnshire.
P/M 10 January 1833

1. See letter 218.

2. This suggests that Emily might have left Somersby sometime before AHH; see letter 213 n. 1.

3. A rhyming game in which each participant offers a line.

4. Perhaps the novel by Elizabeth Inchbald (1753–1821).

220. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

<67> [Wimpole Street.] Friday Evening. Jan. 25 [1833].

You are just now, dearest Emily, reading my promise to write again by tomorrow's parcel, & I am about to <redeem> fulfil that promise. I flatter myself you will find the parcel to your liking, albeit it contains no "jewels rich & rare," like the Croydon one,[1] nor perhaps any book so thoroughly to your taste as Undine. Yet are there nice things in it, and now for an inventory of them. Three novels, one volume of sermons, one parcel of tobacco (for Alfred, but you may take a whiff, if you will) six pieces of music, three sovereigns (for Fred). Now a description of the articles. I have been reading Miss Austen's Emma, which I had entirely forgotten, with the greatest enjoyment. I think it an admirable book, & I dare say you will agree with me. Miss Austen is an inimitable painter of quiet life. It would be difficult to say where the interest of Emma lies, yet it does interest strongly. There is no fine writing; no laboured description; no imaginative or ideal touches; no working on the feelings. Its magic must be its truth. It is exquisitely true. Life is presented to us, not as it may be taken in rare situations, in picturesque emergencies, but as we see it everyday. Common, workday life, with here & there a suit of best for Sundays. Yet there is nothing trivial. It is what Alfred calls in one of his unfinished poems "most ideal unideal, most uncommon commonplace."[2] Dignity in the sentiments, dignity in the style. Quite a woman's book—(don't frown, Miss Fytche—I mean it for compliment)[3]—none but a woman & a lady could possess that tact of minute observation, & that delicacy of sarcasm. Liking Emma so much, I bought "Sense & Sensibility," another of Miss Austen's. But I do not like it so well. It was her first book, & she does not seem to have attained full ease, & selfpossession. Yet there are many good things in it.

Caleb Williams,[4] as you know, is quite of a different school. A stern, terrific, unbending book. Godwin himself declares he intended

to make the reading of it an era in men's lives—that no man should ever feel *the same* after it as before. It is some time now, since I attained this era, & I have not read it over again lately. I long to hear your opinion of all three. Set Aunt Marianne[5] to work immediately, & report progress in every successive letter, not forgetting to give me Mary's views, as I have a very profound respect for her knowledge of novels, & her capacity to judge what is good & bad in them.

Not wishing you to read nothing but novels, I send a volume of Channing's Sermons,[6] after some hesitation, & doubt what to fix upon. Channing, you perhaps know, is a celebrated American preacher, the only man of eminence in that department whom they have to boast. He is a Unitarian, & honourably distinguished from the greater number of that sect by devotional fervour & imaginative views. You will, I think, be pleased with the clearness, eloquence, & benevolent spirit of many sermons in this volume; and it is not difficult to separate his controversial peculiarities from the general tone of Christian sentiment.

I hope both you & Mary will like the music. Four little airs, intitled "March," "Aria," "Aria Greca," & "Air from Mozart" have been copied by Ellen, so you may keep them for ever & a day. The other two, waltzes by Beethoven, are *only lent*, & therefore must be taken care of. I hope the "Last Waltz" may become a favorite, even next to the Haydn; for I love it much, & I think myself rather heroic to part with it, even to you. For aught I know, the Mozart air may already be familiar to you in some other shape & place. I have no notion what it comes from, but I am very fond of it.[7]

Oh, I have forgotten in my inventory an important article—the Monthly Repository, containing a review of Nal, & a very fair one too. There is also a good essay on the nature of poetry at the end. Should you glance at either of these, I need not desire you to pay no attention to certain marginal notes in pencil, because you will probably recognise the handwriting, & skip them of course.[8] Apropos of handwriting, how pretty Mary's is—it never struck me before—perhaps I never saw it before. Shall you think me a fool, if I say I can see all Mary's character in that little P.S., both the *general family character*, and the *individual Mary character?* Oh yes—a fool decidedly. Very well; good night then; love me always, in spite of my follies, & believe me

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.

P. S. I have forgotten too the Maid of Elvar,[9] which I have only looked at here & there, so I wait for your judgement. It seemed rather heavy, but I saw some nice lines. Adio.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson

1. See letter 203 n. 7 and Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies:* "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

2. AT's "Marion" (*Ricks*, p. 293), in Heath MS, lines 14–16: "Let me die, Marion, if I ever saw / Such ideal unideal, / Such uncommon commonplace!"

3. Anne Fytche may have reacted to AHH's description of Harriet Martineau as "gifted with a masculine intellect" (letter 212 n. 2).

4. *Adventures of Caleb Williams* (1794), by William Godwin (1756–1836).

5. Marianne Fytche.

6. Probably *Discourses on Various Subjects* (published in London in December 1832), by William Ellery Channing (1780–1842).

7. The music is unidentified.

8. William J. Fox's review of AT's *1832* volume in the January 1833 *Monthly Repository* (7:30–41) included some comments on his *1830* volume; Fox called AT second only to Wordsworth and Coleridge among living poets. AHH's marginal notes (in a copy now at TRC) criticize Fox's distinction between classical and modern poetry: "*Gnomic* poetry was carried to as high a point of perfection by the ancients as by any modern. As for the inward workings of passion, & the complicated ingredients of character, I suspect Homer & the Dramatists & Theocritus, not to say Virgil & Horace knew something of those matters. It is true, the Xtian religion & its attendant effect, the study of the Bible, have opened a new sphere for modern poetry—a sphere of vague grandeur & a universe of subtle imagery, produced & sanctioned by minute affinities of feeling. But this does not justify the sweeping assertions in the text" (p. 33). AHH responded to Fox's praise of a section from "Eleanore"—"The very lines I had chosen for censure. So the world wags" (p. 38); he also marked passages that praised AT's "rich display of the action and re-action of mind and matter,—of the effect of external scenery upon the soul within, and of the colouring which the soul spreads over all the external world" and suggested that AT's power "must have a more defined and tangible object" (p. 40).

The first part of "Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties"—"What is Poetry?"—by

John Stuart Mill (1806–73), appeared in the same issue of the *Monthly Repository*, pp. 60–70; AHH's marginal comments have not survived. See Mill's extensive evaluation of this first part of the longer essay in his 27 December 1832 letter to Carlyle, and his explanation of the impetus of the second part in his 7 September 1833 letter to Fox: "I have nearly made up my mind to transfer to you the paper on Poetry which I thought of putting at the head of a review of Tennyson somewhere. I think I could make a better review of Tennyson, and with the same ideas too, in another way" (*Earlier Letters*, pp. 132–35, 177–78).

9. *The Maid of Elvar*, a poem in 12 parts (published by Moxon in April 1832), by Allan Cunningham (1784–1842), Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer.

221. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [6 February] 1833.

Ω μοι διόγενες πατρόκλεες, οἷον εειπές;[1] you are very impertinent about my talent of letterwriting. I never said I composed my letters—now at least—formerly I did in some sort, when Plancus[2] was consul, & Gaskell my correspondent & hero of romance. But why should I blush to acknowledge, that in my young days I used to work for hours at a letter? Am I not thereby entitled to say of myself as Mrs. Langley said of her daughters, "Whatever accomplishment I may possess in that way it is entirely selftaught."[3] I don't care to joke about it. That labour if labour it was, was one of love. It had nothing of the file.[4] I composed a letter as I composed a poem. Heart & mind went into it, & why?—because I couldn't help it. I was full of ardent thoughts so new to me that I was afraid of losing them, and took every way to treasure them, so dear too that I could not rest till those I loved were familiar with them.

I have been reading Mrs. Jamieson's characteristics,[5] & I am so bewildered with similes about groves & violets & streams of music & incense & attar of roses that I hardly know what I write. Bating these little flummeries of style, it is a very good book showing much appreciation of Shakespeare, and the human heart. *εν δία δύοῖν*.[6]

As for your buying Ralph Esher,[7] I don't know that it will do Leigh any good, since for aught I know he sold the copyright before he wrote a line of it. I went again to Effingham Wilson's shop today, I saw the old codger himself; he was bland & submissive, promising to send me the account as soon as he should have time to make it out. I am confident the £11 will be found a mistake—perhaps a bravado of that saucy cub his son. Come what may you need not pay it. Take no step yourself. Leave it to Moxon, Tennant, Heath & myself.[8] A rumour is current that Mrs. Arkwright has set Oriana to music! Glorious if true. All the world loves her music, and Oriana has a fair chance of becoming as stale as the "Captive Knight."[9]

The country is in jeopardy hourly increasing. Yesterday I saw (perhaps) the last King of England go down to open the 1st. assembly of delegates from a sovereign people. It is a[n] unmanageable house. O'Connell raves. Government menaces. Your uncle seems to be manoeuvring to be chief of the Penultimate Radicals, the Girondists, one might call them from their position, were they not alike destitute of genius & patriotism. But there can be no doubt, that if the Mountain continues unshaken, it must increase, and that more faint-hearted crew to which your uncle belongs, will adhere to it. O'Connell's speech is said to have been very effective.[10] He & Sheil on one side; Macaulay & Stanley on the other—there will be some fine spectacles of intellectual combat.

Ever yours affectionately

AHH.

1. *Iliad* 16. 49: "Ah me, Patroklos, illustrious, what a thing you have said!"

2. A Roman consul in 42 B.C.; see Horace *Carminum* 3. 14. 27–28: "I had not brooked such insult when hot with youth in Plancus's consulship."

3. Mrs. Langley is unidentified.

4. Horace *Ars Poetica* line 291: "limae labor [labor of the file]."

5. Anna Brownell Jameson (1794–1860), miscellaneous writer, published *Characteristics of Women; Moral, Poetical and Historical* (1832; rev. ed. 1833); frequently reprinted as *Shakespeare's Heroines*, it was dedicated to Fanny Kemble.

6. "One through two" (i.e., hendiadys).

7. Hunt's *Sir Ralph Esher: or Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II* was published anonymously in 1832. See letter 164 n. 13.

8. The version of this letter in *Memoir*, 1:92–93, omits the section between "found a mistake" and "A rumor"; Hallam Tennyson has misleadingly noted that the £11 was "the sum my father received for the 1830 volume." According to CT (p. 130), 600 copies of the *1830* volume were published, at 5 shillings. Only 450 copies of *1832* were issued, suggesting perhaps that *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* had sustained a loss.

9. Mrs. Robert Arkwright, an actress at Newcastle and Edinburgh, published various musical settings of songs and ballads between 1832 and 1836. The "Captive Knight" has not been traced. In his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell, AT stated that "J. Willis wrote to me a week ago, from the Royal Musical Depository stating, that Mrs. Hughes (a sister of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Arkwright) had set 'Oriana' to music, and asking my permission to publish it. Of course I gave it, though somewhat reluctantly for I think it very dubious whether she may have touched the right key."

10. The first reformed Parliament opened on 29 January 1833; William IV delivered his customary speech on 5 February. O'Connell spoke extensively on the choice of the speaker of the house and against the king's speech; he was the principal speaker during this period. On 6 February, Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] asserted the necessity of further reforms, including the ballot and shortening the duration of parliaments.

222. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Feb. 16 [1833].

My own dearest Emily,

Your letter too is one that might make the tears flow, if it did not rather fill me with feelings of affection too deep for tears.[1] Love you less! No, Emily, more; every day more, for every day shews in a stronger light the goodness & purity of your heart. You might have met my "reproof" with expostulation & complaint; you might have told me I was unjust to lay eager hold on inconsistencies which escaped from you under the pressure of illness; you might have rebuked me with a list, easily made out, of my own inconsistencies & weaknesses; you might have pleaded that I, who pressed you to write on regular days, had no title to complain if those days should chance to be marked with gloominess & indisposition. But this you have not done; your meek, gentle disposition has not done this. I am afflicted indeed that my letters, which ought to lessen your discomfort, should ever be such as to increase it. Yet, Emily, you only do me justice in believing that I never dare to blame you in anything except from the most earnest wish to benefit you. It is a bitter thing, in this world of trial & sorrow, that we can often only hope to effect permanent good by causing temporary pain. I love you better than anything in the world, better even than those exquisite sensibilities of yours, to which I would sacrifice my own, but to which I will not sacrifice you. For when I say that I love *you*, I mean that I love your true & enduring self, with all your noble capacities of good, all that fits you for life on earth & in heaven, all that God has put into you not for momentary indulgence but for eternal welfare. And I call God to witness that, however miserably selfish & sinful I often am, however guilty towards Him & towards you whom He has given me, this love, such as I have described it, *is* within me, &, though wretchedly weak compared with what it ought to be, though fearfully warred against by the inveterate

vanities of my nature; *is* yet a real, substantial, active principle of my daily conduct. And therefore it is, Emily—even because my love for you is part of my religion—that no faults I may discover in you will lessen, but on the contrary will stimulate & exalt it. For your faults, which arise from an overwrought sensibility, too much concentred by circumstances on itself, have in some degree the complexion of virtues, especially when accompanied with humility to confess, & endeavor to amend them. I do not believe I shall ever find in you any defects of a *different character* to those which I at present discern, but if I should, the discovery could not affect the positive evidence I have of those excellent qualities which form the groundwork of your disposition. Indeed, dearest Nem, you should guard against that deceitful habit of imagination, which leads you to depreciate yourself. It is the more dangerous because it comes into the mind in the guise of humility. But by their fruits the two are known.[2] Humility inspires a purpose of amendment. The habit I speak of, to which we are all liable, & especially persons of strong imagination & weak nerves, encourages a reckless despondency. But you have something in you to counteract nerves & imagination. You have a clear & powerful understanding. I have seen its exercise & I know its existence. Trust its warnings & trust mine, & do not give way to an idle nervousness, which as I have sometimes perceived unless I am greatly mistaken, inclines you to shun opening out your thoughts to me *for fear I should like you less afterwards* & for the same reason perhaps to shun the idea of <our> that future union which must unavoidably give me greater knowledge of you. I may be mistaken, but it has seemed to me that this nervous feeling weighs at times upon your affectionate heart, & causes you distress & selfreproach. Have I sounded you truly? If I have, once again I would call on you to throw such a feeling to the winds. It is a false prophet, & deserves the fate of one. Laugh at it, mortify it, trample it down, for your own sake, rather than for mine. I see through it; I care not for it; it is nothing to me, except so far as it depresses you. And now let us pass to other things. No, one word more. I have at times the same feeling with regard to you. I believe you think too highly of me. I shrink from the moment when no illusion shall veil my follies. But what a silly couple we shall be, if we play at hide & seek <with each other> all our lives, losing precious opportunities of shewing how we love each other, for fear other

opportunities should arise out of them to shew we do not love each other still more. Mutual frankness is the best cure for such mutual apprehensions. Plaindealing may remove illusions, but it compensates for what it removes.

Positively, Nem, if we grow to talk after this sentimental fashion, we shall have none of that fun left, for which we are so eminently distinguished. In truth however I have nothing amusing to tell you. Last week has passed in talking politics,[3] & working law, as far as I am concerned—subjects which you would care little for, although you [used to] shew a penchant for the West India question.[4] By the bye, I promised you an account of Miss Morris, and you shall have it. Miss Morris then is a very amiable young lady of my acquaintance. That is point the first. Miss Morris seems to think me a very amiable young man. There is point the second. Is she handsome? Indulgent friends have said so. Do I think so? Not exactly. But how did I come to know Miss Morris all on a sudden? There is a certain Mrs. Taddy, an old friend of my mother's, wife of Serjeant Taddy, whose name you may have seen in the papers. Well—this Mrs. Taddy has Miss Morris always staying with her, & chaperons her everywhere.[5] Somehow or other, being a captious woman of strong feelings (rather of the Mrs. Bourne cut, only much modified & restrained by knowledge of the world) she took it into her head to dislike me, & to say I disliked her, the only reason for this last assertion being that I seldom visited her. Now, either because Mrs. Taddy disliked me, or for some other reason best known to herself, the amiable Miss Morris took it into her head to like me. She read my article in the Fn. Quy. (all ladies don't favour me so far, you know)[6] she guessed it was mine, heaven knows how, from the style, she praised it to my face, she drew from me a tender avowal of authorship, she admired my literary opinions—in short, she made a dead set at me, & has converted Mrs. Serjeant, who cannot resist her in anything, to come round to her opinion. So I am a high favorite there just now. And what do I really think of Miss Morris? I have a great respect for her; she is a girl of good sense & good feeling, putting my article out of the question: I know her to have refused some very advantageous <opportunities> offers, from a determination not to marry unless she found exactly such a character as she wished. But I don't know how it is; I don't feel as if I should like [her mu]ch on further acquaintance. I am too careless & indolent ever to feel at my

ease with persons of fixed opinions & habits, who judge every word one lets drop, or every insignificant thing one does, by certain settled rules of their own. I may esteem such persons very much. I may be very glad to see them. But I had rather they should give me notice what day they mean to call on me. I couldn't bear to live in a house with them. Aunt Marianne, you will say, has fixed opinions—could you not live in a house with her? Ay, till Doomsday, or a little longer. She is not the sort of woman I mean, but I dare say your experience can shew you a few such as I do mean. I was indignant to hear of Mrs. Bourne's petty spite against Miss Fytche, & poor Mary. I give Mrs. Bourne up. Where's the good of all her ostentatious Calvinism, if it cannot teach her to restrain her temper, or to direct her affections?[7] Pray, tell me a little about the books when you write—I so love to hear your opinions.[8]

Ever your own

Arthur.

1. Wordsworth, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality," line 204.

2. Matthew 7:20.

3. AHH called on Gladstone on 7 February 1833; they breakfasted together the next day (*D*, 2:9).

4. Stanley moved the abolition of colonial slavery on 14 May 1833.

5. Miss Morris is unidentified; Frances Lewis was the wife of William Taddy (1773–1845), attorney general to Queen Adelaide from 1832 to 1837. Arthur Hallam Elton's private journal (property of Lady Elton) noted that Ellen Hallam "said a certain Mrs. Taddy (or Tabby) was wont to listen acutely to what people said of her large and weighty album, and actually wrote down their remarks at the end of her book. Mr. Hallam's unfortunate observation headed the list—'Trash!' "

6. See letter 205 n. 2.

7. See references in *Background* for Mary Bourne's sober Calvinism.

8. See letter 220.

223. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[London.] [20–27 February 1833.]

[. . .] that is a danger I shall be mo[re ? . . .] Your letter gives me great satisfaction. It speaks a more hopeful, more confiding language than perhaps any I have ever received from you. It is deliciously long too—and I feel sure from its tone could not have been written under the influence of headache, or discomfort. May I venture, since our little broullerie has been settled à l'aimable, to ask about your health again?[1] How have you been *on the whole* during this winter? Surely the weather has been favorable to you; every body talks of the wonderful warmth & mildness. I am shocked at your horrible imprudence in riding Taff through wind & rain; just the old story; certainly you are right in thinking it high time *to reform* [. . . .] have never said any[thing . . . .] the Burton engagement. I should [like to hear] more about it—how he takes the thing—what more is likely to come of it, & so on.[2] Is he in pretty good spirits now? His beautiful horse must be a great comfort in that out of the way place. Indeed in all places a horse is a considerable cordial. I suppose it would be no use asking Charley to write to me; yet it is unpleasant never to see him, or hear from him. I am glad Frederic has become resolutely cool as to that vixen Charlotte. And so she has refused Mr. Robertson, has she? I wonder whether she was the lady I saw mentioned in a newspaper as having eloped to Gretna Green with a footman from the *neighbourhood of Sleaford?*[3] I shall rather believe [. . . .] in society at present, & spend most [of my time in] study. Law in the morning, & metaphysics at night occupy me thoroughly. My head has become a great mill, grinding reasons of all sorts, until I am full of chaff. So you see, much amusement is not to be expected from me. An event however has just occurred in this house, which puzzles & alarms us all. My father, having for some time thought he missed money very unaccountably, took the precaution one night of counting some sovereigns before he locked them up in his drawer. Next morning *one was gone.* He spoke of

this to the butler; two days after the sovereign was found on the floor in a corner of the room. Now, he is quite certain he did not drop it, & there can be little doubt it was replaced by the thief [. . . .] & tell me about. Nay, you had not f[inished . . . .] when you spoke of it. Channing too—I wished very much to know how you liked Channing.[4] Surely you [won']t allow Alfred to run off with all the books I send into his own smoky cavern. I might as well not send them, you know, if you won't read them, or at least I might as well send them only to him. I feel so strongly myself the importance of regular occupation, the danger of indulging desultory & moody trains of feeling, which always arise in the absence of such occupation, that I am very anxious to see you so employing your mind. I am aware that when I urge these things you are apt to smile, & call Aunt Mariann to witness how busy you are whenever I am not with you. But it seems at any rate business of which no account can be given. I selected those books as [. . . .][5]

1. See letter 222.

2. Apparently Charles Tennyson was romantically involved with a member of the Burton family, perhaps Charlotte. See letter 167 n. 6. On 7 February 1833, AT wrote to Spedding: "You inquire after Charles—we see little of him—I believe his spirits are pretty good,{tho' he sometimes takes some drops of laudanum by way of stimulus}" (TRC; the bracketed section has been virtually obliterated, presumably by Hallam Tennyson).

3. See letter 110 n. 6; Mr. Robertson and the elopement are untraced. On 15 May 1835, Emily Tennyson wrote to Ellen Hallam "that frail, faithless Charlotte Bellingham (who, I think I once told thee behaved with so little feeling towards Frederick) is to be married to a Mr. Alington, the third suitor—well, spite of her jilting behaviour towards Fred, and his speedy successor Mr. Robertson,—I wish her no ill, very far from it; I hope she will be as happy as mortality can be" (Trinity).

4. See letter 220 n. 6.

5. Approximately half of this letter has been cut off.

224. TO WILLIAM WHEWELL

MS: Trinity

67 Wimpole St. Feb. 23 [1833].[1]

My dear Sir,

Will you excuse my troubling you with a line on a little matter of business. I think some money is owing to me, as part of my furniture-money, remaining after my last Cambridge expences had been deducted from the total of it. As far as I remember, this balance was £18 when I received my last tutor's bill. I suppose there will be some subsequent charges to be set against this, which may reduce it by a few pounds. But, if the balance is still, as I suppose it must be, in my favour, and if it is not contrary to academical etiquette to ask for it before the M.A.'s degree, I should rather wish to have the money. Might I ask you then to take the trouble to look at the accounts, & to let me know when you have leisure what the state of them is at present?

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

1. The date is supplied from Whewell's endorsement.

225. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

67 [Wimpole Street]. March 1st [1833].

My dearest Emily,

It was very good in you to write so tolerably long a letter, when you had a couple more on your hands. But in the name of wonder what sudden emergency can have produced this necessity? When were you ever known before to write three letters in an evening! Something strange must have happened. Do you know my curiosity is not a little awakened by the mysterious diplomatic tone in which you write? Business—money—cost—hurry—closewritten letters—what unusual topics for you to dilate upon! You have not read the Martineau, or I should have thought you were turned political economist.[1]

Well—Charles made his appearance last night, having been two days in town, *too nervous* to see any of his friends.[2] Why he has come I cannot learn: but I am very glad to see him. He stays till *Friday next*, & wishes you to mention in your answer to this which I hope to receive *Thursday*, what the business is on which he is wanted at Somersby. Returning by Cambridge he does not seem to like, but he believes the surplus mentioned by Whewell is Spedding's debt, & he means to make Spedding write for it.[3] He seems very well, & in pretty good spirits. Today he dines at Heath's with me, & we shall adjourn to Tennant's in the evening. Will you say to Fred that I have not the £20 actually so as to send it, but that I shall have it in a few days, so that if he likes to come up now I will warrant the defraying of his expenses up to that amount. At the same time the Opera will probably be better after Easter than now; yet now there is the Don Giovanni music, & Meric, & a new Prima Donna, & two magnificent ballets, & a delicious dancer. Let him write me a line to express his decision.[4]

I have been rather gay this last week. Monday I was at Lady Lansdowne's grand party, in honour of the Queen's birthday,[5] where I saw the elite of rank, fashion, & beauty, set off to the greatest

advantage by courtdresses & plumes. Certainly the English aristocracy is rich in noble & lovely countenances. They moved before me among those dazzling lights like the imperial visions of some dream. Thursday night I was at the play in company with the Statue, & her fair sister. I sat in the front row, & flirted furiously, no doubt to the great envy of many beholders, for the Statue looked splendidly. The music of Don Giovanni was delicious, but the <acting> singing indifferent. "La ci darem" and "Batti, batti" were particularly & most luxuriously sweet. Also my old friend "Giovinette, che fate" was brilliantly executed.[6] I wish you could have been there; how gladly would I have tilted the Statue into the pit to make room for you beside me! Kitty, by the bye, who sat in the row behind looked rather sulky at the attentions I paid her sister—but what could I do? I couldn't cut myself in two. Would she but believe it, I could swear with perfect sincerity that I would have talked as much to her, had she happened to be beside me, & would have been perfectly indifferent to the change.

I am glad you are reading The Borderers.[7] It is an old favorite of mine. Cooper's characters & plot are generally mediocre, but in that novel there are some fine sketches of character—Ruth & the old Puritan. His descriptions are always magnificent. Why do you call him Cowper? I beg your pardon for having procured no frank this time, & so being obliged to send a shorter letter. Next time I will <manage> not fail to shew you another specimen of Gaskell's elaborate handwriting.[8] At present, dearest, goodbye & God bless you.

Ever your own

Arthur.

P. S. I hope you got my letter at last.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 3 March 1833

1. See letter 212 n. 2.

2. On 4 March 1833, Spedding wrote to Thompson that he had met Charles Tennyson the previous Thursday at the Heaths': "I betrayed as much excitement as could be expected, and inquired with large eyes the when & the whence—but I could hear nothing further than that he came proximately from the Old Hummums [a hotel in Covent Garden] and ultimately from Lincolnshire—He had been three days in London without revealing himself; what doing,—is one of the many things which God is said to know—Doubtless nothing immoral; for he told me only this morning how pure and good he had grown since he took orders—for he had seen in several shops books with indecent titles and indecent pictures, and he had passed by them *quick*. He was so good as to say that some of the pleasantest moments of his curacy had been those in wh. he thought of me. In short, he is much as he was—looks well—and denies laudanum, except in asthmatical intervals" (Trinity).

3. Possibly related to letter 224.

4. Frederick Tennyson apparently did not come to London during this spring. Meric, a French soprano, first appeared in London in 1832, performing with great success in Italian, German, French, and English operas, including Weber's *Der Freischütz* and *Don Giovanni*.

5. Adelaide was born on 13 August 1792. The occasion for this party is unclear.

6. See letter 208 n. 1; AHH alludes to Charlotte Sotheby's role in the Pygmalion charade, rather than the statue in *Don Giovanni*. The arias (sung by Zerlina and the Don) are in act 1, scenes 3 and 4. Meric sang the role of Donna Anna; the opera was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

7. *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, published in England (in 1829) as *The Borderers*, by James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851).

8. Gaskell's position as recording secretary of the Eton Debating Society was due in part to his meticulous and highly legible transcriptions.

226. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [8 March 1833.]

All this last week I have, you may suppose, been very idle with Charley.[1] I had been kept so long in almost total ignorance of Charley's thoughts & deeds that I had a thousand questions to ask. One day we took a long delightful ride in the course of which I showed him great parts of the beautiful Norwood country. If Fred has not actually made up his mind to come, I think on 2nd. thoughts he had better postpone his visit till Easter has come & gone.

I have just got through another of Miss Austen's novels, Mansfield Park, which many people vote the best. However although I like it much, and find the same delicacy of touch which delighted me in the others, yet is Emma my 1st. love and I intend to be constant. The edge of this constancy will soon be tried, for I am promised the reading of "Pride & Prejudice."[2]

1. See letter 225 n. 2.
2. See letter 220 n. 2.

227. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Friday. March 15 [1833].

My dearest Emily,

I am rather frightened at not hearing from you today. Neither Thursday, nor Friday! I trust tomorrow will bring proof that nothing very dreadful has occasioned this delay: but one cannot help conjecturing—what if you should have been blown away in some of these bitter winds, or suffocated in "a peck of March dust," worth, according to the proverb, "a king's ransom," but according to my experience of the last ten days a most exceeding nuisance, especially when coming alternately with snow![1] What, if you should have broken your neck on Charley's new poney, or expired of weariness in the first page of Miss Martineau?[2] Serious considerations these, but where there are so many dangers to chuse, I think my most prudent course will be to wait till tomorrow, before I decide for any one in particular. I am especially in want of a letter just now to enliven my ideas, which are all as dry as the dust I complain of, having had no sort of event to stir them since last week. I have read nothing & done nothing, worth repeating. Business has been the order of the day: a long & heavy settlement has been working my fingers off, & until the Hon. Julia Maria Petre shall be satisfactorily united by my means to her faithful Samuel John Brooke Pechell I shall have no peace of mind or body. Ungrateful pair! how little do they appreciate my labours! A more agreeable task is the furnishing a Memoir of Voltaire to the Librarians of Useful Knowledge for the Gallery of Portraits they are publishing.[3] It will be very short, but it will put £5 in my pocket. If I can get snugly lodged in this place of Memoir-writer, it will be a very pretty thing, for there are a good many wanted, & five pounds for eight or nine pages is tolerable pay. I don't suppose, Nem, I should venture to send you such stupid details of moneymatters, if you had not shewn a penchant for such things in your last letter, but, to be

sure, that was a long while ago. Well, to talk of poetry—a man named Alford, of whom you may have heard, as a Cambridge intimate of Alfred & myself (N.B. Nal stole a book from him, & hath it still) has published a small & amiable volume of poems.[4]

[Saturday]. Oh dear! oh dear! Emily has been ill all the week. My poor little animal, what shall I do for thee? "*Very unwell*" is a very strong phrase for you to use of yourself, & I almost dread it must be under the truth. You tell me no particulars—indeed how could you, being so ill—but I must be cruelly worried until the next letter comes, & indeed till the cold weather goes. Let me beg of you to write again as soon as you are able, as soon, I mean, as you feel at all better, even if the regular day should not be come. Or make Alfred write me a line or Aunt Marianne—don't leave me in suspense. I fear you must have been out in the snow rashly, or—but don't mope about it, Nemmy; it is quite out of all reasonable reckoning that this hateful cold should last long. We are already half through March, & the tyranny of these Eastern despots must be wellnigh satiated. Pluck up a bit, Nemmy, & recollect you have been better than usual all through the winter, & it would be foolish to despair on account of a little accidental sickness when winter, your only real enemy, is over & gone. I dare say another week or two may set you quite right again. At Easter you shall have quite forg[otten] you were ill, & shall ride about on Taffy enjoying the most genial breezes of a newly awakened spring. There's my prophecy—I commission you to fulfil it. I have much however I could wish to say, if I thought it would not teize you—much about the propriety of calling in a doctor, if you are really "very unwell," &—but I do not wish to teize you. Do as your reason directs you, but for God's sake remember always how much is bound up in your health & safety. In asking you to write before Thursday, I forgot this will not reach you till Monday, but pray let *some one* write on Tuesday—do not think of writing yourself, if it makes you worse—but let some one write, & then write yourself as soon as you can. I am sorry to write so stupidly, & all about what you must have only too much to do with, your own illness, but what can I do? It would not be easy to think of anything else just now. It may amuse you to hear that I was asked last Wednesday to another Sotheby party, which I declined. The girls do not however appear to have been there.[5] I have little room left to explain what I meant about Charles: but from what he told me of the

terms on which he last met Miss Burton, & of *the letter* which he afterwards wrote I thought him decidedly to blame, but perhaps I do not know all.[6] God Almighty bless you.

Ever your own

Arthur.

1. The proverb derived from the infrequency of dry weather in England in March; there was a heavy fall of snow in London during the last part of March 1833.

2. See letter 225 nn. 1–2.

3. The Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—established in 1826 to publish inexpensive editions of works on history, science, philosophy, etc.—began its *Gallery of Portraits: with Memoirs* in June 1832; issued monthly, they were collected in seven volumes (1833–37). Henry Hallam was a member of the directing board. AHH also contributed portraits of Petrarch and Burke; his contributions appeared in the 1869 edition of *Remains*. See *Writings*, pp. 279–300.

4. Henry Alford (1810–71), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., thirty-fourth Wrangler and eighth classic, 1832), was elected to the Apostles in 1830 and became president of the Union in 1832. Alford was dean of Canterbury from 1857 to 1871; his *Poems and Poetical Fragments* was published in Cambridge in January or February 1833, in London in March 1833.

5. See letter 225 n. 6.

6. See letter 223 n. 2.

228. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

MS: Princeton

67 [Wimpole Street]. March 15 [1833].

My dear John,

I write in great haste, & have only time to say that I fear it will be impossible for me to come on Friday. I hear too that the Bullers, O'Brien, Martineau, Walpole, & Hull[1] have all *declined*, whether with as good reason as myself I know not. If you could alter the day to the *Monday following* I believe nothing would be likely to prevent my coming, which I need not say would give me great pleasure. Most probably however arrangements have been made amongst you which render this impracticable. When are you likely to be in town? I have not yet seen your Philolog. but hope to do so soon, when I will cheerfully if the copy is my own, & meo periculo if it is not, make with pencil or pen that important alteration of *swylce* for *swylke* on which the destinies of mankind may be reasonably supposed to depend.[2] Have you seen Alford's amiable little volume of poems? Charles has truly been in town, & is in some force, but Spedding will have told particulars, & I have no time to say more.[3]

Ever very faithfully y[ours,]

AHH.

Addressed to John Kemble Esq. / Trin. Coll. / Cambridge.
P/M 15 March 1833

1. Charles Buller (1806–48), who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A. 1828), was elected to the Apostles, called to the bar in 1831, was M.P. from 1830 to 1848, and

judge advocate in 1846. His brother [Sir] Arthur (1808–69) matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was elected to the Apostles in 1828, and was queen's advocate in Ceylon from 1840 to 1848. Arthur Martineau (1807–1872), who matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1829), was rector of St. Mildred's and St. Margaret Moses, London, from 1864 to 1872. William Winstanley Hull (1794–1873), writer and hymnologist, was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn from 1820 to 1846.

2. John Mitchell Kemble's "On English Praeterites" appeared in the *Philological Museum* 2 (1833): 373–88; on 5 April 1833, Trench wrote to Donne that "Kemble has been publishing in the *Philological*, indulging, as is his wont, in a little petulance and personality against some of his fellow-labourers; but, as I am glad to hear, spoken of in the very highest terms by competent Saxon scholars for capacity and knowledge of his subject" (Miss Johnson).

3. See letters 227 n. 4; 226 n. 1.

229. TO JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE

MS: Princeton

67 Wimpole St. Monday [18 March 1833?]

My dear Philologue,

I am a pretty fellow—to engage myself for these two days, when, as I find on sober reflection, I am already forfeited for each of them![1] Consequently you must bear with my breaking my word, as respects the Temple today, and you must make my apologies to Thackeray.[2] Will you be so good as to send the Pure Reason[3] by the bearer?

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

1. See letter 228, from which this is somewhat arbitrarily dated.

2. William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63), who matriculated at Trinity in 1829, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1831. There is no record in Thackeray's *Letters* of his meeting AHH, though he dined several times with the Kembles in 1832.

3. *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, by Immanuel Kant (1724–1804), was first published in 1781.

230. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:134.

67 Wimpole Street. March 25, 1833.

You must almost have forgotten my handwriting. However, I trust the substance of this note will show that I have not left off thinking of you. A friend of mine, Gladstone, the new member for Newark, has made me a *half offer* of a small living in Buckinghamshire. I don't mean it is in his gift, but in that of a lady whom he knows. He will write by today's post to mention you, and *if not already disposed of*, which is possible, but not likely, he has little doubt it may be yours. All this, of course, must be subject to your option. The place is called Mursley, near Winslow, seven miles from Buckingham. Gladstone wishes me not to mention the name of the patroness until he knows the result of his application. Perhaps, on your part, you will write me a line to say whether you feel inclined to make the change; and I will communicate to you, of course, the answer to Gladstone's recommendation.[1]

1. AHH breakfasted with Gladstone on 19 March 1833; Gladstone wrote to AHH on 2 April, presumably about the offer; his scrupulous diary entries give no indication of whom the lady might have been. But the patroness of Mursley in 1836 was a Mrs. Childers, probably Selina, daughter and co-heir of Sampson, Lord Eardley, whom John Walbanke Childers (d. 1812) married in 1797. Gladstone was closely acquainted with the Childers family (see, for example, *D*, 1:245). See letter 232.

231. TO SEPTIMUS TENNYSON

MS: Yale

67 Wimpole St. April 3 [1833].

My dear Sep,

You will stare perhaps at receiving a letter from me, because however much I have sometimes talked of inflicting one upon you, I have given you no reason to suppose my promise would be performed. Nor perhaps would it have been, unless a new inducement had been added to the desire of hearing how you go on. The truth is— I hear from two or three quarters that your Grandfather is dangerously ill, not likely to recover, and as this is a matter of the greatest importance to me, I am anxious to know from you the real state of the case.[1] I might write to Charles, but he never answers letters. Now I have a better opinion of you, & I hope in return for this compliment you will *without delay* send me a few lines, communicating all you know on the subject. Alfred & Mary, you are probably aware, have been for more than a week in town,[2] & they are also very desirous to hear particulars. So you will gratify more than one by writing. Me you will gratify exceedingly. I wish to know whether your Grandfather is so seriously ill as I have heard, & whether you have learned anyth[ing] of his intentions towards Frede[ric] & the rest of the family. Tell me at the same time about yourself, for though I have been too busy or too indolent ever to enter into a correspondence with you, I shall not be the less interested in whatever relates to you. I hear from Mary that you offended the Faculty at Louth by walking into their august presence with your hat on. Have you been writing any more Sonnets—or cutting any more fistulas? Details of either will be acceptable. Pray write directly, & believe me

Very affect:tely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Septimus Tennyson Esq. / at Mrs. Yorke's / Louth / Lincolnshire.
P/M 4 April 1833

1. AT's 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell states that George Clayton Tennyson had recently suffered a severe attack of gout. On 9 July 1835, Henry Hallam wrote to his wife: "I see that old Mr. Tennyson is dead. I am very desirous to hear what he has done for the Somersby family" (Christ Church).

2. AT and Mary Tennyson were in London for approximately three weeks; see letters 233 and 234.

232. TO RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

Text: *Trench*, 1:139–40

[London.] April 3, 1833.

I am sorry to have no satisfactory tidings to send you about the living. Gladstone's friend has written to say that she wishes to have a clergyman from her own neighbourhood. I am much disappointed, as from what he told me I was led to suppose his recommendation would have been effectual.[1] However, if I cannot congratulate you on succeeding in this respect, I am truly glad to find from your letter I have to congratulate you on the addition of a unit to your superabundant population. Sterling has had the start of you by some weeks, but I have not yet seen the young lady. If she resembles his eldest hope she will be a fine, chubby Englishwoman.[2] John Mitchell has sent me an article of his, published in the *Philological*, and separately printed for the sake of private friends and enemies.[3] I rejoice to hear he is spoken of in the highest terms by our best Saxon scholars for real learning and capacity for his subject. Politics I am so tired of and hopeless of, that I wish to write or think little about them. I am glad the Coercion Bill has passed, yet I cannot look without indignation at the whole series of acts on the part of our Whig rulers which has rendered *necessary* such a suspension of political and personal liberty.[4] I have not heard any of the recent debates. Stanley seems to have risen in everybody's estimation, and Althorp[5] to have fallen proportionably. A more disgracefully imbecile leader of the House has never been known. Macaulay has sunk into the background. Peel, Stanley, and O'Connell are beyond question the first speakers—the two former as representatives of the old English style of debating; the latter as a Chamber of Deputies man, a proper organ of an assembly itself organic. Have you seen *Baxter's* book?[6] It is one of the most curious I ever read. Pray get it, if you have it not.

1. See letter 230. Trench's 5 April 1833 letter to Donne mentions hearing from AHH that morning: "He had lulled me some days back into a delusive dream of a small living in Buckinghamshire, from which today he rudely awakened me, & I find myself still likely to remain Junior Curate in this most detestable county of Suffolk. He is reading Law, waxing fat and sceptical under the influence of Middle Ages" (Miss Johnson).

2. See letter 210 n. 3. Trench's 5 April 1833 letter reports his child "hale and lusty, and does not cry more than his hard-hearted nurse says will exercise his lungs." Sterling's first son was born in October 1831; records of his daughter are untraced.

3. See letter 228 n. 2.

4. The Irish Coercion Bill, intended to suppress local disturbances and dangerous associations, passed the commons on 29 March 1833; it remained in force until August 1834.

5. John Charles Spencer (1782–1845), viscount Althorp, was chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House under Grey (1830–34).

6. Robert Baxter (1802–89), member of Irving's church January–April 1832, afterward solicitor and businessman, published *Narrative of Facts Characterizing the Supernatural Manifestations in Members of Mr. Irving's Congregation, and Other Individuals in England and Scotland, and Formerly in the Writer Himself* (1833) and *Irvingism* (1836), which attributed the "manifestations" to diabolical possession. Trench's 1 May 1833 letter to his wife describes Baxter's work as "passing strange" (*Trench*, 1:142); Gladstone, who read it in mid-March, found the book "very remarkable & interesting" and ultimately "*convincing*" (*D*, 2:16–17).

233. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [5 April] 1833.

Yesterday Mary, Alfred & I went to the Zoological Gardens where Mary made friends with several wild animals. Today we have seen the great Microscope and all the horrible lions & tigers which lie "perdus" in a drop of spring water.[1] Poll[2] was much pleased and said it was "quite shocking" which I need not tell you means in Somersby language delightful. Today Alfred & Poll called on my mother & I took him up into my room leaving Poll to chat with my mother & Ellen in the drawing room.[3] Then a walk in the park occurred, after which a dinner of salt fish and parsnips, in which the two male Heaths participated. Tomorrow we meditate grand things if the weather be fine—that is we shall take a boat to the Tower. Mary as you know has never been on the water so it will be very pleasant to her[4] <I believe >

1. See letter 231 n. 2. Carey's Oxy-hydrogen Microscope, which projected images on a disc 17 feet in diameter, was in the Adelaide Gallery of Practical Science (Agar-street, the Strand), and opened in 1832. AT's response to the microscopic animals was "strange that these wonders should draw some men to God and repel others. No more reason in one than in the other" (*Memoir*, 1:102).

2. Poll was a common nickname for Mary (see *OED*); AT's whimsical fragment (printed in *Ricks*, p. 1793) addressed to "Dearest Polly" concludes "I wish Jack Heath would soon thee clutch."

3. This may have been the first time any member of the Tennyson family other than AT had met AHH's family.

4. Following his wife's transcription of this letter, Hallam Tennyson wrote: "Afterwards they all went to the Elgin Marbles together." Blakesley's 1 April 1833 letter to Trench noted that "Alfred Tennyson is in town with the professed purpose of studying the Elgin Marbles. He has a sister with him—the besonneted, not the betrothed one—of a noble countenance and magnificent eyes, as far as I could judge from a very short visit by candlelight. Hallam is fatter" (*Trench*, 1:136).

234. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] April 11 [1833.]

My dearest Nem,

I am miserably disappointed to receive another *sick* letter from you, when I had hoped & believed the spring weather of this last fortnight would have quite set you up.[1] There is something horribly sad in your desiring me to have as much fun with Alfred as usual, while you are evidently incapable of anything approaching to fun. However, I know well how rapidly you pass from gloom to sunshine, from headache to animal spirits, & I will try to comfort myself with the thought that you may, as you predict, be tolerably well at this present moment. As for "fun with Alfred," that is over—they went to Cambridge at three o'clock yesterday, & I am left to all the wretchedness of spirits which is a natural reaction after a fortnight's excitement. I told you in my last that the travellers would be with you on *Thursday* (today) but that will certainly not be the case, & it is very probable you may not have seen them before you receive this, as they intended to stop at least one night at Cambridge, & then to creep home by Huntington & Boston at the will of precarious coaches. For this reason, & also because I know the uncommunicative character of first Tennyson evenings after a journey, however eventful, I shall continue my account of their proceedings up to the time of their departure.[2] *Saturday* we went, as I told you we should, to the Tower. 'Tis a sight, in my humble judgement, very little worth seeing, but rather an indispensable lion, so I am glad it was seen. Besides, the waterparty was highly pleasant. Mary enjoyed the new element extremely, & was once within an inch of becoming more nearly acquainted with it than could be desired. The Heaths were with us—little Emma Heath among the number, a most delightful little schoolgirl, the very ideal of happy childhood. *Sunday* we went to Westminster Abbey, and heard a magnificent Handel anthem. Likewise a Bishop preached,[3]

which must have been a considerable gratification to your lofty-minded sister. *Monday* my mother & sister took Mary out in the carriage to see Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, & the great new Bazaar in Belgrave Square, called the Pantechnicon.[4] Poll was rather nervous beforehand at the idea of being left alone with my people (I was not there) for some hours, & was afraid she should take to making faces at the governess, but everything went off beautifully. Mary is a decided favorite with all of us, & she has taken, I hope, one of her fancies to my mother. Alfred too has got up in my father's good graces. Tuesday we went again to that fairy palace, the Gallery of Practical Science, saw the wonderful Magnets, & heard the Steam Gun.[5] Alfred went Tuesday night to a supperparty at Moxon's, where he remained till three in the morning, & was delighted with Leigh Hunt who met him there, & exchanged compliments at a great rate.[6] Mary meantime entertained a select party, consisting of Tennant, a couple of Heaths, & myself, to tea & teacake, after which we played at "why d'ye like it"[7] &c. *Wednesday* after an ineffectual attempt to get some anemones for a Mrs. Bur[ton][8] at Spilsby, we journeyed sadly to the Times coachoffice in Holborn, where I took leave of them, & can tell you no more of their affairs.

I am, as I told you, very glumpy just now, for it has been exceed[ingly] pleasant to me to hasten over the stones every morning to Great Russell St. & to know everynight on going to bed that the next day would bring only a repetition of pleasant Somersby faces. However this temporary excitement is worth little in comparison with the *real good* that this visit has done. I feel as if a great barrier was broken down between my own family & that of my adoption. I have tasted a rich foretaste of future union. I have shewn Ellen a sister. I have heard Somersby tones & ways of speech finding their way to the hearts of those who sit round the Wimpole St. fireside. Prithee, Nem, do not drop the subject; gladden my soul with more remarks upon it, when you have heard further particulars from Mary. Alas, alas! I cannot, for all the pleasure this has given me, cease from moaning & repining that more is not vouchsafed. Oh it is a weary weary time—*three years* now since I have felt that you were my only hope in life—*more than two* since we plighted to each other the word of promise. It is indeed a weary time. In gaiety & in gloom, alone & in crowds, the one thought never ceases to cling to my heart, & by shewing me the

possibility of happiness makes me feel more keenly the reality of misery.[9] The gaieties of the true London season are now only beginning—hard work I shall have of it, before I can possibly escape to you. My cousin Caroline Elton, a great beauty, a leading belle at Clifton for some years past, is coming up to our house in about a fortnight to take a month of town. It is her first time—she will make the most of it—& I shall be expected in cousinly affection to do hard duty in the way of balls, theatres, sights &c. Pity me! If I possibly can I will come down the end of May or beginning of June. This is an *extra letter*, for I shall write again tomorrow, having many more things to say. I can't get a frank today.

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 11 April 1833

1. See letter 227.

2. See letter 233. Blakesley wrote to Thompson on 16 April 1833 that during his stay in London he saw "Hallam, Heath, Martineau, Garden, Tennyson, Brookfield, Thackeray and Arthur Buller, the three last of whom seemed exceedingly inclined to profligacy, which Garden of course was.—He was going with them to some divan where a female—of course naked—danced for the edification of the company.—Tennyson had his sister with him, to whom Tennant was doing the amiable in a very open way for a mystic. She is really a very fine looking person, although of a wild sort of countenance, something like what Alfred would be if he were a woman, and washed" (Blakesley MSS).

3. The Handel anthem is unidentified; the archbishop of Canterbury, who may have officiated at the Easter service, was William Howley (1766–1848), bishop of London from 1813 to 1828, archbishop of Canterbury from 1828 to 1848. Charles James Blomfield (1786–1857) succeeded Howley as bishop of London.

4. The Pantechnicon was a large building on the west side of Belgrave Square, recently completed when AHH saw it; intended primarily for the sale of carriages and furniture, it also housed a wine and toy department.

5. The Adelaide Gallery exhibited electromagnets and Perkins's Steam-Gun, supposed to propel cannon balls with four times the force of gunpowder.

6. This may have been AT's first meeting with Hunt.

7. A parlor game similar to charades.

8. Apparently not a relative of Langhorne or Catherine Burton, with whom AHH presumably would have been more familiar.

9. AHH's depression was probably due in part to his own illness; see letter 235. On 4 March 1833, James Spedding wrote to Thompson that "Hallam announces himself this morning as not otherwise than unwell" (Trinity).

235. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Saturday. April 27 [1833].

My dearest Emily,

I have been very ill since I last wrote.[1] My influenza fever turned into an ague, which is upon me now, but as the bad fit is not today I can write—which is a great comfort. The doctors hope by plying me well with quinine on the intermediate days to prevent the recurrence of the attacks—hitherto however they have been very severe—perfect misery for about five hours, & utter prostration for the rest of the day. However, dearest, you know there is nothing alarming in an ague—in fact people say it does a great deal of good to one's constitution in the long run, & saves one from other maladies. I am distressed by the tone of your letter—I cannot help fearing you may be taken with the prevailing illness, & perhaps like me with ague, for in many cases it has assumed that form. I see too you are very low in spirits—that is a constant accompaniment of the epidemic. Strong & hard men have been seen crying like children. I am, as may be supposed, not very cheerful myself, after many days with no nourishment but liquids. But, dearest Emily, if you get clear with cold & headache, as many persons do, & as I pray you may, do endeavor to keep as cheerful as you can. To think of you pining at Somersby while I am slowly struggling here with the remnants of illness would be the greatest addition to what I may otherwise suffer. Go to Skegness, or somewhere else, to enliven you—why, you haven't stirred from home for months. I wish to God you lived rather nearer town than Somersby—my absences need not be so intolerably long. I dread this illness must render more precarious the time of my coming to you. Yet I feel you would be the better for my visit [if] only to break the "oyster" sameness. Pity me, in my long feverish nights pining so for the garden at Somersby, the green garden, & the slope down to the gurgling brook, & the cool shades of Holywell. But I mustn't go on talking like

a sick man—the sick are always prosy—besides, I have great hope that the fortifying remedies of today may prevent tomorrow's attack, & then I might recover rapidly. The weather has been terribly against us all—you can hardly wonder that you have not acquired a due proportion of vernal health, when there has been so little true spring. But I hear the buds are out—I have seen none. My little brother too has been violently ill with a bilious fever, but he is almost quite well again. Altogether it is a sad time, but we must all try to be patient, & make the best of it.

The seal has covered the name of the person with whom you talk of taking up your abode at Skegness—pray let me have full information of your address when you move. Letters from Somersby will be particularly welcome to me now—perhaps you could stir up Alfred to perform an act of charity in that way. I shall be very anxious to hear how you are next week, & very much hope you will be able to write on Tuesday evening, or at the worst to let me hear from some one. I did intend to have thanked Mary more at large for her pleasant postscript, if indeed so comprehensive a composition deserves so slight a name, but I feel tired now, & must conclude. I have all the *Oriana music*[2] here, which I will send, when I can. How is Mary's bonnet?

Ever your most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 27 April 1833

1. Virtually all commentators have agreed with Henry Hallam's estimation (*Remains*, p. xxxiv) that this "attack of intermitting fever, during the prevalent influenza of the spring of 1833 may perhaps have disposed his constitution to the last fatal blow."

2. See letter 221 n. 9.

236. TO EDWARD MOXON

MS: William D. Paden

67 Wimpole St. Saturday [27 April 1833].

My dear Moxon,

I am laid up with an ague, & should be glad if you will send me Knowles's play.[1] Had I been able to stir out for the last fortnight, I would have come to thank you for your gift,[2] which I appreciate & like extremely. I have not yet forwarded his copy to Tennyson, for I have been much too wretched to think of anything but myself.

Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Edw. Moxon Esq. / 44 Dover St.

1. Knowles's *The Wife: A Tale of Mantua*, first performed on 17 April 1833 and published by Moxon in late April or early May 1833.

2. Probably Moxon's *Sonnets*, published in May 1833; see letter 241 n. 7.

237. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [May 1833.]

Your book continues to sell tolerably & Moxon says the Quarterly has done good.[1] Rogers defends you publicly as the most promising genius of the time. Sir Robert Inglis told my father he had heard from unquestionable authority that Alfred Tennyson was an assumed name like Barry Cornwall.[2] I endeavoured to shake his scepticism, I fear without effect. I hear today that a question is put up at the Cambridge Union—"Tennyson or Milton: which the greater poet?"[3]

1. Croker's infamous review of AT's *1832* volume appeared in the *Quarterly Review* 49 (April 1833): 81–96. As Shannon has pointed out (pp. 19–26), the ferocity of Croker's attack was due at least in part to AT's apparently radical connections, both through his friends and his reviewers. On 7 January 1833, Croker wrote to Murray's son that he would "undertake Tennyson and hope to make another Keats of him"; he enclosed the article on 19 January: " 'Tis too long, but really there is no convincing the world of such extravagant absurdity but by actual extracts. Of *all* nonsense I have ever read, this seems the greatest." Lockhart responded that "you have most completely effected your purpose, and that as shortly as it could have been done. It is wonderful that such folly should pass for poetry with *anybody*!" (Myron F. Brightfield, *John Wilson Croker* [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1940], p. 350; see pages following for discussion of the review). Byron had accused Croker's notorious 1818 review of *Endymion* of killing Keats. Though it seems unlikely that Croker's review had the chilling effect on AT that *Memoir* (1:93–94) and *CT* (pp. 136–37) suggest, its influence is apparent from Fanny Kemble's anecdote:

> I remember Mrs. Milman, one evening at my father's house, challenging me laughingly about my enthusiasm for Tennyson, and asking me if I had read a certain severely caustic and condemnatory article in the *Quarterly* upon his poems. "Have you read it?" said she; "it is so amusing! Shall I send it to you?" "No, thank you," said I; "have you read the poems, may I ask?" "I cannot say that I have," said she, laughing. "Oh, then," said I (not laughing), "perhaps it would be better that I should send you those?" (*Girlhood*, p. 184).

James Spedding's 4 November 1833 letter to Thompson, however, reported that he had heard from Milnes "that Moxon reports well of the sale of Alfred. It has paid its expenses and is making a clear profit, and the Quarterly has done him much good" (Trinity); see letter 221 n. 8.

Southey failed to concur with his fellow Tory reviewer: on 3 June 1833 he wrote to Charles Williams Wynn: "I suppose that odious criticism upon Tennison is by Croker who seems determined that the worst spirit of poor Gifford shall from time to time continue to characterize the Review" (*New Letters*, 2:400). An advertisement in the 5 April 1833 *Times* stated that the April *Quarterly Review* would be published the next day, and listed the review of AT.

2. Sir Robert Harry Inglis (1786–1855), Tory M.P. for Oxford University from 1829 to 1854, was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries (of which Henry Hallam was a leading member), and president of the Literary Club. Bryan Waller Procter (1787–1874) published poems and other literary works under the name of "Barry Cornwall." The younger John Murray had assured Croker that "it is his real name which [AT] attaches to his title page" (*Croker*, p. 350).

3. There is no record of such a debate in the Union minutes.

238. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] May 4 [1833].

My dearest Nem,

I grieve at your account of the health of the family—and however little you mention your darling self, I fear you are still condemned to much suffering. But I take some comfort in the glorious weather of yesterday & today—I know how soon a warm springday sets you up again, & I am flattering myself just now with the pleasant thought that you are rejoicing & expanding, like a flower, beneath the touch of vernal light. As for me, now the weather has changed I mean to get quite well. There is nothing the matter with me at present except great languor, which exercise & fresh air will soon remove. Next week I intend to resume my duties, which have suffered a long interruption.[1] This will oblige me to remain longer in town than I otherwise should, but I shall use all my endeavors to secure as early a time as I can for Somersby. Illness, weakening my nerves & spirits, has made me often lately long for the sight of you with a sad & feverish eagerness hardly supportable. In the long still nights your image was painted on my brain more vividly than I almost ever remember it—I saw, heard & almost felt you—yet knowing how far you were away, & how little aware of my sensations, I tossed restlessly on my bed of pain, & sometimes, melting into feeble sorrow, found a sort of relief in repeating over & over some Irish words I had seen in a tale which had pleased me when first taken ill.[2] "Mavourneen deelish, acushla machree," which, being interpreted, is "my sweet darling, pulse of my heart"—a pretty phrase in any language, but inexpressibly sweet, it seemed then to my sick fancy, in those flowing Gaelic accents. All this is rather laughable when one's nerves are stronger—yet the thoughts of illness have a charm of their own—& they are blessed with peculiar grace to recall the mind from the garishness & hurry of usual life to a frame of still & collected thought, easily impressible by religion.

Health often hides God from us, and though he is as near to our every thought when we are well as when we are ill, yet we seem to become aware of his presence when the pride of life is humbled in our veins. It is then we feel, not our own pain only, but through that the general suffering condition of human nature—the weakness of man apart from God, & his immortal strength in God. We feel that God is nearer to us than any other thing—that his love is infinite, that it deserves our whole heart, & that in our heart there is a capacity to return it. That feeling is Faith, which Pascal has so beautifully defined as "Dieu sensible au cœur."[3] What a privilege does prayer seem in such moments! What a revelation of man's true nature that word of the psalmist, "Oh Thou that hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."[4]

I have read the new Channing[5] with much pleasure. There is a great deal of eloquence in it, some very ingenious arguments, and a noble zeal in the cause of Christian morality. I think the 8th. & 9th. discourses pleased me most. I have been reading also a very interesting book by Silvio Pellico, an Italian poet, who was imprisoned ten years in an Austrian dungeon.[6] This book is an account of his captivity, & nothing can be more beautiful than the spirit of the man under all the cruelties & horrors of the time. I think of buying the French translation for you, as I am sure you will like the book, & I am no less sure you would not read two lines of it if I sent the Italian.

Yesterday I went with my mother in the carriage to call on an invalid friend of hers who lives a little way out of town.[7] I walked in her garden, & felt all the luxury of spring. The warmest westwind was blowing strongly but pleasantly on my cheek; I inhaled the delicious perfumes of many flowers, & feasted my eyes with their colours for the first time in the year. The grass wore that tender green never seen but in the early days of spring, & it was dotted at intervals with cheerful daisies. The very smell of the leaves as I put aside the low boughs of the garden shrubs, was inexpressibly refreshing. At some distance I saw a lilac, bending with the profusion of its blossoms. I looked above, & the sky was of the mildest blue, along which little grey clouds were continually fleeting. In my inmost heart I felt it was May. Today I am going to Kensington Gardens; the grand old trees there must be all in leaf by this time.

Goodbye, moppet. Give my love to all your good people—I hope

your next will give a better account of poor Aunt Marianne. It will never do for her to be ill—the life of the family.

Thy most affectionate

Arthur.

1. See letters 234 and 235.

2. The tale is unidentified.

3. *Pensées* (published posthumously), by Blaise Pascal (1623–62), sec. 4, 278: "C'est le coeur qui sent Dieu, et non la raison. Voilà ce que c'est que la foi: Dieu sensible au coeur, non à la raison."

4. Psalms 65:2.

5. See letter 220 n. 6. AHH probably refers to *Discourses, Reviews and Miscellanies*, published in 2 vols. (1833–34).

6. Silvio Pellico (1789–1854) was an Italian writer and patriot; as editor of *Il Conciliatore*, a literary magazine with political-Romantic tendencies, he was imprisoned by the Austrians and sentenced to 15 years hard labor. He was released 10 years later under a general amnesty, and devoted himself to religious writing and work thereafter. *Le Mie Prigioni* was published in France in 1832; an English translation (*Memoirs of My Imprisonment*) appeared in May 1833.

7. Unidentified.

239. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [11 May] 1833.

I hope this letter & the parcel will reach you safely. The parcel will contain the Oriana music which I am anxious to hear how you like.[1] I heard it once sung by Julia Heath & I was pleased; but one can hardly judge from one time. You will also receive Silvio Pellico.[2] I am sure you will agree with me that nothing can be more beautiful than the character of Silvio himself as it is artlessly unfolded to us in his own narrative. A heart so loving & so patient—amid the utmost miseries learning to look on them all not only as things to be endured with resignation, but as means of moral discipline for which thanks are owed to God—yet all the while overflowing with human sympathies, subduing even his indignation against the oppressor of his friends & himself by the force of a true charity, "hoping all things, believing all things,"[3] seeking even in the refuse of the prison some good affections, & finding them because he sought them.

I also send a little edition of Pascal's Pensées. Pascal was strongly tinctured with Jansenism, but on the other hand more impressed with the power & depth of those mysterious doctrines which Channing would discard as the shreds of outworn superstition. I have no particular recollection of the sermon at New York,[4] but as regards the general character of Channing's system I agree that it is not valid or satisfactory, because he does not state fairly the doctrines of his opponents, & also because the principles on which he attacks them may be applied against himself. The essential feelings of religion subsist in the utmost diversity of forms; different language does not always imply different opinions, nor different opinions any difference in real faith.

1. See letter 235 n. 2.
2. See letter 238 for this and subsequent references.

3. 1 Corinthians 13:7: "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

4. Probably "The Superior Tendency of Unitarianism to Form an Elevated Religious Character. A Discourse Preached at the Dedication of the Second Congregational Unitarian Church, New York. December 7, 1826," published separately in many editions and included in various collected works.

240. TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [18] May 1833.[1]

A whole fortnight or more of perfect summer ere the 1st. half of May be well passed. I fear we shall suffer for this when the proper season for summer comes. Of all horrors in climate give me an English wet July. To be sure London in dogdays is very hot. The kind Nature who sent us these warm hours did not intend them to be wasted on white pavements & dusty streets of a metropolitan city.

My father met Milman one day who denies altogether having written the infamous article. He says he has made a rule never to cut up any living poet. Once he made an exception in the case of a foreigner, & to his horror when at Florence he found himself invited to meet him at breakfast. Rogers thinks the first volume decidedly superior to the 2nd. I don't quite comprehend this.[2]

I have to announce that Pickering is going to visit Charley at Tealby Grove. I really believe he has a great regard for all your three brothers. He hopes to persuade Fred to accompany him back to town. But as Fred's £20 is probably all spent by this time in flutes & new music, this part of his scheme may not answer.[3] Alfred's notion of going to Jersey seems an odd one. What should he do at Jersey? besides there is a bit of a revolution going on there.[4] The South of France he hasn't money for. Sep is at an age when feeling hearts are touched with melancholy, but I trust a more active life is preparing for him. The tendencies of indulged sensibility are best counteracted, as they would have been best prevented, by early contact with the world and a course of laborious exertion in some definite pursuit.

1. The letter is dated, somewhat arbitrarily, according to AHH's weekly pattern. Audrey Tennyson's transcript clearly indicates that the second paragraph, printed by

Hallam Tennyson as if part of letter 237 in *Memoir*, 1:91–92, belongs to the rest of this letter.

2. See letters 237; 105 n. 8.

3. See letter 225 n. 4.

4. An article in the 9 May 1833 *Times* mentioned open hostility between the Jersey parliament, which wanted to make its sittings public, and their king, who refused his sanction.

241. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[Blackheath.] [25 May 1833.]

My dearest Emily,

Some slight change has happened to my monotonous way of life this last week. My mother & sisters with the governess took a sudden whim into their heads—nay, a violent whim, quite a Tennysonian whim—to rush into country air for a week. So, after many thoughts about many places, it has ended in their squeezing into the Green Man Hotel at Blackheath. I take a six mile journey every afternoon to dine & sleep there, & then next morning return to my duties. Alfred, I doubt not, will sneer at going to Blackheath by way of country, but if you were to see the happy face of my wretched little Cockney brother, you would allow that to those beings whom you so kindly compassionate for their imprisonment in cities even this little change may be felt delightful. I don't say that I feel it so. It is some pleasure to be sure, to look out of one's window at night & see the stars resting their crowns of light on the dark closeleaved tufts of English park trees, or else stretching away, as in irregular flight, far up the expanse of heaven, out of the reach of that crescent moon, which immediately above our heads has faintly whitened the dusky blue around it. It is a pleasure too to see other people pleased. But it is no pleasure to hear the din of coaches driving all day across the heath, or entering the innyard. It is no pleasure to take two journeys a day on the broiling top of a coach. In truth I am rather uncomfortable in mind this week, & disposed to quarrel with my bread & butter. Next week we all move back again, & put on our most dignified demeanors to receive my cousin Caroline, who after a considerable delay, partly occasioned by our illnesses, partly by a wedding in her own family, comes to pay her promised visit.[1] She will stay a month, but I shall endeavor to get away sooner than she does. Certainly however I cannot be with you before the latter part of June. I cannot fix the time with certainty now, but

when I write next perhaps I shall be able. My father has again thrown out hints of going abroad for a short time in the summer, & I am afraid this may shorten my visit, at which I am lowspirited. However, I have settled nothing with him yet.[2]

I am very glad Pellico has answered your expectations.[3] I shall certainly permit you to hate his oppressors as much as you chuse. The extreme rigour of his treatment can be justified on no plea of state-necessity; nor can we feel much sympathy for an Austrian despot inflicting any sort or degree of punishment [on an] Italian who had sought to free his [country]. Yet we ought to remember in justice that the revolutionary plans in which Pellico was implicated were for the most part foolish & dangerous; that no government can be expected to refrain from punishing men for acts of rebellion, whatever <were> may be the individual merits of the rebels; & that the Italian dominions of Austria were assigned to her by a solemn convention of European states for the sake of the peace of Europe. I fear you will think me little better than a monster, if I talk thus, so I say no more.

I have been lately reading some French Memoirs of Imprisonments during the terrible times of the Revolution.[4] They are very interesting, but the interest, it must be owned, is of a different character from that we feel in Pellico. After all, Silvio's character, however heroic in passive endurance, might be found deficient in emergencies when active energy is required. I am glad the Oriana is so liked; I long to hear it, & I beg it may be in a tolerable state of perfectness by the time I come.[5] Mariana,[6] which you ask my opinion of, I have never seen. How should I? I think I shall write to Sep about his poetry. Pickering I suppose will not now get near Somersby, so I don't know what he will do with a book I entrusted to him for Alfred. It is a volume of Sonnets by Moxon, which I ought to have sent with the parcel, but omitted it. The verses are very respectable, & the binding the most lovely I ever saw.[7] Write of course to Wimpole St., as usual. I shall have my cousin's arrival to describe next week. For the present, dearest, farewell.

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.

P. S. I am quite shocked that I have never inquired after Aunt Marianne's health. However as you mention her reading the Sposi[6] I will hope she is not very bad now. It would be a tough book for a sick room. I sha'nt let Mary off her postscript, tell her.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 25 May 1833

1. See letter 234; Maria Katherine Elton married Major George Robbins on 28 May 1833.

2. On 1 August 1833, Stephen Spring Rice wrote to Blakesley: "Hallam is in town & going to leave it in ten days for the continent where he is going for six weeks with the govr., much to his disgust as he says that 'too much contact between the govr. & the governed is the worst possible thing' " (Blakesley MSS).

3. See letter 239 n. 2.

4. Perhaps *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (2 vols., Paris, 1823), which Mill (*Earlier Letters*, p. 138) was reading early in 1833; or "Narrative on an Imprisonment in France during the Reign of Terror," *Blackwood's* 30 (December 1831): 920–53, by Samuel Warren (1781–1862), divine.

5. See letter 239 n. 1.

6. Unidentified; perhaps a musical setting of AT's "Mariana," or a poem by Septimus Tennyson.

7. See letters 240; 236 n. 2.

8. Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi*.

242. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] [1–7 June] 1833.

I hope soon to hear a full and pleasant account of all you have been doing and seeing by the side of the great waters, and yet how horribly hot those Mablethorpe sandbanks must be under a sun like this. Anyhow you are sunbaked to your heart's content. C[aroline][1] has come; "what a difference" said my Mother "between her & Mary Tennyson, nobody could see Mary come into the room without being struck by her beauty."[2]

1. See letter 241 n. 1. The reference to Caroline Elton suggests that this letter might have been addressed to Emily Tennyson, but Mablethorpe was one of AT's familiar haunts (see "Lines [Here often, when a child]," *Ricks*, pp. 499–500). In his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell, AT apologized for not answering hers sooner: "I was at Mablethorpe, a miserable bathing place on our bleak, flat Lincolnshire coasts when it arrived at Somersby, and as there is no species of post between the latter and the former place, I have only just now received it."

2. See letter 233 n. 3.

243. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

[London.] July 31st. 1833.

I feel tonight what I own has been too uncommon with me of late, a strong desire to write to you. I do own I feel the want of you at some times more than at others; a sort of yearning for dear old Alfred comes upon me and that without any particularly apparent reason. I missed you much at Somersby, not for want of additional excitement; I was very happy. I had never been at Somersby before without you.[1] However I hope you are not unpleasantly employed in the land of cakes and broiled fish. I hear that you were charmed with the amiability of the Gardens; I also hear in town that the old Monteiths have been here instead of there.[2] I trust you finished the "Gardener's daughter"[3] and enriched her with a few additional beauties drawn from the ancient countenance of Monteith's aunt. Have you encountered any Highland girl with "a shower for her dower"?[4]

I should like much to hear your adventures but I daresay it will be difficult to persuade you to write to Vienna whither I am going on Saturday[5] with tolerable speed. At all events if you have any traveller's tale to tell, do not tell it often enough to get tired of it before we meet. I am going perhaps as far as Buda. I shall present your poetic respects to the Danube and to certain parts of Tyrol.

In the parcel which accompanies this you will find a volume of poems by Hartley Coleridge,[6] much of which I think you will agree with me is exquisitely beautiful. Probably Charles & Septimus will like the Sonnets more than you will. I desire & peremptorily issue my orders that Emily may not be debarred from full, fair, and free reading of that book by any of her brothers.

1. See letter 241 n. 2. AHH probably did not arrive at Somersby before the beginning of July; he was still there on 22 July 1833, while the rest of his family was at

Clevedon. AHH and Henry Hallam apparently met in London on 30 or 31 July (Ellen Hallam's private journal). Stephen Spring Rice's 1 August 1833 letter reported to Blakesley that "Alfred came to Camb. the day the examinations were over [Easter Term ended on 5 July 1833], stayed there a week, came to town with Fredk., Mont[eith], Morton & myself, lost a portmanteau 'full of Dantes & dressing gowns' by the way, went on here in a regular Camb. debauchery style & ended by going into Scotland with Monteith" (Blakesley MSS). In his 22 June 1833 letter to Donne (Miss Johnson), Kemble hoped that AHH would join them the following week at Cambridge, and the subject and the author of *In Memoriam* may have last seen each other where they first met. It is doubtful that AT could have come down from Scotland for a last dinner with AHH after receiving this note (there is no substantial evidence for such a trip) as *Memoir* 1:103 suggests.

2. On 24 September 1833, Garden wrote to Milnes from Croy: "Alfred Tennyson was here before I came down, and like a rascal would not wait for me. He saw this part of the world in the worst of weather, which was very provoking, especially as he had previously formed a theory that Scotland had no colour—a theory which, however, that particular week may have tended to confirm" (Wemyss Reid, 1:146).

3. In the poem, Eustace represents AHH and Juliet Emily Tennyson; see *Ricks*, pp. 507–21.

4. Wordsworth, "To a Highland Girl," lines 1–2: "Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower / Of beauty is thy earthly dower!"

5. 3 August 1833; see letter 244.

6. *Poems*, vol. 1 (published in 1833), by Hartley Coleridge (1796–1849), Samuel Taylor's eldest son, miscellaneous writer.

244. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

Namur. Aug. 7 [1833].

Thus far into the bowels of the earth! It is but the fifth day, dearest Emily, since I <wrote> left England, & but the sixth since I wrote to thee, yet the days seem so crowded with changes of scene & new things that I can hardly believe it so little. Nothing however of any particular interest has yet occurred—you must wait until I get somewhat farther—down into the Alpine valleys of Tyrol, by the banks of the majestic Danube, or at least among quaint old German cities before my letters can be expected to be amusing.

Saturday last, the 3d. August, being my sister Ellen's birthday, as you may have learned from the note of hers I sent you,[1] we left London in a steamvessel, not however for *Ostend*, as I had told you we probably should, but for *Calais*. I had never made this voyage before, & I don't much wish to make it again. The vessel is one of the worst I ever was in—no berths or any sort of accommodation below—very small, & calculated to make one feel the terrible pitching of my old friend & yours, the North Sea, just off the Foreland, & afterwards where he gives a rough embrace to British Channel in the Straits of Dover. The company were all very sick—& after holding out bravely for about nine hours, I succumbed to the common doom. The last few hours (we were *twelve* in all) were cold & rather wretched—I sat on deck, wrapping my head in my cloak, & endeavoring to keep off my qualms with thoughts of Somersby, much as Byron represents one of his heroes in similar circumstances.[2] The moon however was beautiful on the tremulous swell of the sea; & the Harbour Lights from Calais & the Foreland gleamed in wild & fitful contrast to her mild steady light: nevertheless, spite of moon & lights, I was glad to be safely housed in Rignolle's Hotel. The passengers by the bye were not particularly amusing: two French ladies, probably milliners, excited some merriment at dinnertime by the extravagant attention they lavished on a horrid little puppy, of no sort of breed or name, whom

they called "le plus beau des chiens! le cher petit chien," & amidst anxious fears for his state of stomach, kept pouring the sauce of currantpie down his throat, which they afterwards complaisantly sipped themselves *out of the same plate.*

The country from *Calais* on the road to *Lille* is at first very ugly—marshy ground with willowstumps—but afterwards it becomes better, & indeed the greater part of French Flanders is a kind of country I am fond of—rich, fertile plain—with a few slight hills—thickly strewed with villages; corn & beanfields alternating, neither entirely without hedges as in most parts of France, nor yet every field closed up with them as in England. The harvest is far advanced here—wheat almost everywhere cut, & delicious <rich> ripe waving crops of oats & barley ready for the sickle. [The] peasants of Flanders are not usually picturesque—their [dre]ss is rather slovenly, & their features not handsome—but while harvesting they look very pleasant—the old women seem the labourers most in request, busily employed in piling the sheaves, or reposing beside them, their work being done, with handkerchiefs over their heads to keep off the sun—the little children as busy gleaning—& over all the rich light of the summer day. Yesterday we met a harvest home—a tree was stuck upright on the load, & lots of little Belgians were shouting round it, much as little English might have done. Tell Alfred we slept at *Cassel*, not at the old inn, where the Hypocras was so good, & the waiter so perfect, but at another, much superior in situation, although not equal in waiters.[3] Yesterday we slept at *Mons*, where the Cathedral is worth seeing; very rich Gothic. That at *Tournay* too is remarkable, as a specimen of the transition style between *rounded* & *pointed* arches.[4] Ask Alfred whether he recollects a postillion who drove us from *Ath*, & observed upon our having *Virgil* in the carriage: I was driven by him again, & he recognised me, & complimented me on my better looks. The descent upon *Namur* along the wooded bank of the *Sambre* is fine. Today I go through the Forest of Ardennes, & as I must be off in a minute, having barely stolen time to write, I must say goodbye. We travel very fast, & shall only stop one day before we reach Constance. I trust you wrote last Sunday.

Ever, ever thine affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / Angleterre.
P/M 12 August 1833

1. See letter 243 nn. 1, 5. Ellen Hallam recollected receiving a letter at Clevedon from AHH on her 17th birthday: "[It] affected me more than the occasion seemed to warrant. I thought it was only his excessive kindness which caused my tears to flow—but why should that have produced a painful impression?" (private journal).

2. *Don Juan*, canto 2, lines 81–168.

3. AHH refers to their summer 1830 trip to the south of France; see letter 92. Hippocras is a spiced wine.

4. Both are towns in southwest Belgium; the Cathedral of St. Waudru at Mons was begun in 1460; that of Notre-Dame at Tournai in 1030.

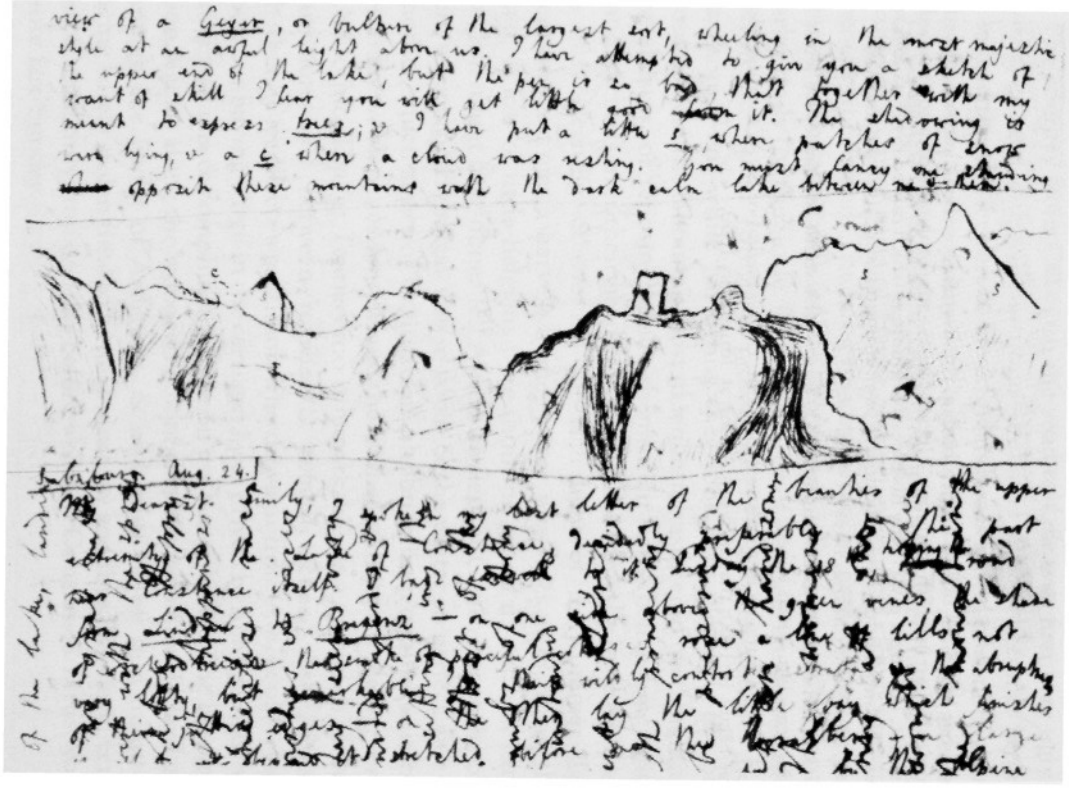

Fig. 3. AHH's sketch in letter 245 (Princeton).

245. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

Salzburg. Aug. 24 [1833].

My dearest Emily,

I spoke in my last letter[1] of the beauties of the upper extremity of the Lake of Constance, decidedly preferable to the part near Constance itself. I bade farewell to it Sunday the 18th., taking the road from *Lindau* to *Bregenz*[2]—on one side above the green vines, the shade of orchard trees, & the smoke of peaceful cottages, rose a line of hills, not very lofty, but remarkable for their wildly contorted strata, & the abruptness of their jutting edges—on the other lay the little bay which finishes the lake, & beyond it stretched before me the Vora[r]lberg—a large basin, closed on all sides but that of my entrance by the Alpine chains that form the barriers of Tyrol. Keeping these majestic mountains in view we crossed the plain & slept that night at *Bludenz*, a small village at its further end. Next morning, we proceeded to pass the *Arlberg* or *Adlerberg*,[3] as it is otherwise called (Mountain of the Eagle)—the day was rainy, & thick clouds covered all the summits & even the sides of the hills; still I felt my spirits rise at feeling myself once more among my old favorite objects—the torrent rushing impetuously beneath me, its turbid grey waters flashing into white foam along the rocky channel—the ragged green of the declivities beside it, strewed with numerous & irregular fragments of rock—the pines above these stretching up the mountain, into the cloud—the waterfall, swollen with recent storms, gushing down in all directions, & seeming, as I stopped to listen, like the voices of the eternal hills. Towards afternoon the day cleared & shewed the ramparts of bold bare crags that rose perpendicularly above our narrow & winding road, with the masses of snow lying thick in the hollows, or stretching along the cliff in slender brilliant lines.

After descending the Adlerberg, we entered the long & wide valley, called the Upper Valley of the Inn, which reaches to *Innspruck*.[4]

Nothing can be more deliciously green—not England itself—than these vales of Tyrol. The cottages are generally of wood, like those in Switzerland, with large penthouses, & long outer galleries running round the house, under which is usually piled a heap of wood for fuel, placed there probably with the double purpose of keeping itself from wet, & the house from cold. The Inn is a fine river, one of the largest tributaries of the Danube. The scenery of the Ober Innthal grows somewhat tamer as we approach Innspruck—yet only by comparison—for far be it from me to say anything in disparagement of Innspruck, a handsome town situated in an enclosure of mountains, at the meeting of the two principal valleys of the country. The only thing worth seeing in the town itself, is the Chapel of the Emperor Maximilian, containing his tomb and twenty eight statues in carved bronze—very grand indeed, semicolossal in size, & worthy guardians of a mighty Emperor's repose. They are statues of the most distinguished early princes of the Austrian family, & some <fabulous> legendary heroes along with them, as Theodoric the Goth, Arthur of England, Clovis of France, who have very little to do with the place they are in, except that they look so grand there, no one could wish them away.[5] I had seen this chapel when I was at Innspruck before, some years ago, & it has been lingering dimly in my imagination since that time. I always used to think of it, when reading a stanza in St. Agnes Eve which I don't remember well enough to quote.[6]

The *Unter Innthal* is considered inferior to its upper sister, & well for us that it is so, for the rain was so heavy the whole of our first day's journey from Innspruck, that we saw hardly anything. Next morning too began in clouds, but about eight o'clock the sun exerted his power, & broke them cheeringly in all directions. It was a fine sight, such as one sees only among the hills. First of all were discerned the dim outlines of surrounding mountains, looming through the mist; then appeared, like floating islands of the air, whole peaks & crags in clear sunlight; & in a few minutes or moments the large volumes of cloud were completely rolled away, save here & there a bright silver zone girdling the pineforest, or some looser form of exhalation steaming slowly upwards. This mountain clearing must be what Virgil would paint, when he says "*Aperire procul montes, et volvere fumum*"[7]—"the hills began to open, & the *smoke* to roll"—which the stupid commentators explain as referring to the smoke of cottages. I

am more & more convinced how necessary the knowledge of Southern climates & mountainous countries is to the right understanding of classical poetry & mythology. For instance, what to us seems so absurd as the constant coming down of a cloud to wrap some hero or some god? Because we think of clouds up some miles in the atmosphere. But here, & in places like these (& Greece was such), to be enveloped in a cloud is the most natural thing in the world. I have little doubt again, that the notion of the gods residing on the heights of mountains, arose not so much from those heights being *invisible* through clouds, as from the contrary occasion of their being *visible*, but separated from the valley by belts of cloud, just as I saw them that mor[ning.]

The scenery of the Vale of the *Saal*, which we next entered, is gr[ander] & wilder than any that had preceded it; resembling in some degree the long sloping gorges of the Pyrenees. I am not sure that of all delightful situations in the world, the most delightful is not that of *Salzburg*. Placed beneath low, but richly picturesque hills, such as "savage Rosa dashed,"[8] it looks on one side to a fertile plain which reaches far into Bavaria, on the other to a multitude of Alpine peaks, inclosing wooded valleys. The town itself is quite Italian—spacious squares, with handsome fountains—large, wellbuilt streets—the architecture elegant, & somewhat effeminate—the environs laid out in the most pleasant lanes & avenues you can imagine. Is not this a jewel of a place? I have sworn in my secret soul that I will come here [agai]n some day, God willing, & not alone, Nem; nor am I quite clear that ten years hence we may not have made a home of Salzburg. Is Alfred mad meanwhile that he does not employ his annual hundred in instantly coming to this place, & staying as long as he possibly can? Is Fred unwitting of its existence, that Salzburg never enters into his pleasant Utopias? There is an additional reason for his coming—Mozart was born, & Haydn died here.[9]

Yesterday we drove to the *Königs See*—King's Lake—[10] formerly called S. Bartholomew's Lake, returning in the evening. The whole drive is most beautiful; the approach to the Lake reminded me of that to Loch Katrine; & the first part of the lake itself is not unlike, only the mountains are much loftier. They are clothed with forests of larch, & pine & mountain ash, & are wellpeopled, not only with chamois, but Fays & Goblins of all descriptions. Within the hidden

caverns of the surrounding mountains resides the long lost Emperor Frederic[11] with his Court & Army: at night martial music is heard to peal over the lake, & at times long processions of monks are seen to wind among the trees, & with ghostly voices chaunt the masses for the dead. I saw none of them, but instead I had a fine view of a *Geyer*, or Vulture of the largest sort, wheeling in the most majestic style at an awful height above us. I have attempted to give you a sketch of the upper end of the lake, but the pen is so bad, that together with my want of skill I fear you will get little good from it. The shadowing is meant to express *trees*; & I have put a little *s* where patches of snow were lying, & a *c* where a cloud was resting. You must fancy me standing <where> opposite these mountains with the dark calm lake between me & them.[12] We took boat & made the tour of the lake, landing to see a cascade, which was no great matter; however I picked up a stone, wet with the spray, which I destine for your workbox. Happy pebble, did it but know its happiness!

The Tyrolese are an uncivilised race, possessing apparently the virtues & vices of the savage state. They seem very religious; crucifixes every hundred yards, & dressed figures of saints sitting in the galleries of the cottages. Most of the houses too have Fresco daubs of Holy Families, which seem intended to serve the purpose of ancient Lares, for there are words underneath praying that the house may be preserved. The Tyrolese, both sexes, are handsomer far than the Swiss. The women have a bold way of staring at one, which in a town one would take for effrontery, but in the mountains I suppose one is bound to consider it the rugged intrepidity of virtue. The postillions, as they drive along, chaunt national songs with that peculiar intonation of the throat which you may have heard, or at least heard of. They have not the slightest scruple at turning round into the carriage & asking one for tobacco. Some of them are ferocious looking creatures, & as they usually carry a couple of knives in their girdle, it is rather necessary to regulate one's behaviour accordingly. The women wear highcrowned, broadrimmed hats, which they seldom take off even in the house. The language talked is a bad Patois-German, which puzzles even our servant. Italian sometimes helps us a little—more, decidedly, than French.

Now, my own pet, I shall say farewell for this time. I shall write you another letter before I get yours at Vienna. I fear you may find this one difficult to read. Give my love to all the dear people.

Ever thine own affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / Angleterre.
P/M 4 September 1833

1. This letter apparently has been lost.

2. Bregenz, at the east end of Lake Constance, was the capital of the Vorarlberg region.

3. The Arlberg pass is 5,910 feet.

4. Innsbruck was the capital of the Tyrol.

5. Maximilian I (1459–1519), king of Germany in 1486, became Holy Roman emperor in 1493. Theodoric (454?–562), king of the Ostrogoths and sole ruler of Italy in 493, was known as Dietrich von Bern in Teutonic legends. Clovis I (466?–511) was one of the earliest rulers of the Franks. Other statues represent members of Maximilian's family or previous rulers of Germany.

6. Keats, "The Eve of St. Agnes," probably stanza 2.

7. *Aeneid* 3. 206.

8. James Thomson, *The Castle of Indolence*, canto 1, stanza 38: "And now rude mountains frown amid the skies; / Whate'er Lorrain light-touched with softening hue, / Or savage Rosa dashed, or learnèd Poussin drew."

9. Mozart was born in Salzburg (1756) and died in Vienna (1791), where Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809) also died. AHH may refer to his young brother, Johann Michael Haydn (1737–1806), who died in Salzburg, where he was musical director to the archbishop for forty years. There is a monument to him in St. Peter's Church in Salzburg.

10. Approximately fifteen miles south of Salzburg in extreme southeastern Bavaria.

11. Probably Frederick I (1123?–1190), Holy Roman emperor in 1152, nicknamed Barbarossa ("red-beard"). He drowned while on the Third Crusade, but according to legend sleeps with his court in a cavern in the Kyffhäuser mountains, his beard still growing, until his country calls for his aid. But the legend has also been transferred to his grandson, Frederick II (1194–1250), Holy Roman emperor in 1215.

12. See accompanying reproduction of AHH's sketch.

246. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton and TRC

Gmunden. Aug. 30 [1833].

My dearest Nem,

I hope you have my Constance & Lindau letter by this time,[1] & I fancy your sweet eyes brightening with pleasure at the thought of lakes & mountains, & a little sigh, hardly audible, & expressive rather of a soft [melan]choly, than any more painful feeling, at the cruel circumstances which prevent your seeing countries so calculated to delight you. But that hour is to come, Nem; I believe devoutly in its approach; & then only shall I be able to give myself up to unmixed enjoyment of the beautiful sights of this earth, when you, my only beloved, are by my side, beholding those sights, & sharing that enjoyment.

Saturday last we staid at *Salzburg*, & wandered about that pleasant town & its environs. I described them sufficiently in my last letter, & shall give no more particulars. *Sunday* we set out on a three day's expedition into the mountains. The first thing we stopped to see was the Château of *Hellbrunn*, very little worth seeing, being laid out in the worst possible taste—large lumbering grounds, with trees studiously placed so as to spoil a noble prospect—& contemptible little tricks of water, which is made to spout about in all sorts of unexpected ways & places, reminding one not a little of Freisondin's practical jokes in Undine.[2]

Next we staid to see the Salt Mines at *Hallein*, which was highly interesting.[3] Leaving the carriage at the Posthouse, we were dragged in a car of the country up a steep ascent, at the top of which we found a small house, where we were clothed in miner's garments, white jackets & trowsers, and a very ludicrous figure we cut, as you may suppose. Two or three parties were there, & amongst them one lady, who was forced to equip herself in precisely the same costume. She took it very coolly, laughed a little, & seemed quite at her ease *en*

homme, but I question whether an Englishwoman (she was French) would have submitted so readily. Nevertheless I have known our countrywomen do queer things enough, when out of England. When we were dressed, we were led to a little hole in the side of the mountain, which we entered, & found ourselves in a long narrow corridor, just high enough, & wide enough, for one person to walk in, hollowed out of the solid rock, & in part supported by rafters. Along this, one by one, & every second person carrying a light, we proceeded slowly for several hundred yards. The rock was partly gypsum, partly salt; as we got further on, it became pure salt, & as the light of our torches flashed on it we saw how beautiful the coloured veins were. I broke off a bit for you, but unluckily lost it. After some time, our guides halted, & informed us we were come to a *slide*. Placed on an inclined plane of smooth wood, one behind the other, grasping a rope on one side, & on the other doing our best to avoid the sharp edges of the rock, we slid down with considerable velocity into the heart of the earth. Then another long gallery—then a second slide, rather steeper than the first. After the third passage, we suddenly came upon an immense subterraneous lake, the reservoir of the running water employed to carry off the salt. Here we entered a boat, & were ferried across, the ceiling almost [tou]ching our heads as we sat in the boat, but seeming by a curious optical illusion to open out into a spacious vault immediately beyond the exact position we were in at each moment. The row of lights, set at wide intervals all round this dreary pool, seemed doubled by their reflection in the water, which the gloom prevented our discerning from reality. Altogether a scene so like the Acheron of fable,[4] & a boat so like honest Charon's, I never expected to see on earth, or I shd. rather say on this side the grave, for *on* earth I certainly was not, but about seven hundred feet below its surface. There are *twenty eight* of these lakes, but we only had this one to cross. In all we had *five* slides, & as many galleries, in the last of which we suddenly met two large open carts, or rather planks upon wheels, for there were no sides. On these we were placed astride, & a man in front of each, seising these vehicles by a sort of pole, began to run at full speed, whirling us after him. The wind made by our speed was sharply cold, & soon extinguished our lights: however on went the men like mad, holding a dark lantern, & calling to each other with wild cries. It was not very easy to keep one's seat, but very necessary,

for the least slip would have ground one to pieces against the rock, the gallery not being above four feet wide. After a long journey of this novel description, we perceived a glimmer of light ahead; gradually it widened & brightened; & at length we had the satisfaction of rushing out into broad day, with blinded eyes & oppressed limbs, at the foot of the mountain, & near the place where we began to ascend in the car.

When we had refreshed ourselves with dinner, we re-entered our carriage & went on that night as far as *Werfen*, a village beautifully situated beneath a wall of grand Alp crags, with a pretty castle on a hill of pines.[5] Before we reached it, we traversed a wild mountain pass, called the Luig Pass, during which we were led on foot some way out of the road to see what is called the *Öfen*, a savage chasm, where from narrow wooden bridges slung at great heights < over > from rock to rock, one may gaze at the foaming torrent working its way far beneath. Tell Alfred it was something like the *Pont d'Espagna* in the Pyrenees, & he will have an idea of it. The little village of *Werfen* was in a high state of festivity when we arrived there; the Superintendant of the Roads, a great person of the place, was to be married on the morrow to a great lady, the niece of some Baron, < but who > also a resident in Werfen. The bridegroom had apparently given money to the peasants, for they were waltzing, drinking & shouting con amore. In the inn, where we were, was laid out a sumptuous breakfast, ready for the [next?] morning. At first, as is usual with me on these occasions, I was seised with an inward [agony?], & felt disposed to resent the Superintendant's happiness & [. . . .][6] insult. However, after a pipe or two, I thought bet[ter] of it, & [resolved?] to see as much of the wedding as I could. Next morning at eight o'clock all the population was out, anxiously looking towards the bride's house: shortly she appeared, dressed in blue, very simply, led by her father in spruce black, & attended by six or seven [lad]ies in white, with flowers in their hair. < Presently the bridegroom > They came into the inn, where the bridegroom was waiting: the first salutation I did not see, as the company was in the breakfastroom, & I remained outside the house, but presently they issued forth, the father still on the right hand, & the Supert. on the left, & followed by the crowd entered the Church, which was decorated with [pi]llars [?] of flowers. When the priest appeared at the altar, the old man [gave] his fair charge to the

young one; the couple knelt before the priest; & he began [the] service in German, but I could not wait for the ring, as the horses were ready. T[he] lady was not very handsome, albeit it seemed sacrilege to the good Werfenites not to think so; truth obliges me to say she was heavily made, & her feet clumsy: she seemed two or three good years older than the Super, who looked about my age. I shd. not omit to say he was also in black, with a prodigious nosegay in his button hole.

From Werfen we went to *Hof Gastein*, passing the pretty cascade of *Lentbach*, & the Pass of *Clamm*, really one of the very grandest mountainpasses I have ever seen. As far as I recollect the Splugen & Simplon, they had more varied scenery, & lasted longer, but not far behind them comes the *Clamm*, & I desire you to hold it in due honour. This pass closes up on one side the valley of Gastein, which contains [the] little [town of] Hof Gastein, where we slept that night, & the Wild Baths of Gastein as they are properly called, a mountain [spa?] to which we proceeded next day.[7] This is remarkable besides the general grandeur of the situation and the amusing contrast of gay carriages and watering place festivities, for a magnificent waterfall or rather series of falls occupying altogether more than six hundred feet. Walks are cut in the hill alongside and benches placed at the best points of view, so I saw it very comfortably without scrambling. There is a considerable body of water and the abrupt turns of its rocky descent precipitate the foaming flood in the most varied, but all beautiful directions. It was beautiful to see the still boughs of the mountain ash, with its bright scarlet berries, leaning over the boiling agony of the fiercest fall; beautiful too to see the large drops, thrown off from the curving water just where it is hurled over the rounded rock, assuming bright crystal colours, & looking as they were pieces of solid silver carried down from the mountain.

In the evening we returned to Hof Gastein, & next day to Salzburg. *Pass Clamm* was still grander, if possible, this time; we came to it early in the morning, & the clouds lying low in the valleys completely surrounded us, so that we saw nothing at first, except the outline of the heights, which by a usual optical effect of a cloud-medium appeared far higher than they really were, & not only impending over us, but literally *projected* in the air above our heads. That evening I took a pleasant walk at Salzburg, over the bridge—the rapid *Salzach*

rushing beneath—the long pointed shado[ws] of the houses chequering the column of light which the full moon threw <over> along the river—the castle behind, <rising> towering dimly above the town—the tall Italian looking houses opposite, rising directly from the water—the women walking, without bonnets, as in Italy—all these pleasant objects delighted & yet grieved me; they were *too Italian not to be Italy*; I felt a yearning for the South come over me, & I began to have doubts whether I could fix my abode at Salzburg. Yesterday, *Thursday*, we came on to *Ischel*, another wateringplace, full of gay invalids, passing through a most beautiful tract of country, mountainous still, but of a milder, richer character, & what one might call *subalpine*. We passed two lakes, the *Flussel See* & the *Wolfgang See*, which I want words to praise.[8] Anything more perfect than looking at a perfect blue lake through perfect green pines on a perfect cloudless day I do not know—do you?

Today we have come *over* another lake in a boat—the *Traun See*—to which, through which & from which rushes the river Traun, which I have absolutely fallen in love with. Such a clear, blue, limpid, rapid angel of a stream I know not elsewhere. Were the Nymph of the Traun to make herself visible to my mortal eyes, I sadly fear—I hope not—but I sadly fear you wd. run a great chance of being forgotten. I write now from the further end of this delicious lake, having my eyes on a semicircle of purple hills, that embrace its placid water. It is my last Alpine view, for tomorrow I leave the region of mountains, & strike off into plain country towards Vienna. But I shall not put this letter into the Post, before I have seen the great *Fall of the Traun*, some miles off, called the Niagara of Austria.

[*Linz. Aug. 31*] I have seen the Fall; as for its being like Niagara, that is stuff; but next to the Rheinfall at Schaffausen I suppose it is the best *river-fall* in Europe. The whole river comes down, but the descent is not more than *40 feet*. The Rhine is *80*. This cataract is remarkable for three things; 1st. the beauty of the curve made by the principal body of water; 2ndly. the still greater beauty of the [Iris]; I never saw a brighter rainbow, *not even over the sky*; 3rdly. the facility of approach: I stood actually between the rock & the water, deafened by the roar, wet by the spray, & within one step of a death quicker than thought. I felt the impulse to plunge, & wisely withdrew. Farewell, darling.

Ever thine own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / England.
P/M 11 September 1833.

1. See letter 245 n. 1.

2. This imperial chateau three miles south of Salzburg was noted for its elaborate fountains and gardens. AHH refers to Undine's uncle, Kühleborn, the water goblin; he may have confused the name with the legendary Freiherr von Güttingen, whose castle sank into Lake Constance. See letter 203 n. 9.

3. This popular trip lasted approximately ninety minutes.

4. Acheron was one of the rivers in Hades.

5. Werfen is approximately 25 miles south of Salzburg.

6. The letter has been cut here; the smaller fragment is at TRC.

7. Hof Gastein, 47 miles south of Salzburg, noted for its hot baths, was capital of the Gastein valley. The waterfall near Lend is part of the Gasteiner Ache, which also forms the Klamm Pass. The Splügen and Simplon passes are 25 and 29 miles respectively.

8. Ischl, a tourist and health resort, is on the Traun river, 51 miles southwest of Linz; the Fuschlsee and Wolfgangsee are east of Salzburg towards Gmunden, which lies at the northern edge of the Traunsee.

247. TO ALFRED AND EMILY TENNYSON [?] [1]

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Vienna. Sept. 6th. 1833.

I have left now my glorious mountains & not without regret. I felt better in health & spirits whilst I was among them than either before or since. I do not think mountains ever seemed so sublime to me as this time in Tyrol & Salzburg. Perhaps coming to them fresh from Somersby, I was better fitted to enjoy them than if I had come from the vulgar occupations of the world.[2] All noble sentiments are congenial & accustom the mind one to another. I have been wondering whether I should like to live in a mountainous country & I find much to be said on both sides. Certainly, for the reason I have just mentioned, the habitual sight of mountains must tend to cherish generous sentiments in the mind. Nay, the association is one of the simplest possible & works almost infallibly. Characters of boldness, freedom, elevation, permanence, simplicity are stamped too visibly on the surrounding objects not to awaken in the beholder a spirit of independence & self respect. History shows us examples of attachment to country in the inhabitants of hills, which we find nowhere in plains. Yet, it may be, for one born in a plain & bred in a plain there would be felt a want in mountains which all their beauty & grandeur would never supply.

The squares & streets here are wide & well built; everything wears an appearance of gaiety & liveliness. Altogether I should say Vienna resembles Paris but is more uniformly handsome, although perhaps the best quartiers in Paris are superior to any here. We have seen the Imperial Palace which is not worth much although the Treasure Chamber contains curious things for people who have a weakness for gold & silver. The largest diamond in the world <was> is there.[3] There is a collection of curiosities at Schönbrunn, the Imperial countryhouse just outside the town—where you may remember poor Pellico was told to stand aside when the Emperor came by.[4] This is the dull time of the year; <nobody> the Prater the great public drive is

perfectly empty and I never saw a more insipid place, worse even than the Corso at Milan or the Cascine at Florence which I used to think the most stupid drives possible.[5]

The pictures of course are the great thing at Vienna; the gallery is grand and I longed for you: two rooms full of Venetian pictures only; such Giorgiones, Palmas, Bordones, Paul Veroneses! and oh Alfred such Titians! by Heaven, that man could paint! I wish you could see his Danaë. Do you just write as perfect a Danaë! Also there are two fine rooms of Rubens, but I know you are an exclusive, and care little for Rubens, in which you are wrong: although no doubt Titian's imagination and style are more analogous to your own than those of Rubens or of any other school.[6]

1. Hallam Tennyson supplied the dual address on his wife's transcript; obviously both AT and Emily read AHH's letters from Europe.

2. See letter 243 n. 1.

3. The treasure chamber in the Hofburg (residence of Austrian princes from the thirteenth century) included various imperial vestments of the Austrian and Holy Roman empires. The "Florentine" diamond, over 133 carats, was once the property of Charles the Bold (1433–77).

4. Schönbrunn, intended to rival Versailles, was completed early in the eighteenth century; it was the favorite residence of Maria Theresa (1717–80) and contained many portraits of the Hapsburgs. See also letter 241 n. 3.

5. The Praterstrasse leads into the Prater, a park and forest opened to the public in 1776; the Corso Vittorio Emanuele is one of the main shopping areas in Milan; the Cascine, a fashionable rendezvous, is bounded by the Arno and the Mugnone. See AT's description of Vienna, drawing upon AHH's letters, in *IM* 98:

> And yet myself have heard him say,
> That not in any mother town
> With statelier progress to and fro
> The double tides of chariots flow
> By park and suburb under brown
> Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
> He told me, lives in any crowd,
> When all is gay with lamps, and loud
> With sport and song, in booth and tent,
> Imperial halls, or open plain;
> And wheels the circled dance, and breaks

The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

6. The Imperial Gallery is especially rich in Italian and old German works; in addition to two rooms of works by Rubens (1577–1640), there is nearly a full room of Titian's paintings and works by Giorgione (ca. 1477–1510), Palma Vecchio (1480?–1528), and Bordone (1500–1571). According to the preface to *Remains* (p. xiii), "In one of the last days of [AHH's] life, he lingered long among the fine Venetian pictures of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna."

248. TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

Pesth. Sept. 11 [1833].

Ma douce amie,

You know I always had a decided inclination for Hungary. The idea of it has been a pleasant one to my imagination, ever since I used to look at its oval shape in the map, in my childish days, & thought it the plumpest bit of Europe. It was coloured yellow in all the maps I knew, & this circumstance, I suppose, led me to imagine it always as a vast, dusty plain, with a great deal of sand, & a hot vertical sun. Well—now I am in Hungary—& "Yarrow visited" is not extremely unlike "Yarrow unvisited."[1] It is an immense plain, the monotony of whose surface is broken here & there by slight ridges running across, & bounded by the lofty chain of the Carpathians. Some of these lines of hills are sandstone, so far realising my early impressions; others are primitive rocks, which must have preceded by many thousand years the existence of the large sea, which once filled all the basin of Hungary & Lower Germany, & washed the sides of the Alps, as geological records testify. I have broken off for you a piece of granite from a small hillock near *Presburg*. The Hungarian plain is very ill cultivated, & in most parts presents the appearance of an extensive, irregular common, with trees growing over it in a scattered manner. It is very illpeopled too; for miles sometimes one does not see a house: the villages are large & straggling, composed of low cottages, not unlike Irish cabins, with one window or at most two on the groundfloor, placed not in the middle, but just at the corner, and above, two apertures to admit air, which are often drolly shaped in the figure of an eye.

The peasantry look wilder than any I have seen; they have an Asiatic cast of countenance; & their costume—long, loose linen trowsers, blue jackets, & woollen or fur caps, sometimes exchanged for slouching hats—contributes still more to make me fancy myself out of Europe. Their language, the *Magyar*, is said to bear more

resemblance to the Kalmuck than to any Caucasian tongue. It seems, as far as I can judge, harmonious; I have learned a few words: "*Utza*" is a street; "*Kapunál*" a gate; "*Vendez-fogado,*" an Inn: "*Harung,*" the number Three; *Nem,* is No. I hope you like your new dignity as a Magyar negative. Some villages in the country have a purely German, & some a Sclavonic population; both languages, especially the former, are frequently spoken; and the gentlemen of Hungary are in the habit of speaking Latin—but I find the accounts of Latin being spoken universally quite unfounded. Indeed the native language has supplanted it even in the *Diet,* & it seems a point of honour with Magyar patriots to keep up Magyar.

One of the most remarkable features of this country is the abundance of horses. The common waggons & carts have four, six, or even eight harnessed to them, & come galloping by, like a mailcoach. The peasants have established regular relays of horses in opposition to the Post, & as they give more horses, charge less, & take one quicker, it is decidedly worth while to adopt the plan. They drive at a fierce rate over the most abominable roads, but I don't hear that they upset often. If on the way <they> the driver falls in with a friend, driving four or five loose horses, a few words of greeting are exchanged, the said friend mounts beside said driver, fastens his horses all abreast of the others, & so on we go with eight or ten coursers instead of the four we started with! I slept one night in an Hungarian village, & have never been so near the extreme limits of civilisation: the people brought no towels or basin till they were sent for, & declared it was their custom to put only one sheet, & that a short one, on their beds!

I have seen the four principal towns, *Presburg, Raab, Gran,* & *Pesth.* I was rather smitten with Presburg. It has a riant appearance; the view from the Castle-hill of the surrounding plain, with the Carpathians in the distance, is a fine one; & the Danube is magnificent. There are several good houses, the residences of Hungarian nobles, many of whom, by the bye, are enormously rich. It was Sunday evening, when I was there, & all the *quality* of Presburg were out in the public gardens, where there was a very good display of fireworks. Presburg however, being only seven hours' journey from Vienna, is almost German: *Raab* & *Gran* took me more into the heart of Hungary. The former is not remarkable, but the situation of the latter in the bosom

of the small sandhills I mentioned, is sufficiently agreeable, & when the new palace, which is building there on a grand scale, is finished, I have no doubt Gran will rise considerably in importance. There is a monument by Canova there; & the tombs of all sorts of Primates & Cardinals, belonging to the good old Hungarian times.[2] But of all places *Pesth* is the place for me! I had no notion that after three days' travel through barbarism I shd. emerge into a splendid capital. *Ofen*, better kn[own] by its native name, *Buda*, occupies the right bank of the Danu[be] & immediately opposite, joined by a bridge of boats, is *Pesth*, the m[ore] modern of the two, & the least historically interesting, but far the b[etter] in appearance. The long quay, & line of high, handsome houses beside the river, reminded me of the *Lung'Arno* at Florence, but the Danube leaves the Arno far behind. It is really a divine river. You see it too to much greater advantage from a bridge of boats, as here & at Presburg, because you are nearer the surface: the height of common bridges of course diminishes the effect of the size of <the> rivers. Besides, is there anything more pleasant than to hear the rush & gurgle of the water against the boats, while smoking the best Hungarian tobacco out of a true Meerschaum just beginning to colour, & looking at the lights from both banks twinkling magically through the exhalations which in the evening are sent up from this mighty stream? There is a Museum here of natural curiosities, tolerably worth seeing, & all of Hungarian production: amongst which are some respectable stuffed vultures & lynxes, & several Mammoth-bones.[3] By a lucky accident the Steamer from Belgrade came in just as we arrived: several strange looking human things on board—some clothed in rough sheepskins—some in skins fancifully variegated, in the style of savage dandyism—whom I take to be Wallachian peasants.[4] Tomorrow we return to Vienna, & waiting there one or two days, shall strike northwards to Prague. Today is, if I mistake not, Mary's birthday: I shall not fail to drink her health in a glass of *Tokay*, & to wish her all happiness, both in prosperity of circumstances, & peace of mind.[5] *Tokay*, I think, deserves its fame, as the best of the rich, sweet wines; but one cannot drink much of it. The common wines of this country, & indeed of all South-eastern Germany are very poor.

I have left one or two particulars of Vienna untold—[6] for instance, the Theatres. I went four times—once to a Melodramatic, high-heroic

play, called *Peter Szapar*,[7] which harmonious hero was a Hungarian general taken by the Turks, & blest with a wife who gets him out of prison in man's clothes. The acting indifferent. Also to a sentimental comedy of *Kotzebue*, which greatly affected the good German hearts of the pit. A certain *Mlle. Peche* was very pretty, & acted very well.[8] Besides this I saw two Operas—one being "*Zampa*," a new Opera by *Herold*, a modern composer of the Weber school, full of devilry & flames & speaking statues, & some very pretty music in parts. The second I saw was no less than *Robert Le Diable*, admirably got up: I was delighted with Meyerbeer's music, & also with the *spectacle*, for it really is a most effective Opera. A *Mme. Ernst* was the Prima Donna: she is not *first* rate, but very good *second:* a very clear, but somewhat too shrill voice. There were some good men singers; especially one *Wild*, a tenor, whom I think certainly superior to Donzelli, & I shd. not be surprised to see him in London.[9] There are two good private collections of pictures, the *Lichtenstein*, which contains a fine room of Rubens's, & an exquisite *Corregio*, and the *Esterhazy*, which is particularly strong in Spanish pictures. In England we hardly know any Spanish painter but *Murillo:* yet are there many others of extraordinary merit; *Zurbaron, Coello, Cano, Ribalta* &c.[10] In the Augustine Church is a beautiful Monument by Canova—& in the Public Gardens, within a small temple, stands his famous Theseus destroying the Minotaur.[11]

Adio, carissima—my love to all.
Ever thy most affectionate,

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / England.
P/M 25 September 1833.

1. See Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited"; AHH prefaced his "Timbuctoo" with a quotation from the first.

2. Pressburg (now Bratislava) was formerly the capital of Hungary, where the coronation of the Hapsburg kings was held. Gran (now Esztergom) was the see of the primate of Hungary (supposedly the richest in Europe); its cathedral (begun in 1821, completed in 1856) contained a marble monument (not identified as Canova's) of Archduke Karl Ambrosius, archbishop of Gran and primate of Hungary.

3. The National Museum housed a library and gallery of paintings.

4. Wallachia was a former principality in southern Romania.

5. See letter 200 n. 12.

6. See letter 247.

7. Unidentified, though undoubtedly based on the life of one of the count Szapárns of the eighteenth century.

8. August Ferdinand von Kotzebue (1761–1819), German writer and conservative political figure, assassinated by a student for attacking the Burschenscaft movement, published over 200 dramatic works. Theresa Peche (1806–64) was a successful German actress.

9. *Zampa, ou la Fiancée de Marbre*, by Louis Ferdinand Hérold (1791–1833), was first produced in Paris in 1831; *Robert le Diable*, by Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791–1864), was first produced in Paris (1831) and performed in London in February 1832. Mme Ernst has not been identified. Franz Wild (1792–1860), an Austrian tenor, studied with Rossini in Paris and appeared in London in 1840; Domenico Donzelli (1790–1873), an Italian tenor who was also a pupil of Rossini, had performed in London in 1829 and 1832–33.

10. The Liechtenstein gallery at the Rossau palace also contained works by Leonardo, Caravaggio, Van Dyke, and Poussin; the Esterhazy, known primarily for its Spanish paintings, included works by Francisco Zurbaran (1598–1664), Claudio Coello (1642–93), Alonso Cano (1601–67), and Francisco Ribalta (1565–1628).

11. The allegorical monument to the Archduchess Christina is considered one of Canova's most successful works. His Theseus statue was in a building copied from the Temple of Theseus at Athens.

248a. HENRY ELTON TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MS: TRC

Clifton. 1 Octbr. 1833.[1]

My dear Sir,

At the desire of a most afflicted family, I write to you, because they are unequal, from the Abyss of grief into which they have fallen, to do it themselves.

Your friend Sir, and my much loved Nephew, Arthur Hallam, is no more—it has pleased God, to remove him from this his first scene of Existence, to that better World, for which <it had> he was Created.

He died at Vienna on his return from Buda, by Apoplexy, and I believe his Remains come by Sea from Trieste.[2]

Mr. Hallam arrived this Morning in 3 Princes Buildings.

May that Great Being, in whose hands are the Destinies of Man—and who has promised to comfort all that Mourn pour the Balm of Consolation on all the Families who are bowed down by this unexpected dispensation!

I have just seen Mr. Hallam, who begs I will tell you, that he will write himself as soon as his Heart will let him. Poor Arthur had a slight attack of Ague—which he had often had—Order'd his fire to be lighted—and talked with as much cheerfulness as usual—He suddenly became insensible and his Spirit departed without Pain—The Physician endeavour'd to get any Blood from him—and on Examination it was the General Opinion, that he could not have lived long—This was also Dr. Holland's opinion—The account I have endeavour'd to give you, is merely what I have been able to gather, but the family of course are in too great distress, to enter into details—[3]

I am, dear Sir—
your very Obt. Sevt.

Henry Elton.

Addressed to Alfred Tennyson Esqre: if Absent, to be opened by Mrs. Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 1 October 1833

1. Since mail was delivered only three times a week to the Spilsby postoffice, the Tennysons may not have learned of AHH's death until toward the end of the week, close to the date (6 October) of the composition of *IM* 9 (see *Ricks*, p. 872). The news reached the Hallam family on 28 September 1833 (Ellen Hallam's private journal).

2. Both the autopsy report (Yale) and the general history of AHH's health have suggested to several modern physicians that he died of a ruptured aneurysm. AT would undoubtedly have been pleased to know that his rendering—"God's finger touched him, and he slept" (*IM* 85. 20)—was essentially accurate. AHH's remains did not arrive until late in December 1833.

3. Henry Elton's account does not indicate whether Sir Henry Holland's opinion had been expressed before AHH's death; the autopsy report suggests that AHH was physically debilitated at the time of his death. Elton's account is one of many, all with slight variations; one of the most authoritative appears in Doyle's 11 October 1833 letter to Gladstone: "Hallam was taken ill on arriving at Vienna as he believed with a return of his ague [see letter 235 n. 1]. He felt uncomfortable and chilly the whole of the next day and in consequence asked a fire to be lighted. In this condition he remained until the Evening; then he said that he felt himself rather better, that he thought the Ague fit was passing off, and that he should send the courier out to get some sack in order to prevent a return of the complaint. Mr. Hallam then said that as Arthur felt himself less unwell, he should go out and take a walk, which he did, leaving him upon the Sofa. On his return Arthur was still lying down, but his head was in a different position. Mr. Hallam, struck with this [though apparently after some time], spoke to him and received no answer—a Surgeon was immediately sent off, who opened a vein in his arm and another in his hand, but no blood followed and he expired almost immediately. It seems to have been a sort of apoplectic seizure, I presume in some respects similar to those rushes of blood under which he laboured at Cambridge—the fact of his having been subject to such an ailment terminating at his early age in that fatal manner would seem to indicate that something must have been organically wrong in the conformation of his head" (B.L.).

For those who knew of Arthur's engagement, the initial shock of his death quickly gave way to concern about Emily. "But in truth our loss is but secondary," Gladstone wrote to Gaskell—"let us think of poor Miss Tennyson! What is hers, and what must be her feelings now!" Donne felt "poor Miss Tennyson and Mr. Hallam" to be "the most afflicted at this heavy time," and Trench drew a distinction between Emily's grief and Alfred's reaction: "Tennyson has I hear so far recovered from the catastrophe in which his sister was involved, as to have written some poems and they say fine ones."[1]

And descriptions of Emily in the year after Arthur's death seem to confirm that she felt the greatest sense of loss. Hallam Tennyson is characteristically vague:

> In consequence of this sudden and terrible grief my Aunt Emily was ill for many months, and very slowly recovered. "We were waiting for her," writes a friend of hers, "one day in the drawing-room, and she came down to us at last, dressed in deep mourning, a shadow of her former self, but with one white rose in her black hair as her Arthur loved to see her." (*Materials*, 1:127)

But on 28 November 1833, one of George Tennyson d'Eyncourt's sisters wrote to her brother that "poor Emily . . . has not at all recovered from Hallum's death, this was indeed a melancholy thing" (LAO). And one month earlier, Rashdall met Frederick Tennyson for the first time after Arthur's death: "His sister is of course in deepest misery. . . . A Tour abroad would be desireable to occupy her mind." Though other members of the family soon became involved with social activities outside the rectory—including devouring nearly a barrel of oysters at Rashdall's on 26 December 1833—Emily remained

at Somersby, where Rashdall saw her on 14 February 1834: "She does not look ill, but fearfully soul sick" (diary at Bodleian).

Prompt and lasting consolation came, somewhat ironically, from the source that had opposed Arthur's marriage. Nine days after the letter announcing his son's death was sent to Somersby, Henry Hallam himself wrote to Alfred, requesting that they meet in London the following Thursday:

> I beg you to give my kindest regards to your mother, but especially to assure your poor sister Emily of my heart-full & lasting affection. All that remains to me now is to cherish his memory, & to love those whom he loved. She above all is ever a sacred object of my thoughts. God knows how much we have felt for her & for you. (TRC)

And on 9 December 1833, Ellen Hallam looked forward to a friendship which was to link and sustain Arthur's two loves:

> My dearest Emily,
>
> Your sweet letter is the greatest comfort to me. I longed to hear from you, as, knowing the great delicacy of your health, I could not help feeling very anxious. I need not tell you how often you are in my thoughts for I am persuaded that in this respect we feel alike. I can never cease through life to think of you with fond affection and to cherish the humble hope, that through the mercy of God we shall know and love each other through a blessed eternity when, reunited to the angelic spirit of our beloved Arthur, we shall look back upon the sorrow and anguish suffered here as upon a short and painful dream.
>
> My dearest Emily, you will, I am sure allow us to keep the locket, which he wore always, a glove, a lock of hair, and other little memorials which were so very precious to him. (TRC)

Emily's poor health prevented her from visiting the Hallams until October 1834; she spent four months with them in London. She was, as Ellen's journal joyfully recorded, immediately accepted into the family circle—even Henry Hallam's sister Elizabeth liked her. The transforming effect upon Emily can be seen most clearly in the contrast between her morose, subdued 12 July 1834 letter to Alfred (*Memoir*, 1:135–36) and her nine surviving letters to Ellen (Trinity). In this correspondence (February–June 1835), Emily emerges in her own personality, not as an adjunct to Arthur. The letters are witty, articulate, full of warmth and spontaneous feeling, and sentiments (not surprisingly) parallel to those of her betrothed:

Thou enquirest, "didst thou think of me Tuesday night?" When is the time thou art not present to my thoughts, waking and sleeping thy form is ever pictured in memory's eye—in listening to thee imagination has often led me to suppose 'twas the voice of my beloved Arthur, thy sentiments and manner are so like his, that I loved when sitting by thy side to close my eyes, and lose myself in this delicious dream—Dear, dear, Ellen, how could I part from thee.—how could I find strength of mind sufficient to tear myself from thy embrace, and to look my last on those eyes of tender light!—absence, far from diminishing my love for thee only increases it tenfold,—Thy letters are an immense comfort, but these, alas! have an end and when I have read them through and through till I know them thoroughly, and finally close the paper; then it is almost like a second parting—thou wilt think me the most insatiable being in the world with respect to letters, for though a sheet comes to me filled on each side with thy inmost thoughts, I no sooner come to a conclusion than I begin to count the days when a similar clumpy epistle is likely to arrive.

Perhaps significantly, this is Emily's only mention of Arthur in these letters: her friendship with Ellen quickly found its own independent basis. Indeed, Ellen's death must have been nearly as great a loss to Emily as Arthur's. Nevertheless, she continued to vist and correspond with Mrs. Hallam and Arthur's younger sister. She cared for Harry Hallam at Somersby during his mother's last illness. Julia Elton Hallam's private journal reflects the intimacy between them: though troubled by imperfections in the faith of her "widowed daughter," Arthur's mother rejoiced in seeing Emily and hearing the sound of her voice—"The Beloved of my two dear children who are gone" (23 February 1838 entry).

It was perhaps as a result of Emily's first visit that Henry Hallam determined to settle £300 a year on her, during his lifetime. Yet this settlement ultimately proved a mixed blessing. The circumstances leading up to Emily's engagement to Lieutenant Richard Jesse (1815-89?) are unknown. But according to Arthur's cousin, Jane Octavia Elton, their decision to marry (on 24 January 1842) was unexpected and shocking:

What do you think? Only *conceive* Emily Tennyson (I really can hardly even now believe it) Emily Tennyson is actually going to be married—and to whom after such a man as Arthur Hallam. To a boy in the Navy, *supposed* to be a Midshipman. It is a *state secret* that Uncle H. allows Emily anything per annum, so don't mention it to anyone. Is it not

extraordinary—painful—unbelievable, this intended marriage? Poor Julia felt it dreadfully at first—I remember her saying Emily would never *dream* of marrying—that she was a kind of *Nun* now, and that nothing was more *impossible* than her marrying—she had felt Arthur's death so much—it had even injured her health; and can you conceive anyone whom he had loved, putting up with another? I feel so distressed about this, really it quite *hurts* me, I had such a romantic admiration for her, looked at her with such pity, and now all my feeling about her is bouleverséd—and Alfred Tennyson falls headlong into the abyss with her—but I cannot think he would like her to marry. Julia Hallam always considered her quite as her own sister, and of course Uncle H. could never have contemplated her marrying again (it is just the same thing as marrying again). She wrote and told them of her intentions when they were at Brussels, which cast rather a damp over their stay there. Her letter was evidently written in great trepidation, Caroline [Elton] said, and of course she must have felt dreadfully in writing it. If the Gentleman were a man of astounding talents one would try and get over it, but all one hears is that he is R.N.

Three days later Jane Octavia Elton expressed her approval at Brookfield's astonishment:

[Emily] appears to have written such a very "flummery" letter to Julia Hallam—to be sure it was a very difficult one to write, but I dislike the humbug of saying "My beloved Mother—I feel I cannot disguise it from myself—*must* ere very long be taken from us, and I have felt much influenced in my intended marriage by the thought of my future unprotected state," etc., when her £300 per annum was expressly intended to render her quite independent, and of course, to obviate her marrying merely for a comfortable home. Mrs. Tennyson is in excellent health and not (as from Emily's letter one would suppose) in a rapid consumption, so altogether the excuse was a bad one. Uncle H. told Caroline he was sure E.T. would not have ventured upon the marriage had my Aunt been alive,—but that "as to her allowance, it should of course, make no difference in that." The Tennysons are reckoned *proud,* and I suppose Emily felt twinges in having to say "I must leave it, of course, entirely to you whether or not you continue the annuity you have so generously allowed me" . . . Caroline says it is to be kept secret at present, this engagement.

Later that month, Jane Elton reported to her own fiancé that Julia Hallam was now "more resigned" to Emily's marriage with a letter from Julia Heath supporting Emily's position, "but still Julia says if he had only been some very talented and prominent person it would have been better, instead of one nobody had ever heard of."[2]

Naval records show that Jesse was commissioned lieutenant in November 1841, and had a respectable if not outstanding record prior to that time. But his rank failed to placate those who felt Emily to have disgraced herself. The news of the marriage quickly spread beyond the Hallam family; Elizabeth Barrett's reaction was typical:

> Miss Tennyson is a very radically prosaic sister for the great poet,—does her best to take away the cadence & rhymes of the sentiment of life. What a disgrace to womanhood! The whole is a climax of *badness*—! to marry at all—bad!—to keep the annuity, having married—worse! to conglomerate & perpetuate the infidelity & indelicacy, by giving the sacred name to the offspring of the "lubberly lieutenant"—worst of all!! That last was a desperate grasp at "a sentiment"—& missed.—I am sorry for Tennyson's sake, & also for Mr. Hallam's, who behaved nobly both in conferring the annuity & in suffering her to retain it under those changed & grievous circumstances. There wd. have been a deficiency in tender consideration for his son's memory, had he resumed the money—as if he had given it as a special retainer of her fidelity. No—it was right to let her keep it. How she *could keep* it, is the wonder—& how the lieutenant, lubberly or not, could accept a wife & three hundred a year with an incumbrance of such recollections & a willingness to compound with them by giving the name of her first lover to his own first child, is a wonder scarcely of the second class—"Can such things be?" Not without disgusting us, *I hope*.[3]

It is difficult to know how accurately Jane Elton and Elizabeth Barrett judged the motives, to say nothing of the real positions, of Emily, Alfred, and the Hallams. The evidence suggests at least some exaggeration. Emily continued to receive her allowance until Henry Hallam's death in 1859. On 10 January 1842, he sent her "a small present, in token of my affection, on the occasion of your marriage" with the hope that the union might prove "the source of as much happiness as in this chequered & precarious world, we can hope to attain!" (TRC). Henry agreed to stand as godfather to Arthur Hallam Jesse, and in his will left Emily (or, in the case of her predeceasing him, her first son) £1000. Only a brief note—from Emily to Julia Hallam Lennard—survives in the Hallam papers at Christ Church after 1842, and it may reflect the disintegration of the bonds between them:

> Dearest Juy, [17 October 1844]
> In the course of a few days, I shall pass through London on my way to Plymouth—when I hope to have the satisfaction of getting a glimpse

of thee and thine. It is such a long time since I have seen any of ye—Canst send me a line—do so please—

Ever thy very affectionate
Emily Jesse

But Emily's isolation from the Hallam family may have been due at least in part to a characteristic Tennysonian failing, as the excerpt from Henry Hallam's 24 September 1845 letter to Alfred suggests: "We want to learn more about Emily's health. Mr. J[esse] has twice written; but can she not ever *write* herself? The last we heard was from Mr. D. [unidentified] that she had left Cheltenham—yet this can hardly be" (transcript at TRC). About 1875, Emily sold her copy of Arthur's *Remains*, inscribed to her by Henry Hallam, and Alfred was forced to buy it back. Hallam Tennyson's note in the copy (at TRC) states that it was "sold by accident."

It would not be fair to allow Emily to go undefended, and in her granddaughter, Fryn Tennyson Jesse, novelist and playwriter (d. 1958), she found an articulate advocate. Fryn Jesse's 1940 letter to Motter (Princeton) provides perhaps the most authoritative, and certainly the most delightful account of Emily's later life:

I am afraid I can tell you very little about my grandmother as she died before my parents were married! (P.S. My maternal aunt was in yesterday and says I am wrong about this: my grandmother was at my parents' wedding-breakfast and it was suddenly discovered that they were thirteen at table. My grandmother, laughing, said that she was not superstitious and she got up first and died within the year. Which only shows coincidences will occur). But I will try and remember a few things my father has told me, and I am sending you copies of two love-letters from Arthur Hallam to her which are bound in my copy of Tennyson [109 and 215]. I think he was a pretty frigid lover if you ask me, certainly if these letters are to be taken as any criterion and I believe the rest are the same. . . . I know that when my grandmother was in Italy she was enormously admired because they said she had "Una bella testa Romana." My father always told me that she was not quite tall enough for her head. She also seems to have been a fairly chilly person, as he says that never in his whole life from his babyhood onwards does he remember her having caressed him, although to judge from his photographs he was a very lovely little boy and she was apparently very proud of his looks. He was certainly the handsomest man I have ever seen in my life.

My grandmother Emily had two sons, the first was ten years older than my father and she had him christened Arthur Hallam—how my

grandfather liked this I don't know. He never married. He was a man, I believe, of brilliant attainments but he succeeded in wasting his life. First he held a commission in the army when commissions went by purchase and he was so short-sighted he couldn't tell his own regiment. He was once reproved by his Colonel for leaving his regiment when he was parading it, or whatever it is that you do with regiments, to carry a heavy basket for an old market woman and help her over a stile. My grandfather, Captain Richard Jesse, R. N. of whom I have a photograph but whom also I never saw, was magnificently handsome. The Jesses apparently were quite as handsome as the Tennysons and in much the same way. He also was short-sighted though his eyes were of a brilliant sea-blue. He once did something unconventional which was disapproved of, down in South Atlantic waters, and he came back under arrest in a Man-o'-War and said he had never spent such a nice trip in his life: he spent the whole time in a basket-chair on the bridge reading novels. When he reached home he was triumphantly acquitted. As a little side-show he was a Polar explorer. The legend of him in the family is that he was entirely without fear. Apparently he used to say in a puzzled voice as though rather afraid he had missed something: "Fear, my dears? Yes, I have often heard of it. I do wonder what it feels like." As he was a very simple man, this was not boasting. He was genuinely puzzled by this curious phenomenon known to some people but not to him.

When he retired he and my grandmother went to a tiny little house at Margate. This was in the days before there was a regular lifeboat and on the occasion of three wrecks he called together the fishermen, launched a boat and himself taking the tiller saved on each occasion all the crews of the three ships in appalling weather. The ships were a French ship, an English ship and a Spanish ship. When he boarded the French ship which was foundering, he took off his own lifebelt though he could not swim and put it round the little *mousse* or cabin boy. The Emperor Napoleon III had struck for him the *Medaille de Sauvetage en Or*, which apparently is very rare. . . . For saving the British ship the Royal Humane Society gave him their silver medal, about the size of a dinner plate, and when he saved the crew of the Spanish ship, they all called on him next morning, thanked him warmly, filled his tiny house with the smoke of their cigarettes and then went away, and that was the last he heard of them!

I believe my great-uncle Alfred was extremely annoyed at the marriage, which is understandable considering he had written "To her perpetual maidenhood and unto me no second friend." One must admit it made him look rather silly. The Jesses were quite as good a family as the Tennysons, an old coat-armour family of country gentlemen and "Jesse books" as they are known in the trade still always command their prices. Captain William Jesse wrote the life of Beau

Brummel, John Heneage Jesse, a friend of the Regent's, was the first boy to steal the swishing-block at Eton, and also wrote memoirs. Edward Jesse, who I suppose was my great-great-great-grandfather, was a very well-known naturalist. My grandmother, I have always heard, took up spiritualism ardently when at Margate and used to hold séances, but my great-uncle Alfred soon refused to have anything to do with them on the rather sensible grounds that he did not believe the Almighty communicated with you by means of table legs! Also I have heard that the messages rapped out by the spirits were so obscene and filthy that the séances had to be abandoned. They knew nothing of the sub-conscious in those days and whether this threw a light on what went on in the depths of my grandmother's mind or not I cannot tell you. One spirit, I have always heard, told my grandmother that in the future life she would be re-united to Arthur Hallam, whereupon she turned to my grandfather and said indignantly: "Richard, we may not always have got on together and our marriage may not have been a success, but I consider that an extremely unfair arrangement and shall have nothing to do with it. We have been through bad times together in this world and I consider it only decent to share our good times, presuming we have them, in the next."

I have seen her grave at Margate churchyard. On it is simply the date of her death and "Emily, wife of Captain Richard Jesse, R. N." No mention of any Tennyson, you observe.

I am afraid this is all I can tell you and that it won't be of much use to you, but such as it is, it is authentic. . . . Speaking simply as one woman of another, I imagine that she grew tired of being a thing enskied and sainted as the dead Arthur Hallam's fiancée by the Brookfields and their circle and decided to have a life of her own. She was, I believe, a most unworldly creature and as the Jesses are the same, it was a poor look-out for their children. . . .

By the way there is rather an amusing story that I always heard my father relate: My grandfather and grandmother were apparently living in Paris at the time of the Revolution of 1848 and every day, undisturbed by shot and shell, my grandmother took her walks abroad and sat on a seat in a certain square. Every day a Frenchman who was attracted by her sat down and talked to her and she responded amiably. One day he produced two opera tickets and asked her if she would go to the opera with him that night and on to supper. In her English manner, she had never expected the affair to go further than a few pleasant words daily. And the Frenchman, seeing her hesitation, said "With whom do you live, Mademoiselle?" My grandmother replied: "With my aunt, you must come home and see her." Enchanted, the Frenchman went back with her to her apartment and she knocked on the study door and called out "Richard, I want you." The door opened and my grandfather with his fierce sea-blue eyes, his little imperial and

his wide shoulders stood in front of them. "Ma tante," said my grandmother simply, turning to the Frenchman. He said "Oh, mon Dieu!!" dropped the tickets and fled. But the cream of the story is that my grandfather and grandmother went to the opera that night on the tickets. This has always rather endeared them to me.

1. Transcript of Gladstone's 6 October 1833 letter, property of James Milnes Gaskell; Donne's 23 October 1833 letter to Trench and Trench's 22 January 1834 letter to Donne are property of Miss Johnson.

2. Jane Octavia Elton to W. H. Brookfield, 7, 10, and 26 October 1841, published in *Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle*, pp. 102–10.

3. 8 July 1843 letter to George Barrett, published in *Letters of the Brownings to George Barrett*, ed. Paul Landis with Ronald Freeman (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1958), p. 99.

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(Abbreviation AHH refers to Arthur Henry Hallam)

(Continued from front flap)

in Victorian life and society. We are brought into close contact, for example, with the whole Tennyson family during those difficult years when a great poet was emerging from a desperately unhappy domestic milieu in the rectory at Somersby in the wilds and wolds of Lincolnshire. And we encounter in the letters to and from Gladstone the political acumen that was to result eventually in his election four times as prime minister of England—Gladstone, who was to adore Hallam throughout his whole life, and who said of his letters that they recount "the *history* of his mind . . . so remarkable as composed of a series of the most keen and thrilling emotions" and with a "power and habit of setting it forth . . . not less conspicuous."

Hallam's correspondence represented a serious (in all the Victorian senses of the word) preoccupation throughout the whole of his short life. Letters were the sustenance, sometimes the very embodiment, of the relationships crucial to him. Indeed, separated as he and Emily Tennyson were during most of their engagement, their letters *were* their relationship. To both his fiancée and his friends, Hallam was to testify repeatedly and warmly to the emotional restoration, the recovery of spirits, that their letters brought—letters that came like "the gentle touch of the renovating diurnal light" to "one long imprisoned in darkness."

Professor Kolb provides extensive annotation for the benefit of the general scholar as well as the specialist. His edition will prove useful to the historian as well as to the literary critic, for it incorporates a substantial number of extracts from the correspondence of Hallam's contemporaries. More than two-thirds of the material it prints has not heretofore been published in any form, and many of the published texts it reprints are virtually inaccessible today.

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